NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS of JANE WELSH CARLYLE

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NEW LETTERS & MEMORIALS OF
JANE WELSH CARLYLE. VOL. II

Your affectionate
T. Carlyle

NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS of JANE WELSH CARLYLE

ANNOTATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE AND EDITED BY ALEXANDER CARLYLE, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS, IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II

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NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE

LETTER 111

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Auchtertool Manse, Sunday, 5 Augt., 1849.

Thanks for your Letter, dear John,—come an hour ago, with one from Plattnauer, giving the news of Mr. C., which he has not time, it seems, to write himself. I send *it* at once, as your Mother will find any news better than none.

Certainly the Letter-department here is arranged on an entirely wrong basis. The delay is monstrous. I cannot write at any length to-day, for fear of stirring up my head into a *promiscuousness!* The late hours here don't suit me;—in fact, there is a good deal in life here that don't suit me; and which is the more trying because it is wrong, and because one "feels it his duty" to be in revolt against it. Breakfast at ten—dinner nearer seven than six—"dandering individuals" constantly dropping in—dressing and undressing, world without end! All *that* is so wholly out of place in a Scotch Manse. And the chitter-chatter!

If my Uncle could only speak *intelligibly* I should get good talk out of *him;* but since he lost his teeth his artic-

ulation is so imperfect that it needs one to be used to it to catch one word out of ten.

By the way, I must not forget to tell you his criticism on your *Dante*. We had been talking about you the other night, and then we had sunk silent, and I had betaken myself to walking to and fro in the room. Suddenly my Uncle turned his head to me and said, shaking it gravely, "he has made an awesome pluister o' *that* place!" "Who? What place, Uncle?" "Whew! the place ye'll maybe gang to if ye dinna tak' care!" I really believe he considers all those *Circles* of *your* invention.

You are going to let Rosetta slip through your fingers; her Brother is going to take her home to Germany in two months. Or will you go and propose to her *there*, and take me with you?

Walter performed the marriage service over a couple of *colliers* the day after I came. I happened to be in the Study when they came in, and asked leave to remain. The man was a good-looking young man enough—dreadfully agitated, partly with the business he was come on, partly with drink. He had evidently taken a glass too much, to keep his heart up. The girl had one very *large* inflamed eye and one little one, which looked perfectly composed; while the large eye *stared* wildly and had a tear in it. Walter married them very well indeed; and his affecting words, together with the bridegroom's pale, excited face, and the bride's *ugliness*, and the "poverty, penury, *needcessity* and want" imprinted on the whole business,—and, above all, fellow-feeling with the poor wretches there rushing on their fate,—all that so over-

came me that I fell a-crying as desperately as if I had been getting married to the collier myself. And when the ceremony was over, I extended my hand to the unfortunates and actually (in such an enthusiasm of pity did I find myself!) presented the new Husband with a snuff-box(!) which I happened to have in my hand, being just about presenting it to Walter when the creatures came in. This unexpected *Himmelsendung* finished turning the man's head; he wrung my hand over and over again, leaving his *mark* for some hours after; and ended his grateful speeches with "Oh, *Miss!*—Oh, *Leddy!*—may ye hae mair comfort and pleesure in your life than ever you have had *yet!*" which might easily be! Walter, infected by my generosity, presented the Bride with a new Bible. The coal-pit would ring next day with the "gootlock" which had "followed them to the Orient."*

But there, you see, *is* a long Letter; and my head is aching, and *that* is stupid. I must go and sit in the Garden. All the House is at Church.

Your affectionate

J. W. C.

*A foolish, fluffy Dane, one Brandes,—from whom I had some lessons,—was narrating something to her, about somebody's history, How "he went to India, Ma'am, and good luck followed him to the East," but smothered it into "Gootlock followed him to the Orient!" which was not forgotten for a long time here!—T. C. To this phrase Mr. Froude gives an explanation of his own, wholly original and "significant of much." Mrs. Carlyle, writing from Haddington to her Husband, says, "It seems a month since we parted at Dundee . . . *Gootlock* did not follow me into the Orient by any means. A headache followed me, and stuck by me till the Monday that I left Kirkcaldy." (*Letters and Memorials*, ii. 76.) Whereupon Mr. Froude notes, "Haddington is east. Mrs. Carlyle had returned thither to stay with the Donaldsons." Mrs. Carlyle, of course, is speaking of her journey from Dundee to Kirkcaldy, which is s. s. west rather than east, and Haddington had nothing to do with it; she merely repeats a bit of *coterie* speech, and is not solemnly giving Carlyle a lesson in the geography of Scotland!

LETTER 112

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Saturday, 'End of Oct., 1849.'

Cool! upon my honour! I write you a long, charming Letter, tell you everything I know and some things more,—and far from making me a "suitable return," you make me no return at all! . . . I have taken a *spree* of Novel reading, too,—read *Shirley* last week, by the Authoress of *Jane Eyre*,* and one of Trollope's,—having been taken one day to Mrs. Procter's to see Trollope in her own house, and introduced to her as "a friend from the Country" (*that* at my own desire, for fear that she would return the call); and having found her a shrewd, honest woman to hear talk. But her Book is rubbishy in the extreme; and *Shirley* isn't much better. That spell of Novel reading, and a dinner at Knight the Publisher's, to patch up a feud with Harriet Martineau, is all in the shape of amusement that I have taken since my return,—and not much more amusing than darning stockings. . . .

Darwin is come back, but I have not seen him yet. Miss Wynn is come back also, and her I have seen, once, in a clatter of Parrots and little cats and dogs, with which she solaces her loneliness, at the top of the house. Bölte is still in Germany imbibing "the new ideas." Anthony Sterling has got Harriet Martineau going to visit him for a couple of days next week—or rather going to visit his lackadaisical Governess. . . . He has found a new outrake for his superfluous activity in a small Print-

* Charlotte Brontë.

ing-press he has set up at Headley. With the power of not only writing verses but printing them, one may live a little longer.

Please to write, tho' it be but with "somebody waiting to take the Letter to the Post-office." We want to hear of your Mother very often till she be quite recovered. And really, considering that I am your *patient,*—to urge no other claims,—you ought to keep an eye upon me, to be sure I don't poison myself with the prodigious assortment of pills I am continually swallowing. I write to-day at Mr. C.'s suggestion, who has only time to "add a post-script," the Painter Carrick having got hold of him again. —Love to them all.

Yours ever affectionately,

'J. W. C.'

LETTER 113

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, 7 November, 1849.

Yes, dear Mr. Forster, on Wednesday, that is, to-morrow week, the "Great Fact" shall, *Deo volente,* get itself accomplished.

Meanwhile do not trouble to send me *Shirley:* I have just finished that not-masterly production. Now that this Authoress has left off "*Corsing and schwearing*" (as my German master used to call it), one finds her neither very lively nor very original. Still I should like very much to know her name. Can you give it me? as, if she have not kept *company* with *me* in this life, we must have been much together in some previous state of existence.

I perceive in her Book so many things I have said myself, printed without alteration of a word.

What a bore that we cannot get done with the Mannings.* I begin to fear you will not have the pleasure of seeing her turned off, after all.

Ever inexpressibly yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 114

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, '10 December, 1849.'

My dear John—I ought to tell you that I am *about* again: that is to say, when it does not rain: and that again is to say, at rare intervals. The weather is, in fact, detestable; but it will mend in time,—which can't be said of all the detestable things one knows.

The chief news I have to tell you is that I have got a little dog![†] and can hardly believe my senses! I should never have mustered courage to risk such a great step, had not Dilberoglue, the Greek I know in Manchester, having heard me talking about my wish for a dog, which was merely a "don't you wish you may get it?" actually on his return to Manchester, set about seeking one, and fired it off at me by Railway. And so well has he sought and found, that here is a little dog perfectly beautiful and queer-looking, which does not *bark* at all! nor whine more than if it were deaf and dumb!! It sleeps at the foot of my bed without ever stirring or audibly breathing

* Murderess Manning.—T. C.
† Dog, "Nero."

all night long; and never dreams of getting up till I get up myself. It follows me like my shadow, and lies in my lap; and at meals, when animals are apt to be so troublesome, it makes no sort of demonstration beyond standing on its hind legs! Not only has Mr. C. no temptation to "kick his foot thro' it," but seems getting quite fond of it and looks flattered when it musters the hardihood to leap on *his* knee. So, there is one small comfort achieved; for it *is* really a comfort to have something alive and cheery and fond of me, always there.

My fear now is not that Mr. C. will put it away, but that I shall become the envy of surrounding dog-stealers! Anthony Sterling says, "it is much too valuable a dog not to get itself stolen fast enough." Well! I can but get a chain to fasten it to my arm, and keep a sharp look out.

My cold is away again; but, oh, dear! my "interior" is always very miserable; and nothing that I do or forbear seems to make the least difference. The worst is the dreadful pressure on my faculties. There are kinds of illnesses that one can work under, but this sort of thing that I go on with makes everything next to impossible for me.

Mr. Neuberg is always lamenting your absence. He comes occasionally and plays chess with me, and I generally beat him. What is it that makes that man so heavy? He is clever and well-informed, and well-bred, and kind, and has even some humour; and yet, when he goes away every time I yawn and yawn and feel so dished!

No thoughts of coming back yet? I miss you very

bad. Mr. C. bids me tell you to cut out his "Trees of Liberty"* from the *Nation* and send it back.

Ever yours lovingly,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Kindest regards to your Mother and Isabella and Jamie.—I don't think you will get so well on with your Translation there as here.

LETTER 115

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, 'December, 1849.'

My dear John—I feel as if it behoved me to write to you this morning to congratulate you on a narrow escape. I dreamt over night that you were on the point of being *married*—to a Miss Crawford from about Darlington! No dream could be more particular; I was not "entangled in the details" the least in the world. We felt much hurt here, that you had kept the thing from our knowledge till the eleventh hour, tho' you gave for reason that you were "afraid of its going back," and then our laughing at you. It had been settled for months however; and now it came out that your long stay at Scotsbrig had been for the object of laying in a great stock of Wedding-clothes! shirts sewed by your Sister Jenny, and coats and trousers world without end, by Tom Garthwait. The whole thing seemed to me *questionable*, and

*An Article by Carlyle advocating the planting of Trees in Ireland. It was published by Sir C. G. Duffy in the *Nation*, November, 1849; and again in his excellent little Book, "Conversations with Carlyle," 1892.

I was glad to awake. Considering that I did not fall asleep till four in the morning and then (after a dose of morphia) only slept by snatches, ten minutes or so at a time, I might, I think, have been spared the bother of *your* marriage!

Geraldine's Tale is now going on in the *Manchester Examiner*. I sent the first three parts to Auchtertool three days ago, desiring them to forward it to *you*. And do you, when done with it, send it back to myself, as I wish to lend it to Miss Wynn, etc.—It is good, so far—no "George Sandism" in it at all. Indeed Geraldine is in the fair way to become one of the most moral "Women of England." Seriously, she has made an immense progress in common-sense and common decency within the last year; and I begin to feel almost (as Mazzini would say) "enthusiast of her!" Her last Letter contains some details I had asked for respecting Espinasse, who had told me in three lines that he was about to retire into very private life, till some sort of amalgamation were effected betwixt the French and the Scotch blood in him, which "insisted in flowing in entirely opposite currents." I will send that part of the Letter—a wonderful style of proceeding in the nineteenth century! . . .

I had a Letter the other day addressed, "Mrs. T. Carlyle, Esq.," from one of Helen Mitchell's Dublin Brothers,—the poor one. He wrote to ask the *fact* of her leaving here. Since she left Dublin, she had written to none of them till now; and now he said she wrote in "great distress of body and mind."—She was living at

Bow: had not been in service apparently since she left the place I got her. What she is doing the Devil I suppose knows. If there were the least chance of saving her, I would seek her out: but there is none. Even the Letter to her Brother, under the present circumstances, has been one mass of lies.

Elizabeth does *not* go. It would have been the extreme of folly to keep her to her vow, when she evidently wished to remain: and I knew of no better person. So, one day, I asked her if she wished to leave at the end of her month, or the end of her quarter? And she answered most *insinuatingly* that she did not wish to leave at all, if I were satisfied with her. So I gave her a good lecture on her caprices and sullen temper; and all has gone on since better than ever. Not a frown has darkened her brow these three weeks.

As for Nero, *his* temper is at all times that of an angel. But yesterday, O heavens! I made my first experience of the strange, suddenly-struck-solitary, altogether-ruined feeling of having lost one's dog! and also of the phrensied feeling of recognising him, from a distance, in the arms of a dog-stealer! But mercifully it was near home that he was twitched up. I missed him just opposite the Cooper's, and the lads, who are all in my pay for odd jobs, rushed out to look for him, and stopt the man who had him till I came up and put my thumb firmly under his collar,—not the man's but the dog's. He said he had *found* the dog who was *losing* himself, and was bringing him after me!! and I would surely "give him a trifle for his *trouble!*" And I was cowardly enough to give him

twopence to rid Nero and myself of his dangerous proximity.

I continue free of cold, and able to go out of doors; but that I may be reminded "I am but a woman," I have never a day free from the sickness, nor a night of real sleep. This way of it however is much less troublesome to other people, than colds confining me to my room.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 116

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Addiscombe, Sunday, 7 April, 1850.

All well, Dear (superficially speaking). Lady A. was out when we arrived, had been out the whole day; is "*quite* well" again, looking beautiful and in tearing spirits. Lord A. was here,—nobody else yesterday. He was put on reading Mill's *Armand Carrel* aloud after tea, and it sent us all off to bed in the midst.

This morning the first thing I heard when I rose was Miss Farrar "rising into the region of song" outside; and looking out thro' the window I saw her, without her bonnet, in active flirtation with Bingham Mildmay, who had just come.

They are all gone out (Lady A. on her pony) to the Archbishop's grounds. I went a little way with them, but dropt off at the first bench on the hill. I am not worse for coming,—rather better indeed. I daresay the ride yesterday and the, what Helen used to call, "grand

change" was just the best a Doctor could have prescribed for me.—There is a talk of going to Mortlake one day to visit the Taylors—"Barkis is willing."

But if you come to-morrow, as I expect, what am I writing for? I wish you were at the Archbishop's *now* instead of wrestling with that Pamphlet; and yet, it is not in sauntering about grounds that good work gets done *by any one*, I fancy. It is a lovely day however, and I grudge your not having the full benefit of it as well as I.

A kiss to my dear wee dog, and what he will perhaps like still better, a lump of sugar!

Yours faithfully,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 117

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Wednesday, 'Spring, 1850.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I am sure old Mary's money must be done now! When you told me what remained of it, I calculated how long it would hold out, and then—forgot all about it! as I do about everything connected with arithmetical computations. You will hardly believe it of me, but it is a positive truth, between ourselves, that I never could say the Multiplication Table in my life,—at least never for a whole day together.* I learnt it every morning for a while, and forgot it every night.

* Miss Jewsbury says that Mrs. Carlyle was dux in Algebra at the Haddington School; and Mr. Froude, going one better than his Egeria, states that she was dux in Mathematics!

HARRIET LADY ASHBURTON,
From an Engraving by
Francis Holl.

Nay, I cannot for the life of me recollect the numbers of my friends' houses! I find them only by the eye. One day I went to dine at a house which my eye had not got familiar with; and found, when I had arrived in the quarter, that I had not only forgotten the number of the house but the name of the street! I spent a *whole hour* in seeking it, and only found it out at last thro' interposition of providence in the shape of a Scotch footman who had made himself acquainted with the names of his neighbours,—a good Scotch fashion entirely abstained from here. You may fancy the vinegar looks of the Lady of the House and the visitors whom I had kept from their dinner one mortal hour! I made a most unsuccessful visit of it, and of course these people never asked me again.

We have the strangest weather here that ever was seen; and even I, who suffer so severely from frost, begin to feel sick of this unnatural mildness. For the last two or three weeks I have felt as languid as "a serpent trying to stand on its tail" (to use the figure of an Irish friend* in speaking of his sufferings from the heat of Munich). If I were within reach of Dr. Russell I would give my volition entirely up to him, to be done what he liked to *for six weeks*,—the longest trial I ever bring myself to make of a Doctor's prescriptions. But I have no faith in the medical people here: not one of them seems *honest* to begin with. To *get* patients and to *humour* them when got, seems much more the object of these people than to cure their ailments. In fact what can they know

* George Darley.—T. C.

about one's ailments, allowing only some *three minutes* to the most complicated cases! And so I leave *my* case to Nature; and Nature seems to want either the will or the power to remedy it.

This is a bright day however,—not sloppy as so many preceding ones,—and I must go out for a long walk, and get rid, if not of my biliousness, at least of my *blue devils*. And so God bless you. Kind regards to your Father and Husband.

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 118

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, 19 April, 1850.

My dear Forster— . . . "With my soul on the pen," as Mazzini says, I declare that if we ever look to *not care* for *you*, it is a pure *deceptio visus*. My Husband may be little—too little—*demonstrative* in a general way; but at all rates he is very *steadfast* in his friendships; and as for me, I am a little model of constancy and all the virtues! including the rare gift of knowing the value of my blessings *before I have lost them*: ergo, if you be still driving out for exercise, please remember your promise to come again. I am sure I must have accumulated an immense number of amusing things during the Winter, that it would do your heart good to hear.*

Meanwhile all good be with you; and pray do not

*Carlyle says, in the *Reminiscences*, that when the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* began to appear, "Forster soon fell away, I could perceive, into terror and surprise;—as indeed everybody did."

fail to observe how much my handwriting is improved in point of legibility. I have not been to a writing-school, nor yet gone thro' a regular course of Copy-lines at home. The improvement has been worked in a manner much more suitable to my impatient temper: by the short and simple means of investing one sovereign of my private capital in a gold pen with a platinum point. Upon my honour the thing writes of itself! and spells too, better or worse. And then the maker assures me that it will "last forever." Just think what a comfort: I shall henceforth write legibly *forever!* You are the first individual privileged with a sight of its results. I have in fact *hanselled* it in writing to you,—we shall see with what luck.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 119

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, '13 May, 1850.'

My dear John—It was full time you should write! I had just settled it in my own mind that you were falling ill, and *could* not write; and had romantic little ideas about setting off to help to nurse you! It is "all right," however, and the rightest part of it is that you are coming back. I assure you your absence made a great blank in my existence, such as it is, and I have never even *tried* to fill it up,—expecting from month to month that you would return to occupy my vacant "first floor" (morally understood). It is amazing how much good one fancies one

might get of an absent friend compared with the good one *takes* of him when he is *there!* so many things one says to him mentally at a distance which face to face one would never utter a word of!

I hope you will find Nero all you could wish in a dog connected with the Family. I shall take care that he be well-washed to receive you, and not over-full, when he is apt to be, I will not say less affectionate, but less demonstrative than one likes—in a dog. Mr. C. said he wrote that the up-stairs room was, or would be, in great beauty. I have indeed been doing a little Martha-tidying there,—the results of which promise to be "rather exquisite." God defend me from ever coming to a fortune (a prayer more likely to be answered than most of my prayers!); for then the only occupation that affords me the slightest self-satisfaction would be gone! and there would remain for me only (as Mr. C. said of the Swiss Giantess who drowned herself) "to summon up all the virtue left in me, to rid the world of such a beggarly existence."

Speaking of suicide, a woman came to me the other morning from Helen—a decent enough looking person, respectably dressed, and the only suspicious-looking feature in whose appearance was the character she gave herself for sobriety, charity, piety and all the virtues. Her business was to ask me to give the said Helen a *character* that she might seek another place, otherwise she (Helen) "spoke of attempting her life." "She has been long speaking of that," I said. "Yes, and you are aware, Ma'am, of her having *walked* into the Thames after she left the last place you found her? Oh, yes, she got three

months of Horsemonger Lane jail for the attempt; and if a waterman had not been looking on and taken the *first opportunity* of *saving* her, she would have *probably* been drowned." I said it was well if she had not been in jail for anything worse. Ever since coming out she has lodged with this woman,—her Brothers in Dublin sending her money,—"but very little,"—from time to time. But they seem tiring of that, and so Helen thinks she will try service again. I recommended that she should, as a more feasible speculation, go into the Chelsea Workhouse, where they would take care to keep drink from her, and *force* her to work. As for recommending her to a decent service, I scouted the notion. And the woman herself said she "seemed to have no faculties left," and was always wanting "sixpence-worth of opium to put an end to herself." The object of the woman coming was more likely to get some money out of me. . . . But the sun is shining brightly outside, and inside my stomach is very dismal; so I must go out and walk. You will write when you have fixed your time. Love to all.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 120

To T. Carlyle, Boverton, Cowbridge.

Chelsea, 20 August, 1850.

Only a *little* Note to-day, Dear,

"That you may know I am in being,
'Tis intended for a sign."*

* A quotation from "Craw Jean's" (Mrs. Aitken's) Child-Poem.

And a sign, too, that I am grateful for your long Letters,—my only comfort thro' this *black* business,* which has indeed "flurried me all to pieces." To-day's did not come by the morning post; not till twelve, when I had fallen so *low* for want of it that I might have had no news for a week! It is sad and wrong to be so dependent for the life of my life on any human being as I am on you; but I cannot by any force of logic cure myself of the habit at this date, when it has become a second nature. If I have to lead another life in any of the planets, I shall take precious good care not to hang myself round any man's neck, either as a locket or a millstone!

. . . I am now going to lie on the sofa and have Geraldine read a Novel to me all the rest of this day,—writing makes me "too fluttery for anything." I had a misgiving that the corner of the *Leader* got ruffled Sunday gone a week, in pushing it into that narrow slit in Church Street [Letter-box]. I tied the last with a string.

Give my kind regards to poor dear Redwood, whose feelings I can well understand.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 121

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Friday night, '6 Sep., 1850.'

Here is a Letter from Lady Ashburton, the first I have had during your absence; neither had I written to her (till I answered this to-day by return of post), partly because

* Housecleaning.

she had said at our last meeting that *she* would write to *me* first, and partly because in the puddle I have been in I felt little up to addressing Serene Higher Powers, before whom one is bound to present oneself in "Sunday clothes," whereas I have been all this while like a little sweep on a Saturday night! But the Letter you forwarded to me had prepared me for an invitation to the Grange about the end of this month, and I was hoping that before it came, you might have told me something of *your* purposes,—whether you meant to go there after Scotland; whether you meant to go to them in Paris;—that you might have given me, in short, some skeleton of a program by which I might frame my answer. In my uncertainty as to all that, I have written a stupid neither Yes-nor-no sort of a Letter, "leaving the thing open" (as your phrase is). But I said decidedly enough that I could not be ready to go so soon as the 23rd.

What chiefly bothers me is the understanding that I "promised" to go alone. The last day I saw Lady A. she told me that she could not get *you* to say whether you were coming to them in September or not; that you "talked so darkly and mysteriously on the subject, that she did not know what to make of it"; that you referred her, as usual, to *me;* and then she said, "I want you both to come, Mrs. Carlyle: will *you* come?" I said, "Oh, if he goes I should be very glad." "But if *he* never comes back, as he seems to meditate, couldn't you come by yourself?" I answered to that, laughing as well as I could, "Oh, he will be back by then, and I daresay we shall go together; and should he leave me too long, I must learn to go about

on my own basis." I don't think *that* was a *promise* to go to the Grange alone on "the 23rd of this month." Do you think it was? Most likely you will decline giving an opinion.* Well in this, as in every uncertainty, one has always one's "do the duty nearest hand," etc., to fall back upon; and *my* duty nearest hand is plainly to get done with "my house-cleaning" before all else. Once more "all straight" here, I shall see what time remains before the journey to Paris; and which looks easiest to do, whether to go for a week at the cost of some unsettling, or to stay away at the risk of seeming ungrateful for such kindness.

To descend like a parachute: who think you waited on me the night before last? Elizabeth! . . .

I shall send *Alton Locke* so soon as I have waded to the end of it. There is also come for you thro' Chapman, addressed in the handwriting of Emerson, a Pamphlet entitled "Perforations in the Latter-Day Pamphlets," by "One of the Eighteen Millions of Bores," edited by Elizur Wright.—No. 1. Shall I send it? I vote for putting it quietly in the fire *here;*—it is ill-natured, of course, and *dully* so. But I must go and tidy myself a bit, to receive

*On the 9th Carlyle replied (avoiding his Wife's rather ticklish question as to whether her conversation with Lady Harriet constituted a promise to go, or not), "Nor can I advise you any way *certainly* as to accepting the Grange invitation,—except in so far as this consideration will go, that you should follow your own authentic *wish* in regard to it. As to me, I do not think there is any sure chance of my being at Chelsea before the '23d' (I am much better here so long as it will do otherwise): and if I were, my 'wishes' would not point to travelling thither. . . . So do thy own way, Goody,—what more can I counsel? If the visit is *not* disagreeable, perhaps a ten days or week of it might stir you up and do you good. Consider it, thy own self; and do what seems best." Mrs. Carlyle, following her own authentic wish, went to the Grange, and staid a month.

the farewell visit of Fanny Lewald, who has written with much *trust* that she would "take some dinner with me to-day at two o'clock." I have not seen her since her return to London. Kind regards at discretion.

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE.

LETTER 122

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig

Chelsea, Sunday night, 8 Sep., 1850.

That *toe*, Dear! it may be a trifling enough matter in itself; but anything that prevents *you* from walking must be felt by you as a serious nuisance. I don't believe the least in the world that it has been "pricked"; if it had, you would have felt the prick at the time. I think it must be a little case of *rheumatism* in one particular sinew, and I would have you keep it warm with cotton, and rub it a great deal, and all up the foot, with a bit of hot flannel and some laudanum on it. That is *my* advice; and recollect that at Craigenputtock I was considered a skilful Doctor,—to the extent even of being summoned out of bed in the middle of the night to prescribe for John Carr, when "*scraiching* as if he were at the point o' *daith!*" And didn't I cure him on the spot, *not* with "eye-water" labelled "poison," but with a touch of paregoric? Meanwhile it is pleasant to know you have a gig to move about in, and that if anything go wrong with *it*, Jamie will "pey him wi' five shillin' "!

To-morrow I shall lay out two sixpences in forwarding *Alton Locke* (*The Devil among the Tailors* would have been

the best name for it). It will surely be gratifying to you, the sight of your own name in almost every second page! But for *that*, I am ashamed to say I should have broken down in it a great way this side of the end! It seems to me, in spite of Geraldine's hallelujahs, a mere—not very well-boiled—broth of *Morning-chronicle*-ism, in which *you* play the part of the *tasting-bone of Poverty Row*. An oppressive, painful Book! I don't mean painful from the miseries it delineates, but from the impression it gives one that "young Kingsley," and many like him, are "running to the Crystal" as hard as they can; and that "the end of all that agitation will be the tailors and needle-women eating up all Maurice's means" (figuratively speaking). And then, all the indignation against existing things strikes somehow so numbly! like your Father whipping the bad children under the bedclothes!* But the old Scotchman [Saunders Mackaye] is capital,—only that there never was nor ever will be *such* an old Scotchman. I wonder what will come of Kingsley—go mad, perhaps.

To-day, Sunday, has been without incident of any sort; not a single knock or ring. Emma† was at Church in the morning, I reading the *Leader* and writing Letters—to my Aunt Elizabeth, Geraldine, Plattnauer;—and for the rest, nursing a sort of Influenza I have taken. You ask about

*Carlyle's Father, being occasionally requested by his Wife, to quell their children indulging too noisily in pillow-fights, etc., after retiring to bed, would make only a pretence of whipping them, bringing down his heavy hand with noise and din enough, but always taking care that there was a sufficiency of bed-clothes between it and the objects of his apparent wrath. This satisfied the Mother; and the children, out of gratitude for their Father's kind-heartedness, remained quiet,—for a while. Carlyle often referred to this kindly trait in his Father's character.

† The new servant,—Elizabeth having left.

my sleep. It is not good,—very broken and unrefreshing; but I get over the nights with less lying awake than in the time of the Elizabethan rows. My health does not improve with the quiet, one would say wholesome, life I am leading; but it is beyond the power of outward circumstances, I fancy, to improve it at this date. And it is a great mercy that I keep on foot. I might easily have *less* inward suffering and lie *far more* heavy on myself and those who have to do with me.

. . . But, "Oh, dear me!" (one may say *that, now* that you have got such a trick* of it yourself) I ought to be in bed, with plenty of flannel about my head! So good-night!

Ever your affectionate

JANE W. C.

LETTER 123

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

The Grange, Tuesday, '8 Oct., 1850.'

What a clever Dear! to know *merino* from the other thing, and to choose the right gown in spite of Emma.

* Referring to Carlyle's frequent use of such expletives as "*ay de mi, eheu,*" etc., both in speaking and writing. His habitual use of these phrases has led many to believe that he must necessarily have been, every time he employed them, in the depths of despair and utter misery! My own observation, during the three years I lived beside him, taught me that these ejaculations were not wailing cries *de profundis,* but merely the repetition of words and phrases which had struck his fancy. The most trifling cause imaginable would call them forth. So far as *speaking* was concerned, they were generally accompanied by a humourous smile expressive of anything but sorrow or despair. It was an unfortunate "trick," for it has led some, who ought to have known better, to speak of Carlyle as "moody, agonised and melancholy." It will be a surprise to many to find that Mrs. Carlyle also says of her Husband, "He has so much more *hope* in him about everything than I have!" And then she adds, not without reason, "Who would believe that to hear how he talks?" (See Letter 232)

Don't trust to finding your horse-rug here. I left it in my bedroom, where it must still be, lying on the trunk behind the door most likely. . . .

I have a vague notion that I am not somehow to get to the railway station to meet you. . . . The Taylors are to be dispatched to-morrow, as well as you sent for, and I fancy my going is inconvenient to the servants, who would rather wait at the station than return. Henry Taylor and Thackeray have fraternized finally, *not* "like the carriage horses and the railway steam-engine," as might have been supposed, but like men and brothers! I lie by, and observe them with a certain interest; it is as good as a Play. . . . Rawlinson is here,—a humbug to my mind. I don't believe the half of what he says, and have doubts of the other half.—Adieu till to-morrow.

Ever your J. C.

LETTER 124

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Monday, 'Nov., 1850.'

My dear Mrs. Russell—Thanks for your pleasant Letter. I enclose a cheque (is that the way to spell it?) for the money. Please to send a line or old Newspaper that I may know it has arrived.

I returned some days ago, rather improved by my month in the country*. . . . But the first thing I did was to give myself a *wrench* and a *crush*, all in one on the ribs under my right breast, which has bothered

* At the Grange.

me ever since; and I am afraid is a more serious injury than I at first thought. Two days of mustard plasters have done little yet towards removing the pain, which I neglected for the first three days.

I found the mud of our London streets abominable after the clean gravelly roads in Hampshire;—it is such a fatigue carrying up one's heavy Winter petticoats. For the rest, home is always pleasantest to me after a long sojourn in a grand House; and solitude, never so welcome as after a spell of brilliant people. One brilliant person at a time and a little of him is a charming thing; but a whole houseful of brilliant people, shining all day and every day, makes one almost of George Sand's opinion, that good honest stupidity is the best thing to associate with.

I send you a little Photograph of my Mother's Miniature, which I have had done on purpose for you. It is not quite the sort of thing one would wish to have, but at least it is as like as the Miniature.

I will not wait till next year to write again,—if I live.

Kind regards to your Father and Husband.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 125

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, 'December, 1850.'

Dear Mr. Forster—Behold a turkey which requests

that you will do it the honour and pleasure of eating it at your convenience. The bearer is paid for taking it; so pray do not corrupt his "soul of honour" by paying him a second time.

We were the better for *that* evening; but we have been to a dinner since that has floored one of us (not me) completely. A dinner "to meet Mary Barton"(?). And such a flight of "distinguished females" descended on us when we returned to the drawing-room—*ach Gott!* Miss Muloch, Madame Pulszky, Fanny Martin (the Lecture-devourer), Mrs. Grey (*Self Culture*),—and distinguished Males *ad infinitum*, amongst whom we noticed Le Chevalier Pulszky, Chadwick, Dr. Gully, Merivale.

Mr. Carlyle has all but died of it! I have suffered much less;—but then I did not eat *three* crystallized green things, during the dessert.

Nero sends his kind regards.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Monday.

LETTER 126

To Mrs. Russell.

Chelsea, 12 July, 1851.

My dear Mrs. Russell—It is come on me by surprise this morning that the 13th is no post-day here, and so, if I do not look to it to-day Margaret and Mary will be thinking I have forgotten them on my birthday, or that I have forgotten my own birthday, which would indicate

me fallen into a state of dotage!—far from the case I can promise you! For I never went to so many fine parties, and bothered so much about *dresses*, etc., and seemed so much like just *coming out!* as this Summer! Not that I have, like the eagle, renewed my age (*does* the eagle renew its age?), or got any influx of health and gaiety of heart; but the longer one lives in London one gets, of course, to know more people, and to be more invited about; and Mr. C. having no longer such a dislike to great parties as he once had, I fall naturally into the current of London life—and a very *fast* one it is!

Besides I have just had my Cousin Helen staying with me for three weeks, and have had a good deal of racketing to go thro' on *her* account,—her last and only visit to me still lying on my conscience as a dead failure; for instead of seeing sights and enjoying herself, she had to fulfill the double function of sick-nurse to me, and maid-of-all-work! . . .

I don't know yet where *we* are to go this Autumn. Mr. C. has so many plans; and until he decides where he is going and for how long, I can make no arrangement for *myself*. I shall be quite comfortable in leaving my house this year, however, having got at last a thoroughly trustworthy sensible servant.

My kind regards to your Father and Husband. Some one told me your Father was coming to London; he must be sure not to pass us over, if he comes.

I can think of nothing of any use to Mary, sendable from here; so I enclose five shillings that you may buy her what she most needs,—a pair of shoes? a bonnet?

or some meat? Give her my kind regards, poor old soul. And believe me, dear Mrs. Russell, your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

I am going to a morning concert and am in great haste.

LETTER 127

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Manchester, 12 September, 1851.

. . . I am very sorry to hear of your rushing down into coffee and castor so soon,—and any amount of smoking I dare say! For me, I can tell you with a little proud Pharisee feeling, that I have not—what shall I say?—swallowed a pill since I left Malvern ! ! !* and I am alive, and rather well. But then, my life otherwise is so very wholesome: nice little railway excursions every day; nice country dinners at two o'clock,—everybody so fond of me! . . . It is great fun too visiting these primeval Cotton-spinners with "parlour-kitchens," and bare-headed servant-maids, so overflowing with fervent hospitality, and in the profoundest darkness about my Husband's "Literary reputation."—I have a great deal to tell about these people; but it is needless to waste time in writing that sort of thing.

But one thing of another sort, belonging to our *natural sphere*, I must tell you so long as I remember: that Espinasse has—renounced his allegiance to you! When his Father was in London lately he (his Father, anything

*The Carlyles had spent the month of August at Malvern as the guests of Dr. Gully.

but an admirer of yours) was greatly charmed to hear his Son declare that he had "quite changed his views about Carlyle; and was no longer blind to his great and many faults." Whereon the Espinasse Father, in a transport of gratitude to Heaven for a *saved* "insipid offspring," pulled out—a five-pound note! and made Espinasse a present of it. Espinasse, thanking his Father, then went on to say that, "he no longer liked *Mrs.* Carlyle either; that he believed her an excellent woman once, but she had grown more and more into Carlyle's likeness, until there was no enduring her!" The Father however did not again open his purse! Stores Smith, who was present, is the authority for this charming little history, which had amused Espinasse's enemies here very much.

Mrs. Gaskell took Geraldine and me a beautiful drive the other day in a "friend's carriage." She is a very kind cheery woman in her own house; but there is an atmosphere of moral dulness about her, as about all Socinian women.—I am thinking whether it would not be expedient, however, to ask her to give *you* a bed when you come. She would be "proud and happy" I guess; and you do not wish to sleep at Geraldine's,—besides that, mine is the only spare room furnished. The Gaskell house is very large and in the midst of a shrubbery and quite near this.

Kind love to your Mother and the rest. . . .

Nero is the happiest of dogs; goes all the journeys by railway, *smuggled* with the utmost ease; and has run many hundreds of miles after the little Lancashire birds.—Oh my! your old gloves have come home with their tails

behind them! I found something bulky in my great-coat pocket the other night, and when I put it on I pulled out the gloves. You must have placed them there yourself; for there was also a mass of paper rolled up for tobacco-pipe purposes.

Ever yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 128

To Miss Welsh, Auchtertool Manse, Kirkcaldy.

Chelsea, Wednesday, 24 Sep., 1851.

Upon my honour, Dearest Helen, you grow decidedly *good.* Another nice long Letter! and the former still unanswered! This is a sort of heaping of coals of fire on my head which I should like to have continued. . . .

But I must tell you my *news.* Well, I lived very happily at Geraldine's for the first week, in spite of the horrid dingy atmosphere and substitution of cinder roads for the green Malvern Hills. We made a great many excursions by railway into the cotton valleys. Frank [Jewsbury] selected some cotton spinner in some picturesque locality, and wrote or said that he would dine with him on such a day at two o'clock, and bring his Sister and a lady staying with them. The cotton spinner was most willing! And so we started after breakfast and spent the day in beautiful places amongst strange old-world, highly hospitable life,—eating, I really think, more home-baked bread and other dainties than was good for us; the air and exercise made us so ravenously hungry. It was returning

from the last of these country visits, rather late thro' a dense fog, that I caught my cold; and then came the old sleepless nights and headaches and all the abominable *etceteras*. I was still stuffed full of cold when I had to start for Alderley Park,* and the days I spent there were in consequence supremely wretched, tho' the place is lovely and there was a fine rattling houseful of people; and the Stanleys, even to Lord Stanley, who is far from popular, as kind as possible,—alas, too kind! for Lady Stanley *would* show me all the "beautiful views," and that sort of thing, out of doors; and Blanche *would* spend half the night in my bedroom! Lord Airlie was there and his Sister and various other assistants at the marriage. I saw a *trousseau* for the first time in my life; about as wonderful a piece of nonsense as the Exhibition of all Nations. Good Heavens! how is any one woman to use up all those gowns and cloaks and fine clothes of every denomination? And the profusion of coronets! every stocking, every pockethandkerchief, every thing had a coronet on it! . . . Poor Blanche doesn't seem to know, amidst the excitement and rapture of the trousseau, whether she loves *the man* or not;—she *hopes* well enough at least for practical purposes. I liked him very much for my share; and wish little Alice had the fellow of him.

But, Oh! how thankful I was to get away, where I might lie in bed, "well let alone," and do out my illness! We found Ann very neat and glad to see us. She is a thoroughly good, respectable woman—the best *character* I ever had in the house. . . .

* Lord Stanley's residence at Congleton, Cheshire.

Kindest love to my dear Uncle and the rest. I have heard nothing of the Sketchleys since the week after you left.

Ever your affectionate

J. W. C.

A. S. [Sterling] has *swapt* his Yacht for another which he has christened the Mazzini. Mr. C. starts for Paris to-morrow, for a ten days or a fortnight, I suppose.

LETTER 129

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Saturday, 'Nov., 1851.'

My dear John—Thanks for your kind attention in sparing me as much as possible all alarm and anxiety. Your two welcome Notes were followed by one from Helen last night, representing my Uncle as in the most prosperous state after his long journey. It was not, however, the *immediate* consequences that I felt most apprehensive of; and I shall not be quite at ease about him till a few days are well over. Every time I myself have gone a long way by *express*, the frightful headache produced in me comes on gradually after, and does not reach its *ultimatum* till some three or four days. They all seem very grateful to you for your kind attention to my Uncle; and so am I; and it is a real pleasure to me to hear them speak of you so warmly.

For the rest, if the Devil had not broken loose on me this morning, it was my intention to have written you a *long* Letter,—in spite of your preference for short ones.

But there are so many things requiring to be done that I must not dawdle over any of them. Mrs. Piper wants me at her house at midday, to inspect the arrangements she has made for the reception of Mazzini, Saffi and Quadri,* to whom I have let the three bedrooms and one sitting-room, left empty in the Piper house by the departure of an old lady and Daughter who lived with them (the Mother and Sister, in fact, of L. E. L.†); and the Piper economics were in danger of rushing down into "cleanness of teeth," in consequence. So, as Mazzini applied to me for apartments, I brought the two wants to bear on each other, to the great contentment of both parties. I have also lent the Pipers a bedstead, a washstand, and two extremely bad chairs; and must now go and put a few finishing touches from the hand of Genius to her arrangements; and, above all, order in coals and candles, or the poor men will have a wretched home to come to this cold night.

I have got Saffi Italian lessons,—at the Sterlings and Wedgwoods. So now, to use Mazzini's expression, "he is saved." Carlyle is extremely fond of Saffi: I have not seen him *take* so much to any one this long while.

Besides that piece of business, there are three answers to sorts of business Letters that *must* be written: one requiring my active exertions in the placing of a—Lady's-maid! (Good Gracious, what things people do ask of one!); one from Lady Ashburton, who has not taken the slightest notice of me, but "quite the contrary," ever since I refused her invitation to the Grange on her

* Italian exiles.
† Letitia E. Landon.

return from Paris! This Letter also, is an invitation,—to come on the 1st of December and stay over Christmas, put on the touching footing of requiring my assistance to help "in amusing Mama" [Lady Sandwich]. Heaven knows what is to be said from me individually. If I refuse this time also, she will quarrel with me outright,—that is her way;—and as quarrelling with her would involve quarrelling with Mr. C. also, it is not a thing to be done lightly.—I wish I knew *what* to answer for the best.*

* From "Heaven" to "best," is printed in *Life*, iv., 87. Mr. Froude introduces the extract thus: "Lady Ashburton invited Mrs. Carlyle to spend December with her at the Grange, to help in amusing some visitors [*sic*]. She did not wish to go, and yet hardly dared say no. She consulted John Carlyle."

To show the absurdity of this it is only needful to mention that in October Lady Ashburton, on returning from the Continent, invited Mrs. Carlyle to the Grange. Mrs. Carlyle had just returned home after an absence of two months; and preferred not to leave Chelsea again just then. *The invitation was therefore declined.*

A little after this, Lady Ashburton fell ill, as appears from her Letters. When she recovered she renewed the invitation, adding, out of kindness and true politeness, that Mrs. Carlyle could be of use in helping to "amuse Mama."

This is the invitation which Mrs. Carlyle mentions incidentally to Dr. Carlyle. It is not true that she "consulted" him as to whether she should accept it or not. She neither expected nor received advice from him. She accepted the invitation because it suited her to do so; and went to the Grange on the 1st of December, by herself, leaving Carlyle alone, working at home. She induced him to come and join her on the 13th of December; detained him there longer than he wished to stay; and returned on the 2nd of January, much improved in health.

Why then did she write to Dr. Carlyle of the invitation as if it were unwelcome? The explanation is simple: she knew that Dr. Carlyle felt a little hurt because *he* had never received any invitation from the Ashburtons; she, therefore, in writing to him, very naturally refers to her own invitation as a thing of little or no account.

Mrs. Carlyle was probably, by nature and by education, almost the least likely person in the world to submit meekly to coercion and oppression. She would have resented and scorned Mr. Froude's calumnious statement that she "submitted" to an injustice,—relinquished meekly without a protest her "rights of woman," and became the puppet of an imperious Lady's will! No! She was proud and imperious herself; and had a will of

I have also to write to Mrs. Macready this day for a copy of the *Sterling* which I lent her to take with her to Sherborne; it is Mr. C.'s own copy and has pencil corrections on it, and is now wanted for the new Edition which Chapman is here at this moment negotiating for. None of Mr. C.'s Books have sold with such rapidity as this one. If he would write *a Novel* we should become as rich as—Dickens! "And what should we do *then?*" "Dee and do nocht ava!" I don't think it would be any gain to be rich. I should then have to keep more servants,—and *one* is bad enough to manage. Ann, however, goes on very peaceably, except that in these foggy, dispiriting mornings she is often dreadfully low about her *wrist.* I have given her a pair of woollen wristikins. Can I do anything more? Young Ann I have got to be housemaid with Lady Lytton, who has taken a cottage all to herself. . . .

Love to your Mother and the rest of you.

Affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 130

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Tuesday, '6 Jan'y, 1852.'

My dear Mrs. Russell—Here I am at home again*—to the unspeakable joy of—my dog, if no one else's. I assure you the reception he gave us left the heart nothing to wish.

her own as unyielding as steel. She boasts of "being very obstinate in her own way"; of "having a genius for *not* being ruled"; and even of "being very *un*advisable." Having declined *one* invitation from Lady Ashburton, what in the name of common sense was to hinder her from declining *another,* if she had *really wished* to decline?

* From a visit of over a month to the Grange.

I found a clean house, with nothing spoilt or broken. My present servant, who has lasted since last May, is a punctual trustworthy woman; very like our Haddington Betty in appearance. I hope she will stay—forever,—if that were possible. . . .

I hope you will now write me a long Letter about dear old Thornhill, and all the people I know there. I send the Order for the money, which I need not doubt but you advanced for me. I hoped by this time to have had a Book to send you, Mr. C.'s *Life of Sterling*, of which a second edition is now printing; but it is not ready yet, so you must wait a little longer.

Only imagine my three Aunts coming up to the Exhibition last August! I should have thought it much too worldly a subject of interest for *them*. I had gone to Malvern only two days before they arrived,—so missed them altogether.

Love to your Husband and Father.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 131

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, '27 July, 1852.'

My dear John—You will like to hear "what I am thinking of Life" in the present confusion. Well, then, I am not *thinking* of it at all but *living* it very contentedly. The tumult has been even greater since Mr. C.* went than it

* "About the middle of July, Jane sent me off to Scotland, to be out of the way." (*From a Letter of Carlyle's to his Brother Alexander*, 6 *Jan'y*, 1853.)

was before; for new floors are being put down in the top story, and the noise of *that* is something terrific. But now that I feel the noise and dirt and disorder with my own senses, and not through his as well, it is amazing how little I care about it. Nay, in superintending all these men I begin to find myself "in the career open to my particular talents," and am infinitely more satisfied than I was in talking "*wits*," in my white silk gown with white feathers in my head, and *soirées* at Bath House, "and all that sort of thing." It *is* a consolation to be of some *use*, tho' it were only in helping stupid carpenters and bricklayers out of their "impossibilities," and, at all rates, keeping them to their work; especially when the *ornamental* no longer succeeds with me so well as it has done! The fact is, I am remarkably indifferent to *material* annoyances, considering my morbid sensibility to *moral* ones. And when Mr. C. is not here recognising it with his overwhelming eloquence, I can regard the present earthquake as something almost *laughable*.

Another house-wife trial of temper has come upon me since Mr. C. went, of which he yet knows nothing, and which has been borne with the same imperturbability: He told you, perhaps, that I had got a new servant in the midst of this mess,—a great beauty, whom I engaged because she had been six years in her last place, and because *he* decidedly liked her physiognomy. She came home the night before he left. It was a rough establishment to come into, and no fair field for shewing at once her capabilities; but her dispositions were perhaps on that account

the more quickly ascertained. The first night I came upon her listening at the door; and the second morning I came upon her reading one of my Letters! And in every little box, drawer and corner I found *traces* of her prying. It was going to be like living under an Austrian Spy. Then, because she had no regular work possible to do, she did nothing of her own accord that was required. Little Martha, who was here in Ann's illness and whom I had taken back for a week or two, was worth a dozen of her in serviceableness. The little cooking *I* needed, was always "what she hadn't been used to where she lived before," and for that, or some other reason, detestable. I saw before the first week was out, that I had got a helpless, ill-trained, low-minded goose; and this morning, the last day of the week, I was wishing to Heaven I had brought no regular servant into the house at all just now, but gone on with little Martha, As there was not work enough for half a one, never to speak of two, I had told little Martha she must go home to-night. I would rather have sent away the other, but she had waited three weeks for the place, and couldn't be dispatched without a week's warning; and besides, I felt hardly justified in giving her no longer trial. Figure my satisfaction, then, when on my return from taking Mazzini to call for the Brownings, the new servant came to me, with a set face, and said, "she had now been here a week and found the place didn't suit her; if it had been *all straight,* perhaps she could have lived in it; but it was such a muddle, and would be such a muddle for months to come, that she thought it best to get

out of it." I told her I was quite of her opinion, and received the news with such amiability that she became quite amiable, too, and asked "when would I like her to go." "To-night," I said; "Martha was to have gone to-night, now you will go in her stead, and that will be all the difference!" And she is gone, bag and baggage! We parted with mutual civilities, and I never was more thankful for a small mercy in my life. And the most amusing part of the business is, that although taken thus by surprise I had before she left the house,—engaged another servant! By the strangest chance, Irish Fanny, who has always kept on coming to see me from time to time, and is now in better health, arrived at tea-time to tell me she had left her place. I offered her mine, which she had already made trial of, and she accepted with an enthusiasm which did one's heart good after all those cold, ungrateful English wretches. I stipulated, however, that she should not come for a month, little Martha being the suitablest in the present state of the family. Little Martha is gone to bed the happiest child in Chelsea, at the honour done her. "I could have told you, Ma'am," she said, "the very first day that girl was here, that she wasn't fit for a *genteel* place; and I'm sure she isn't so much older than *me* as she says she is!"

Oh, such a fuss the Brownings made over Mazzini this day! My private opinion of Browning is, in spite of Mr. C.'s favour for him, that he is "nothing," or very little more, "but a fluff of feathers!"* *She* is *true* and *good*, and the most *womanly* creature.

I go to Sherborne on Friday to stay till Monday. It is

* See Carlyle's "Letters, 1826-36," ii., 306n.

a long, fatiguing journey for so short a time, and will be a sad visit; but *she** wishes it. And now, good-night. With kind regards to all.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 132

To T. Carlyle, Linlathen, Dundee.

Chelsea, Tuesday, 3 August, 1852.

Oh, my Dear, if I had but a pen that would mark freely —never to say spell—and if I might be dispensed from news of the house, I would write you such a *Lettre d'une voyageuse* as you have not read "these seven years!" For it was not a commonplace journey this at all; it was more like the journey of a *Belinda* or *Evelina* or *Cecilia:* your friends "The Destinies," "Immortal gods," or whatever one should call them, transported me into the Region of mild Romance for that one day. But with this cursed house to be told about, and so little leisure for telling anything, my Miss Burney faculty cannot spread its wings. So I will leave my journey to Sherborne for a more favourable moment,—telling you only that I am no worse for it; rather better, if indeed I needed any bettering, which it would be rather ungrateful to Providence to say I did. Except that I sleep less than ordinary mortals do, I have nothing earthly to complain of—nor have had since you left me. Nor will I even tell you of the Macreadys in this Letter. I cannot mix up the image of that dear dying woman with details about bricklayers and carpenters.

* That is Mrs. Macready.

You ask what my prophetic gift says to it, which is more to be depended on than Mr. Morgan's calculations. My Dear, my prophetic gift says very decidedly that it will be two months at least before we get these fearful creatures we have conjured up *laid.* The confusion at this moment is more horrible than when you went away. The Library is—exactly as you left it! The plasterers could not commence there on account of the moving of the floors above; and the front bedroom floor could not be got on with on account of the pulling down of the chimney; your bedroom is floored, and has got its window-shutters; and the painter was to have begun there on Saturday, and has not appeared yet; and Mr. Morgan keeps away, and I am nearly mad. My present bedroom is as you left it,—only more full of things. The chimney above, up-stairs, is carried back and finished; the floor is still *up* there and the ceiling *down;* it will be a week before they get the floor laid there; and till then plastering can't be begun with below!!

. . . And now you must consider and decide. For two months I am pretty sure there will be no living for you here. *I* can do quite well; and seem to be extremely necessary for shifting about the things, and looking after the men. The only servant in the house is little Martha. Our Beauty was as perfect a fool as the sun ever shone on, and at the end of a week *left,* finding it "quite impossible to live in any such muddle." I have been doing very well with Martha for the last week; and Irish Fanny is engaged to come on the 27th; but I did not want a regular servant at present.

My idea is that you ought to go to Germany *by yourself*, leaving me here, where I am more useful at present than I could be anywhere else. But if you don't like that, there will be the Grange open for September, and you could go by yourself there. As to "cowering into some hole," you are "the last man in all England" that can do that sort of thing with advantage; so there's no use speculating about it.

If you could make up your mind to Germany any easier for my going to see to the beds, etc., of course there is no such absolute need of my staying here, that I should not delegate my superintendence to Chalmers or somebody, and put Fanny into the kitchen, and go away;—but I don't take it the least unkind your leaving me behind; and with Neuberg to attend on you, I really think you would be better without me. . .

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

Love to Mr. Erskine, and thanks for his Note.

LETTER 133

To T. Carlyle, Linlathen, Dundee.

Chelsea, Friday, '6 Aug., 1852.'

. . . As to Nero, poor darling, it is not forgetfulness of him that has kept me silent on his subject, but rather that he is part and parcel of *myself:* when I say I am well, it means also Nero is well! *Nero c'est moi; moi c'est Nero!* I might have told something of him, however, rather curious. Going down in the kitchen the morning

after my return from Sherborne I spoke to the white cat, in common politeness, and even stroked her; whereon the jealousy of Nero rose to a pitch! He snapped and barked at me, then flew at the cat quite savage. I "felt it my duty" to box his ears. He stood a moment as if taking his resolution; then rushed up the kitchen stairs; and, as it afterward appeared, out of the house! For, in ten minutes or so, a woman came to the front door with master Nero in her arms; and said she had met him running up Cook's Grounds, and was afraid he "would go and lose himself!" He would take no notice of *me* for several hours after! And yet he had never read "George-Sand Novels," that dog, or any sort of Novels!

But of Germany: I really would advise you to go,—not so much for the good of *doing it*, but for the good of having *done it*. Neuberg is as suitable a guide and companion as poor humanity, imperfect at best, could well afford you. And I also vote for leaving me out of the question. It would be anything but a *pleasure* for me to be there, with the notion of a house all at sixes and sevens to come home to. . . . You will take me there another time if you think it worth my seeing. Or I could go some time myself and visit Bölte; or I can have money to make any little journey I may fancy,—some time when I am out of sorts,—which I am not now, thanks God, the least in the world. If it were not for the thought of *your* bother in being kept out of your own house, I should not even fret over the slowness of the house-altering process. I can see that there is an immense deal of that sort of invisible work expended on it which you expended

on *Cromwell*. The two carpenters are not *quick*, certainly, but they are very conscientious and assiduous, giving themselves a great deal of work that makes no show, but which *you* should be the last man to count unnecessary. . . . When it comes to putting everything in order again, it will be a much greater pleasure than going to Germany, I can tell you.—I had plenty of other things to tell; but when one gets on that *house* there is no end of it. . . . But Oh, heavens! there is twelve striking.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 134

To T. Carlyle, care of Joseph Neuberg, Bonn.

Chelsea, Thursday, 2 Sep., 1852.

. . . I have a new invitation to go to Addiscombe to-morrow, Friday, and stay till Monday (Lord Ashburton being gone to Scotland "quite promiscuously," and her Ladyship in consequence going a second time to Addiscombe). I accepted; being very anxious to have a Christian bed for a night or two, having alternated for a week betwixt the sofa in this room, and the bed at 2 Cheyne Walk,—on the same principle that Darwin frequents *two* clubs. . . . Last night Lady A. sent me word by Fanny, who had taken her up the cranberry jam promised long ago, that it was possible she might not go till Saturday.

I dined with Forster on Tuesday, "fish and pudding"; and the Talfours and Brownings came to early tea. The Brownings brought me in their cab to Piccadilly and put

me in an omnibus. It was a very dull thing indeed; and I like Browning less and less; and even *she* does not grow on me. Mrs. Sketchley, after reading your Note for her,* held out her hand to me and—burst into tears! and Penelope fell a-crying at seeing her Mother crying,—without knowing why! "Whatever comes of it, —if nothing comes of it," said the old lady, "*that* is kindness never to be forgotten." . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

P. S.—I hope John's love affair will get on.

LETTER 135

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Monday, 'Sep., 1852.'

My dear John—. . . Mrs. Macready is at Plymouth, Forster told me yesterday; stood the journey better than was anticipated; but the Doctor there gives no hopes of her. Oh no! one has only to look at her to feel that there is no hope.

I wonder now if you will break down in that enterprise? Please don't. I want very much to see you comfortably settled in life; and with a woman of that age, whom you have known for fifteen years, I should not feel any apprehensions about your doing well together.† But you put

*Written at Mrs. C.'s suggestion, introducing Mrs. S. to a Publisher.

†Mrs. Carlyle is generally claimed as an advocate against marriage. This is a mistake: it was only imprudent marriages she disapproved.

so little *emphasis* into your love-making, that it won't surprise me if this one, too, get out of patience and slip away from you!

Your affectionate

J. W. C.

LETTER 136

To Dr. Carlyle, Burnbraes, Moffat.

Chelsea, 15 September, 1852.

My dear John—. . . Thanks God, however, the workmen are gradually "returning from the Thirty-years' War." My plasterers and plumbers are gone: and my bricklayers and carpenters going: and I have now only painting and paperhanging to endure for a week or two longer. . . .

Meantime the Duke of Wellington is dead. I shall not meet him at Balls any more, nor kiss his shoulder: poor old man. All the news I have had from the outer world this week is sad. . . .

"Like Mrs. Newton"*—that is charming! When shall I see her? It is really very pleasant to me, the idea of a new Sister-in-law! What on earth puts it in people's heads to call *me* formidable? There is not a creature alive that is more unwilling to hurt the feelings of others, and I grow more *compatible* every year that I live. I can't count the people who have said to me first and last, "I was *so* afraid of you! I had been told you were so sarcastic!" And really I am perfectly unconscious of dealing in that sort of thing at all. . . . So depend

* Dr. Carlyle had described his "intended" as like Mrs. Newton.

on it the *Ba-ing* will be agreeably disappointed when we meet.

But now I should be in bed. Nero is already loudly snoring on a chair. Good-night.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle's Love Story.

In November, 1852, Mrs. Carlyle wrote a short Story in the form of an "Imaginary Letter," in a little Note-Book which Carlyle has labelled "Child Love." Mr. Froude in his *Life* of Carlyle (i., 285), has printed the opening sentences of the Preface to the Story thus:

"What 'the greatest Philosopher of our day' execrates loudest in Thackeray's new Novel—finds indeed 'altogether false and damnable in it'—is that love is represented as spreading itself over our whole existence, and constituting one of the grand interests of it; whereas love—the *thing people call love*—is confined to a very few years of man's life; to, in fact, a quite insignificant fraction of it, and even then is but one thing to be attended to among many infinitely more important things. Indeed, so far as he (Mr. C.) has seen into it, the whole concern of love is such a beggarly futility, that in an heroic age of the world nobody would be at the pains to think of it, much less to open his mouth upon it."

Mr. Froude's deduction from this is: "A person who had known by experience the *thing called love*, would scarcely have addressed such a vehemently unfavourable opinion of its nature to the woman who had been the object of his affection."

What Carlyle meant by "the thing people call love" will be best made manifest by the Story itself. Possibly Mr. Froude's reason for omitting the Story may have

been that he feared it might suggest to shrewd readers the absurdity of the Irving Episode in his account of Carlyle's life. Irving gave lessons to Miss Welsh from October, 1811 to August, 1812. She was ten years and three months old when he began to instruct her; and eleven years, one month and some few days old when he left Haddington.

After the citation made by Mr. Froude, Mrs. Carlyle gives instances amongst her own acquaintances of people being "in love" at all ages from six to eighty-two; and then tells in the following graphic and amusing way:

"THE SIMPLE STORY OF MY OWN FIRST-LOVE."

Well, then, I was somewhat more advanced in life than the child in the aforesaid Breach-of-promise case, when I fell in love for the first time. In fact I had completed my ninth year; or, as I phrased it, was "going ten." One night, at a Dancing-school Ball, a stranger Boy put a slight on me which I resented to my finger ends; and out of that tumult of hurt vanity sprang my First-love to life, like Venus out of the froth of the sea!!—So that my First-love resembled my Last, in that it began in quasi-hatred.

Curious, that, recalling so many particulars, of this old story, as vividly as if I had it under my opera-glass, I should have nevertheless quite forgot the Boy's first name! His surname, or as the Parson of St. Mark's would say, "his name *by nature*," was Scholey,—a name which, whether bestowed by nature or art, I have never fallen in with since; but the Charles, or Arthur, or whatever it was that preceded it, couldn't have left less trace of itself had it been written in the "New Permanent Marking-

ink!" He was an only child, this Boy, of an Artillery Officer at the Barracks, and was seen by me then for the first time; a Boy of twelve, or perhaps thirteen, tall for his years and very slight,—with sunshiny hair, and dark-blue eyes; a dark-blue ribbon about his neck; and grey jacket with silver buttons. Such the image that "stamped itself on my soul forever!"—And I have gone and forgotten his name!

Nor were his the only details which impressed me at that Ball. If you would like to know my own Ball-dress, I can tell you every item of it: a white Indian muslin frock open behind, and trimmed with *twelve* rows of satin ribbon; a broad white satin sash reaching to my heels; little white kid shoes, and embroidered silk stockings,—which last are in a box up-stairs along with the cap I was christened in! my poor Mother having preserved both in lavender up to the day of her death.

Thus elegantly attired, and with my "magnificent eye-lashes" (I never know what became of these eye-lashes) and my dancing "unsurpassed in private life" (so our dancing-master described it),—with all that and much more to make me "one and somewhat" in my own eyes, what did I not feel of astonishment, rage, desire of vengeance, when this Boy, whom all were remarking the beauty of, told by his Mama (I heard her with my own ears) to ask little Miss Welsh for a quadrille, declined *kurt und gut*, and led up another girl,—a girl that I was "worth a million of," if you'll believe me,—a fair, fat, sheep-looking thing, with next to no sense; and her dancing! you should have seen it! Our dancing-master

was always shaking his head at her, and saying "heavy, heavy!"—But her wax-doll face took the fancy of Boys at that period, as afterwards it was the rage with men, till her head, unsteady from the first discovery of her, got fairly turned with admiration, and she ended in a mad-house, that girl! Ah! had I seen by Second-sight at the Ball there, the ghastly doom ahead of her,—only some dozen years ahead,—could I have had the heart to grudge her one triumph over me, or any partner she could get? But no foreshadow of the future Madhouse rested on her and me that glancing evening, tho' one of us,—and I don't mean *her*, was feeling rather *mad*. No! never had I been so outraged in my short life! never so enraged at a Boy! I could have given a guinea, if I had had one, that he would yet *ask me* to dance, that I might have said him *such* a *No!* But he didn't ask me; neither that night nor any other night; indeed, to tell the plain truth, if my "magnificent eyelashes," my dancing "unsurpassed in private life," my manifold fascinations, personal and spiritual, were ever so much as noticed by that Boy, he remained from first to last, impracticable to them!

For six or eight months, I was constantly meeting him at children's Balls and Tea-parties; we danced in the same dance, played in the same games, and "knew each other to speak to"; but the fat Girl was always present, and always preferred. They followed one another about, he and she, "took one another's parts," kissed one another at forfeits, and so on; while I, slighted, superfluous, *incomprise*, stood amazed as in presence of the infinite! But that was only for a time or two while I found

myself in a "new position;" a little used to the position, I made the best of it. After all, wasn't the fat Girl two years older than I? and that made such a difference! Had *I* been eleven "going twelve,"—I with my long eyelashes, lovely dancing, etc., things would have gone very differently, I thought,—decidedly they would. So "laying the flattering unction to my soul," I gradually left off being furious at the Boy, and rejoiced to be in his company on any footing.

Next to seeing the Boy's self, I liked making little calls on his Mother; but how the first call, which was the difficulty, got made, I have only a half remembrance; or rather I remember it *two different ways!*—a form of *forgetfulness* not uncommon with me. I should say quite confidently, that I first found myself in Mrs. Scholey's Barracks at her own urgent solicitation, once when she had lighted on me alone at "the evening Band," if it were not for my clear recollection of being there the first time with my governess, who, of "military extraction" herself (she boasted her Father had been a serjeant in the militia), was extensively *liée* at the Barracks. At all events my Mother was on no visiting terms with this lady; and it is incredible I should have introduced myself on my own basis. Very likely she had besieged me to visit her; for the ladies at the Barracks were always manœuvring to get acquainted in the Town. And just as likely my governess *had* taken me to her; for my governess had a natural aptitude for *false steps*. In either case, the ice once broken, I made visits enough at Mrs. Scholey's Barracks, where I was treated with all possible respect.

Still as a woman Mrs. Scholey didn't please me, I remember; inasmuch as she was both forward and vulgar; and it wasn't without a sense of *demeaning* myself, that I held these charmed sittings in her Barracks. But then, it wasn't *the woman* that I visited in her; it was *the Boy's Mother*; and in that character she was a sort of military *Holy Mother* for me, and her Barracks looked a sacred shrine! Then, so often as she spoke to me of her Son, and she spoke I think of little else, it was in a way to leave no doubt in my mind, that the first wish of her (Mrs. Scholey's) heart was to see him and *me* ultimately united; and there is no expressing how it soothed me under the confirmed indifference of the Son to feel myself so appreciated by his Mother. Nor was Mrs. Scholey herself my sole attraction to that Barracks: the Boy, be it clearly understood, I never saw there, or assuredly I should have made myself scarce. God forbid that at even nine years of age I should have had so little sense,—not to say spirit,—as to be throwing myself in the way of a Boy who wanted nothing with me! Oh no, the Boy was all day at School in the Town, within a gun-shot of my own door,—a quarter of a mile at least nearer me than his Mother. For the other attraction the Barrack room possessed for me, it was a Portrait,—nothing more nor less,—a dear little oval Miniature of the Boy in petticoats; done for him in his second or third year; and *so* like, I thought,—making allowance for the greater chubbiness of babyhood, and the little pink frock, of *no sex*. At each visit I drank in this "*Portrait charmant*" with my eyes, and wished myself artist enough to copy it. Indeed

had one of the Fairies I delighted to read of stept out of the Book, in a moment of enthusiasm, to grant any *one* thing I asked, I would have said, I am sure I would, "the *Portrait charmant*, then, since you are so good, all to myself for altogether!"

Still, I hadn't as yet, to the best of my remembrance, admitted to myself (to others it would have been impossible) that I was head and ears in love. Indeed an admission so entirely discreditable to me couldn't be too long suppressed. Oh, little Miss Welsh! at your time of age and with your advantages, to go and fall in love with an Artillery Boy, and he not caring a pin for you! It was really very shocking, very. And let us hope, I should have felt all that was proper on the discovery of my infatuation, if the circumstances under which it was made had been less poignant! The Boy's Regiment had received orders to march! To Ireland, I think it was; but the *where* was nothing. For me, in my then geographical blankness, the marching beyond my own sphere of vision was a marching into infinite space! Lo! Two more days and the Boy, his Mother, his Regiment and all that was his, would be in infinite space for me! Here was a prospect to enlighten one on the state of one's heart, if anything could! *Now* I knew all I had felt for him and all I felt; and I forgave him all about the fat Girl; and believed in the "Progress of the Species."*

*A young lady, once weeping on my shoulder over the loss of her lover, and ah! her honour, suddenly gathered herself up, and exclaimed wildly, "But, Oh! Mrs. Carlyle, I do, I do believe in the Progress of the Species!" "Why not?" returned I, "I for my part believe in the Devil; and find great comfort from it occasionally. With a Devil to lay the blame on, one feels so irresponsible!"

Had I stopt there, well and good; but a sudden thought struck me, a project of consolation so subversive of "female delicacy," that I almost blush to write it! But in these moments termed "supreme," one "swallows all formulas" as fast as look at them,—at least I do. This project, then? Could it be the confession of my love to its object, you may be thinking? Almighty Gracious! *no,* not *that!!* Though with no knowledge as yet of what my American young lady called "Life," instinct divined all the helplessness of *that* shift, even could I have gulped the indecency of it. No! My project was flagrantly compromising, and something *might* be gained by it. It was this simply: To persuade Mrs. Scholey to leave the little oval Miniature with me, on loan, on the understanding that when I was grown up and should have money, I would return it to her, *set with diamonds*; and as an immediate tribute of gratitude, or pure esteem,—whichever she liked,—I would present her with my gold filigree needle-case, the only really valuable thing I possessed,—and sent from India all the way! But it might go, without a sigh, in part payment of *such* a favour! Whether my idea was, that "grown up" and "having money," I should procure a copy of the Miniature for myself, besides the diamonds for Mrs. Scholey, or whether it was that I should have another attachment by then, and *that* Portrait be fallen obsolete, *chi sa?* One can't remember everything, even in remembering much. Only so far as the actual crisis was concerned, my project and its results have left a picture in my mind as distinct as that *Descent from the Cross* hanging on the opposite wall.

It was not without misgivings enough that I entered on this questionable enterprise. I felt its questionability in every fibre of my small frame. But what then? The day after to-morrow the Boy's self would be in infinite space for me; and if I had not his picture to comfort me, how on earth should I be comforted? So I took a great heart, prayed to Minerva, I remember. I had got converted to Paganism in the course of learning Latin, and Minerva was my chosen goddess. And in the first interval of lessons, I ran off to the Artillery Barracks, taking the gold needle-case in my hand; and never had it looked so pretty! Mrs. Scholey was at home packing up (ah me!), and the Miniature was in its old place. I had been so afraid of *it* being packed up, that the mere seeing it seemed a step in getting it. There it hung, by its black ribbon, from a nail over the fireplace; and, "didn't I wish I might get it?" If only I might have walked off with it without a word! But I was come to beg, not steal, good God; and "to beg I was ashamed!" My program had been to throw myself on Mrs. Scholey's generosity for the picture; and then to slip my needle-case into her hand. But face to face with the lady, something warned me to offer her the needle-case *first*, and throw myself on her generosity after. Still how to unfold my business even in that order? My position became every moment more false; I sat with burning cheeks and palpitating heart,—my tongue refusing "its office" save on indifferent topics, till I felt that in common decency I could sit no longer. And then only,—in the supreme moment of bidding Mrs. Scholey farewell,—did I find courage to

present my needle-case,—with what words I know not; but certainly without one word about the picture. For the rapid acceptance of my really handsome gift, as a "good the gods had provided her," and no more about it, quite took away my remaining breath, and next minute I found myself in the open air, "a sadder and a wiser child!"

At three o'clock the following morning, the Boy's Regiment marched, with Band playing gaily "The Girl I've left behind me." Soundly as I slept in those years, I *could* not sleep through *that*; and sitting up in my little bed to catch the last note, it struck me *I* was the *Girl left behind*, little as people suspected it!—For a day or two I felt quite lost, and was "not myself again" for weeks. Still at nine years of age, so many consolations turn up, and one is so shamefully willing to be consoled!

For the rest, young Scholey (I wish I could have recollected his first name!) had slipt through my fingers like a knotless thread: he never came back to learn our fates (the fat Girl's and mine), nor did news of him dead or alive ever reach me. And so, in no great length of time,—before I had given him a successor even,—he passed for me into a sort of myth; nor for a quarter of a century had I thought as much of him, put it altogether, as I have done in writing these few sheets.

It would have made a more "thrilling narrative" to read, if that love of mine had been returned; for "with the reciprocity all on one side," as the Irish say, the interest flags, don't you find?—On the whole, my First-love wasn't the smart piece of work to have been predicted of such

a smart little Girl;—a Girl so renowned for her eyelashes, her Latin and her wit. But nothing is so baffling for human eyesight as to predict of other people's loves; it is hard enough to make head or tail of them in *completion*. Indeed, logically considered, the whole "thing people call love," like the power of God, "passeth understanding."

For *one* condition of *my* First-love, however, I cannot be too thankful to the "gods," the "Destinies," or whatever singular or plural power presides over the Love-department "here down"; for this namely, that it had *no consequences* (the loss of my gold filigree needle-case was not a consequence to "speak of"). Many a poor girl has been brought to marriage, and the Devil knows what all, by her First-love,—actually got married, "for better for worse, till death do part," on the strength of it! About as sensible and promising a speculation it seems to me, as getting married "for better for worse till death do part" on the strength of measles or scarlatina! But such reflections, did I let myself go to them, might lead me too far. . . . So "I add no more, but remain, my dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,"* J. W. C.

*A young preacher once staying over night at a great House, was asked to "conduct worship," as the phrase is. He went to work with *aplomb* enough, and proceeded without accident, swimmingly even, till all the usual things were prayed for, and it came to winding up. But how to wind up to his own and his audience's satisfaction? *There* lay the difficulty! He went "about it and about it," grew hotter and hotter, more and more bothered, till his head had become a perfect chaos. And figure the consternation in heaven as on earth, when he ended "quite promiscuously," with, "I add no more, but remain, my dear sir, your obedient servant!"

This is a literal fact. (Yes.—T. C.) I have seen the man it happened to.—J. W. C.

LETTER 137

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 24th February, '1853.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I have fallen on a plan for recollecting old Mary's money now: can you divine it from the date of this ?*

We have the finest "storm" here I ever saw in London; it is seldom that snow *lies* here at all, and in former years when we had any, I was out of condition to *see* it, being confined to my room. This time, on the first night of the snow, I *walked* home thro' it from the Theatre, with my bonnet hanging on my back part of the way, one minute taking myself a "slide," and the next lifting a handful of snow to eat it! In fact, that almost forgotten Scotch-looking snow had made me perfectly *drunk*, or I should hardly have "tempted Providence" in such a distracted manner! But Providence being proverbially "kind to women, fools and drunk people," I had three claims on it that night, which were duly acknowledged; and I escaped safe and sound from my snow adventure. A few days after, however, I did catch cold,—not in having my own humour out, but in doing a piece of duty,—and I have to stay in-doors, not feeling, however, that the mischief is likely to last long. Certainly that cold bath the first thing of a morning is a blessed invention! I am sure it is on the strength of *that*, under Heaven, that I am so much hardier than I used to be, and less bother to all concerned with me.

* Meaning the anniversary of her Mother's death, which took place on the 25th of February.

A friend* of mine who has a great deal of money, and a great deal of time, and a great deal of "superfluous activity," has lately provided himself with a photograph apparatus, after having exhausted the resources of a *turning machine*, of building himself an *iron house* to live in, and a yacht to sail in, of adopting three or four children, and what not, he now kills his time wholesale in a very agreeable manner, making photographs of all his acquaintance and of any Portraits which he chooses to multiply. He possesses a very *like*, very sour-looking Portrait of *me*,† by Laurence, the Painter of most *geniuses* in London, tho' not having the gift of *flattering* his pictures he has not all the employment he ought to have. And this Portrait my friend makes at the rate of two copies at least per day for weeks and weeks; every time he comes he brings me a handful "to give to my friends!" As you belong, I hope, to that category, you will not, I trust, think me silly in sending you a Portrait of myself, when you were not wishing for it the least in the world. It was the thought, "Ah, how pleasant it would have been to send this to Templand," which put it in my head to send it as *near* as it could still be sent.

I have some thoughts of sending Captain Sterling with his apparatus to Scotland to *do* all my friends there! He is quite capable of it. I told him the other day that he ought to go to a great House in Cheshire,‡ where was an old Spanish Picture in which *three* people that knew me

* Anthony Sterling, now Captain; after the Crimean War, Colonel.

† The one now at Cheyne Row? See *ante*, p. 258.

‡ Most likely this great House was Alderley Park, Lord Stanley's residence, near Congleton.

had found a figure "more like me than if I had sat for it," and bring away a photograph of that! And he answered with perfect gravity, "Get me the precise address and a line of introduction . . . (*The rest wanting.*)

LETTER 138

To Dr. Carlyle, Moffat.

Chelsea, Tuesday, 'May or June, 1853.'

My dear John—The inclosed Note will tell its own story. The writer is the Wife of James Martineau in Liverpool, as you will probably perceive by the light of Nature. As you and your Wife are both kind-hearted and courteous, I have no doubt you will permit this young gentleman to make your acquaintance. As Miss Benson phrased it, "too soon will the rude hand of Time sweep the down from the cheek of that beautiful enthu-si-asm!" without your coming over it with the razor of repulsion! Pray send the young man notice that he may call for you, or call for him, or do *something* to justify my promise to his Mother that her prayer would be granted her.

All is going on here much as usual, except that *cocks* are springing up, more and more, till it seems as if the Universe were growing into one poultry-yard! There is also a parrot, named Lara, at next door. All that has waked up Mr. C. into the old phrenzy to be "off into silence!" But the £300 or £400 laid out last year* give pause. And besides, as the old Servant said to his Master, when threatened with dismissal, "where the Deevil wud ye gang tae?"

*On repairs to the house.

. . . Meanwhile the Town fills fuller every day: and more and more carriages call. . . . .

You might write to *me* sometimes, as well as to him. Love to your Wife, whom everybody that sees speaks well of.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 139

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Maryland St., Liverpool, 3 July, 1853.

All right, Dear, no collisions, no *nothink* of a disastrous nature since I started on my travels. Did you hear what my male fellow-passenger said when I appealed to him about Nero? "I assure you, sir, he will lie quite quiet; will not give you the slightest trouble." *"I sincerely hope he will not!"* From that specimen you may fancy how courteous he was likely to be. It was by the strongest protest I succeeded in keeping one-fourth of a window down, which, there being four of us, I maintained was my right. He put them *both* up, the brute, without asking by your leave; and would have kept them so all the way.

Helen was waiting for me, and the instant the door was opened at Liverpool, Nero leapt out, tho' he had never stirred at any other stopping! The sense of that dog!! Nobody asked for his ticket, and I rather grudged the four shillings.

They were all very glad to see me here,—especially my dear old Uncle. He is much changed,—inconceivably changed, in fact—for the better. A more beautiful old

man I never set eyes on! He looks eighty in age, and so frail that he can hardly get across the room; but his face is spiritualized into perfect beauty. With his blue silk nightcap, sitting there, you would take him for an old Poet or Divine, never for a man who had passed his life in business. I look at him with reverence, and think how few grow old like *that*. I do not see him for long at a time; he tries to speak to me, and speaking is extremely difficult for him. But he looks so benevolent on me, so content, so away in another world, while yet here, that the tears rise into my throat when I look at him, and think what good must have lain in him always, that he can look thus under his infirmity now. Helen seems pretty well in health, but more skeleton-like and more misshapen than ever. Geraldine Jewsbury came over to see me yesterday, and is to stay till to-morrow. Helen took a bed for her in this street. She is the same, outside and in; she amuses us all with her Manchester stories, and her *confessions* of her strange feeling in seeing her new Sister-in-law in *her* place. The Sister-in-law "behaves very much like a lady" to her as yet; but Geraldine thinks "her own sinful human nature won't let the thing go on long well."

I wrote to *Mrs.* John [Carlyle] yesterday that I would be with them on Tuesday. Helen accompanies me, which will make the journey less sad. I have been quit of my sickness, which neither you nor any one knows the constant horror of. Ever since I got into motion, and except during last night, I have been free from toothache also. . . .

I brought a *wedge* away with me in the idea my friends might also have rattling windows; and it has done me

already excellent service. For the rest: "there cocks crow; here also crow cocks!" but I sleep *thro' them*, and the carts, too; and, thanks God, there are no—"what shall I say"—*bugs*,—upon my honour!

Ever affectionately yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 140

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Moffat House, Moffat, '10 July, 1853.'

Dear Mrs. Russell—Just look at the date of this Note! I am actually so near you! Ever since I came here, on Tuesday last, I have been wishing to write to you, but unable to make up my mind what to say. I would like much to see you; would like to see Thornhill and Crawford; but, Oh, dear Mrs. Russell, it needs so much *courage* to go to these places; and I have so little courage nowadays, I cannot yet decide to go. And at the same time I know that if I don't, I shall blame myself when I am back in England, as I did formerly.

At all events write me a few lines to say if you be at home, and if you could receive me for a day, if I went; or if you would come and meet me at Dumfries if I found it *impossible* to go further.

I stay here till Thursday next, when I go to Scotsbrig; and I shall be at Scotsbrig till Monday. After that I am all at sea,—not sure whether to go on to Haddington, or go right back to London, where Mr. C. is very melancholy by himself. Write by return of post, and address to "Mrs.

Thomas Carlyle" (my new Sister-in-law* calls herself Mrs. Carlyle), Moffat House, Moffat; or if it is more convenient not to write till Wednesday, address to me at Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

Tell old Mary that if she get no remembrance on my birthday, I shall be bringing it myself, or sending it soon after.

Oh, dear Mrs. Russell, I wish somebody would lift me up by force and set me down in your room.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 141

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Moffat House, Thursday night, 14 July, 1853.

. . . I started from here with a headache, in a pour of rain, and found Jamie, with a face of cordial welcome, waiting for me at Ecclefechan Station. Before he left home (Scotsbrig), your Mother had been out of bed for half an hour! . . . Her eyes had a quite natural look, and her colour was natural. She looked to me like a person who had had a bilious crisis which was *past*, and had left her cooler and calmer. She chewed some nice mutton chop while I was there, and said she hadn't felt so hungry for long. She spoke to me just as she used to do; indeed her faculties are as clear as yours or mine. The fact is, as you need not be told, that she is *very* frail, and any little accident, such as a pill failing,

* Dr. Carlyle's Wife.

shakes her to pieces. I do not see how she could be made more comfortable. Her room is nicely carpeted and warm, and tidy; and every attention seems to be paid to her. . . . James Aitken left at the same time as John and I. Jean was to remain a few days, so that I shan't get much *silence* I guess.

Jane Howden writes that the Donaldsons will be quite glad to have me, and that if I find them too frail, "my own house is as wide open to me as ever it was!" How would *that* do? I have really some notion to go and try sleeping in the bedroom I used to sleep so soundly in!

I got your Letter and the Books from Jamie at the Station. Thank you for all you have done, and all you intended. . . .

I wrote to Lady A. for her Birthday; happily I "took time by the forelock" and wrote on the 12th, tho' I dated my Letter the 13th,—otherwise in the alarm about your Mother and the intention of starting immediately for London, I should have forgotten the memorable occasion.

Ever yours,

J. C.

LETTER 142

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Maryland St., Liverpool, Sunday,
31 July, 1853.

I was sure of it! that you knew nothing about the Cab-strike* when you wrote on Thursday. Here it has been the main topic of conversation since Wednesday.

* In London.

. . . If you find to-morrow that the Cabs are at work again, you need not mind bringing a Fly; if the strike continues, the Fly will be very welcome. At the same time it is possible that the Fly-keepers may be making hay while the sun shines and exacting an extortionful price for their Fly's. In that case, just come yourself and help me with the luggage (I don't mean in *carrying* it), and I can walk. But I hope the Cabs will be all a-going again. In any case, I shall look out for the brown wide-awake and remain by my baggage till it come to the rescue.

I have been this morning to James Martineau's Church —close by here—and heard not James Martineau, but a perfect blockhead whom I could hardly help ordering to sit down and hold his peace. All about "Virtue being its own reward," "with the same relish!"* "Not only God" he said, but (what he seemed to consider infinitely more important) "all people were merciful towards the merciful man." As if it were not plain to me, and to everybody of common-sense, that the merciful man gets himself made into mince-meat by "all people"—and serves him right for being such a spoony as to expect any good to himself or "others" out of following the profession of *mercy* at this time of day!

There never was such a stock of pens as this house presents, unless at Chatham Street†.

Mercy! I had as near as possible forgotten the one thing that needed to be said: I intend to leave by the

* John Jeffrey's phrase.
† Her Cousin Alick Welsh's.

eleven o'clock train, which reaches Euston Square at 7 of the evening. Nero bids me say, not to feel hurt should he show little joy at seeing you, as his digestion is all deranged since he has been here, with the constant crumbs of "suet and plums" that fall to *his* share. When I came in from Church to-day, tho' it had been the first hour he had been separated from me since we left home together, he could hardly raise a jump.

Have some tea for me,—nothing else. I shall eat at Birmingham.

Ever your

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 143

To Dr. Carlyle, Moffat.

Chelsea, 'September, 1853.'

Thanks dear John for your news of my people and of my old home,—God bless it! If I had known beforehand, I would have begged you to call at Sunnybank, where the two old ladies (the Miss Donaldsons) would have been delighted to see anybody coming from me.

. . . Here we are again in a crisis of discomfort,* as you know. For the last week, however, Irish labourers have ceased to tumble down thro' the upstairs ceilings, bringing cartloads of dust and broken laths and plaster along with them;—*five* times this accident occurred ! !—the last time within a yard of my head as I was stooping over a drawer. Had he dislocated my neck, as might so easily

*Building the "sound-proof" study on the roof.

have happened, one of us would have been provided with "a silent apartment" enough, without further botheration. It is a fine time for John Chorley, who has constituted himself the over-ruling Providence of the whole thing; and is to be seen running up and down the long ladder in front of the house the first thing of a morning when one looks abroad. How, with *his* head, he dare—surprises me. Meantime neither Mr. C. nor I have set eyes on the silent apartment which is progressing so noisily overhead. For the rest, the cocks are kept in the house by the washerman till about 9 in the morning, and our sufferings thro' them are rather of an imaginative sort.

London is as empty as I ever saw it; one was thankful almost for the return of Plattnauer. He made the most particular inquiries after you and your Lady,—is less mad than last year, in fact shows no mad symptoms at present but spending money with a rashness!

I hear often from Count Reichenbach. He has bought a large Farm within 15 miles of Philadelphia, and asks *me* questions about draining and "engines for making drain-tiles"; but he looks forward, I think, with secret desire, to a War, in which he may take part and get himself handsomely killed, rather than drain land in America.

Mazzini is in hopes of kicking up another shine almost immediately. He told me when I last saw him, he might go off again within ten days. I am out of all patience at his reckless folly. If one did not hear every day of new arrests and executions, one might let him scheme and talk, hoping it might all end in smoke; but it ends in

blood, and that is horrible.—Thirteen hundred arrests made in the Papal States within a week!

I am glad to hear of the Harp-playing; it will be a pleasure as well as an amusement. Pray remember me to the Artist.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. W. C.

LETTER 144

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 'Oct., 1853.'

My dear Mrs. Russell—Will you kindly write me a few lines to tell me how it is going on with you all? I heard in Liverpool on my way home, thro' the young man who had been with Dr. Russell, that he was doing very well, out of all danger; and on my return I was most happy to see his own handwriting on the Newspaper,—tho' still not so steady as it used to be. But Mrs. Aitken, thro' whom I sometimes hear of you, having been absent from Dumfries almost continually since I left, attending her Mother at Scotsbrig, I have no news of Dr. Russell from her further; and am now anxious to know if he be going about again as usual.

What a sad piece of work my visit to Scotland was! . . . At Liverpool, however, I staid a week; and would have been very well off there, but for horrible toothache, which had tormented me off and on from the time I left London. The night I came home I did not sleep one wink with it. In the morning before Mr. C. was up, I went off alone to a Dentist, and had *two* teeth drawn;

and in the evening it was found one of them had been a *mistake*: my toothache raging on one side exactly as before. So next morning I went again, and had a *third* drawn. All the pain brought on a bilious fit, which has made me good for nothing ever since.

I entrusted Mrs. Aitken with a woollen article for old Mary, which I hope was duly forwarded to you. How unlucky that I did not see you, dear Mrs. Russell, when I had actually made up my mind to go *there!** All good be with you!

Your affectionate

J. W. C.

LETTER 145

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, 26 December, 1853.

No Letter from you to-day, alas; and I suppose there is not even a chance in the evening,—to-day being kept as Christmas, there will probably be no evening delivery. At all rates, I have the satisfaction of knowing that you found your Mother alive, and that she knew you. That will be a lasting consolation for you, however it may be with her *now*. I daresay you thought me rather cruel in urging you onward without more rest; but I knew how you would suffer, better than you did yourself, if by waiting till Friday you had missed her last kind look.

Your Note came on Saturday evening. . . . No Letters have come for you of any moment; I send them

*Thornhill, where Mrs. Carlyle had not been since the year before her Mother's death.

such as they are: to have to read *anything* may be a distraction for you in your present circumstances. My Letters continue to come to me all round by the Grange, altho' I wrote both to Auchtertool and Liverpool that I was come home.

This morning I had a Note from the Grange itself; Lady A. wrote to announce a "little bracelet from the Tree," which Mrs. Brookfield was bringing up for me. I laid the Note carefully by (as I thought when I was clearing away an accumulation of papers this morning) in the intention of sending it; and when I went just now to the basket to take it out, I found only the envelope! The Note itself must have gone into the fire with the rest. But I can tell you all that was in it: First about the bracelet; then that she would be "sorry to lose the three weeks of affectionate greetings morning and evening that were to be broken up to-day"; then that she had had a Note from you on your arrival at Scotsbrig, but did not write to you, for you might be returned to Chelsea before her Letter could reach; lastly, how much money did she owe me? and that the turkey was sent *without* orders. And there you have the whole, I think.

Nothing has happened since the poultry was all removed—to the last feather—on Saturday afternoon. Enough of *happening* for months to come! I have written our thanks to Martin; also to Redwood, whose unfailing box arrived on Saturday afternoon. Welsh mutton, unusually small, which Ann and I are quite up to eating ourselves; a turkey, given immediately to Piper; a hare, sent "with grateful compliments" to Mrs. Morse, at No. 8,

who was so civil about *her* poultry; and a little cheese, which will keep.

A nice Haddington cake was handed in at the door the same day, in a bandbox with the direction in dear Betty's handwriting; not a word spoken, not a penny to pay! How *does* Betty manage that?—I see nobody, having not told anybody as yet that I am here.

My only "putting up the Christmas" was the breaking the seal on your present, and hanging it about my neck. I like it so much! and it suits my eyes capitally. I expected a *pretty* glass (I divined of course it was a glass) but it is a much handsomer one than I should have been contented with. Catch me ever wishing for any expensive thing before *you* again!

. . . Oh, dear me, perhaps you are too ill and miserable to care about this long Letter. I shall be so anxious till to-morrow. My love to them all. . . .

Ever yours faithfully,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 146

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Thursday, '29 December, 1853.'

Thanks for *two* Letters, Dear; and excuse a short one in return. . . .

Do you know, Dear, I don't like your always saying you are "*well*" in health. Nobody gets *really* well in that sudden way; and so you can only be feeling bodily well, either because your mind is so over-filled with sorrow that you have not a minute to *listen to your sensations;*

or because you are in a *fever of biliousness* which passes with one for *wellness*,—till the reaction comes. I knew that Isabella would make you more comfortable than you are ever made in any other house. She is indeed the kindest and politest hostess I ever fell in with. My kindest regards to her and Jamie.

Chapman has given me a cheque for £20, and is desirous of printing *Burns* immediately. "It is time now to spread a little more *salt* of Carlyle over the thing." He said you had a torn-up copy. Shall I send him *Burns?* And where shall I find it?

If you come on Saturday night you will find the painters cleared out. They certainly *will* have done on Saturday. The new room is much better painted than the drawing-room.

We had a heavy fall of snow yesterday, which is still lying.—Could you not manage to sleep at Chatham Street*, on your way back? I am sure Sophy would be most glad to see you, and Alick is there now. You might warn her of your coming.—(100 Chatham St.).

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 147

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, Thursday, January, 1854.

My dear Mr. Forster—Thanks for your two Notes. Do pray come and see us. We are settled here for good now,—our visit at the Grange having been cut short by more

*Her Cousin Alick's at Liverpool.

than one sorrow. You remember my poor Cousin Helen you were so good to? She died the week before Mrs. Carlyle, quite suddenly. She had a dropsy which must have ended her life in a few years; but she wrote to me on the Thursday that she was unusually well; and on the Tuesday they wrote to me that she was *dead* of a two days' *cold.*

Mrs. Carlyle was eighty-two; had been for months hanging on to life as by miracle. There was preparation enough for that loss, if any preparation *can* make the loss of a Mother less felt.

After getting your first Note, I was thinking to go and see you,—your devout imaginations about coming here so often turning into paving-stones for a place that Dr. Jelf* is "filled with terror and amazement" to be told is perhaps a myth. But the weather had stopt wheeled vehicles, and it was too far to walk. So do, like a good man as you are, come and spend a few hours.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

I don't think Mr. C. is any wise hurt by his hurried visit to Scotland; and the recollection of having seen his Mother at the last, and having been gladly recognised by her, will be good for him all the rest of his life.

LETTER 148

To Dr. Carlyle, Moffat House, Moffat.

Chelsea, 9 May, 1854.

. . . I have got the Influenza again,—caught cold

* Richard W. Jelf, D.D.

returning from a dinner-party at the Procters' on Saturday night, and am at present in the third stage of the thing,—the coughing and sneezing stage.

I saw the "Noble Lady" that night; and a strange tragic sight she was! sitting all alone in a low-ceilinged confined room at the top of Procter's house; a French bed in a corner, some relics of the grand Bedford-Square Drawingroom (small pictures and the like) scattered about. Herself stately, artistic as ever; not a line of her figure, not a fold of her dress changed since we knew her first, 20 years ago and more!* She made me sit on a low chair opposite to her (she had sent for me to come up), and began to speak of Edward Irving and long ago as if it were last year—last month! There was something quite overpowering in the whole thing: the Pagan grandeur of the old woman, retired from the world, awaiting death, as erect and unyielding as ever, contrasted so strangely with the mean bedroom at the top of the house, and the uproar of company going on below. And the Past which she seemed to live and move in felt to gather round me too,

*Mrs. Carlyle had seen but little of Mrs. Montagu (the "Noble Lady") for many years now. The reason may be inferred from the following passage omitted by Mr. Froude from Letter 2 (*Letters and Memorials*, i., 11), which Carlyle dates Nov., 1834:

"Mrs. Montagu has quite given us up, but we still find it possible to carry on existence. I offended her by taking in Bessy Barnet in the teeth of her vehement admonitions; and now I suppose she is again offended that I should receive a discharged servant of her Daughter-in-law's. I am sorry she should be so whimsical; for, as she was my first friend in London, I continue to feel a sort of tenderness for her, in spite of many faults which cleave to her. But her society can quite readily be dispensed with, nevertheless. We have new acquaintances always turning up, and a pretty handsome stock of old ones."—"Bessy Barnet," who was the Carlyles' servant for a few months, afterwards became the Wife of Dr. Blakiston, and, with her Husband, was very kind and helpful to Mrs. Carlyle in her serious illness in the early part of 1864.

till I fairly laid my head on her lap and burst into tears! She stroked my hair very gently and said, "I think, Jane, your manner never changes any more than your hair, which is still black, I see." "But you too are not changed," I said. "You know," she said, "when I was still a young woman, I dressed and felt like an old one, and so age has not told so much on me as on most others." When I had staid with her an hour, or so, she insisted on my going back to the company, and embraced me as she never did before. Her embrace used to be so freezing always to my youthful enthusiasm: but this time she held me strongly to her heart, and kissed my cheeks many times heartily, like a mother. I was near going off into crying again. I felt that she was taking eternal farewell of me in her own mind. But I don't mean it to be so: I will go again to see her very soon. The great gentleness was indeed the chief change in her,—not a hard word did she say about anyone; and her voice, tho' clear and strong as of old, had a *human* modulation in it. You may fancy the humour in which I went back to the Party, which was then at a white heat of excitement—about nothing!

. . . There is a great deal of talking about the Ruskins here at present. Mrs. Ruskin has been taken to Scotland by *her* Parents; and Ruskin is gone to Switzerland with *his;* and the separation is understood to be permanent. There is even a rumour that *Mrs.* Ruskin is to sue for a divorce. I know nothing about it, except that I have always pitied Mrs. Ruskin, while people generally blame her,—for love of dress and company and flirtation. She was too young and pretty to be so left to her own devices

as she was by her Husband, who seemed to wish nothing more of her but the credit of having a pretty, well-dressed Wife.

With kind regards to *your* Wife,

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 149

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 'Autumn, 1854.'

On getting your first Letter, dear Mrs. Russell, before reading a word of it, I knew it was about poor Mary; that it was to tell me she was dying or dead. . . . It is well the poor old kind-hearted creature has had so gentle an end. At her age life could scarcely be a blessing; and yet she seemed content to hold to it, such as it was, and so one wished her to live. Besides, I have always felt her a sort of living legacy from my darling Mother; and now even that poor little tie is broken, and there is one heart fewer in the world of those who loved my Mother and gratefully revered her memory.

I have not a doubt that all was done for her that could be done to prolong her existence and to make her end soft. I have the most implicit reliance on your kindness of heart and on your wish also to supply my Mother's place to poor Mary. God bless you for all the trouble you have taken about her! . . .

We have staid generally here this whole year, in spite of the cholera. But, indeed, what use is there in flying from cholera in a town, when it finds its way into such

fresh green places as about Ecclefechan? It was very sad to walk out here for many weeks: in a single half-mile of street, I often met as many as six funerals.

I think I have not written to you since Mrs. John Carlyle's death? That was a horrid business. It looked such a *waste* of a woman and child. Of course she was to die; yet humanly viewed, one could not help believing that if she had staid at home and taken the ordinary care of herself that her situation required, she might have borne a living child and done well. But her constant excursions on railways, and sight-seeing and house-hunting, seemed to us often, even before the accident which brought on her mortal illness, a sheer tempting of Providence.

I heard from my Aunt Elizabeth the other day, and she sent with her Letter, a small Book on "Grace." They are indefatigable in their efforts at conversion. Except "to convert" me, they seem to have no interest in me whatever. Mrs. George Welsh is coming to stay at Richmond with her Son, thro' the Winter, at least. He is a good and clever lad, and a kind Son as ever was. I only wish he had more salary to be kind with.

My kind regards to your Father and Husband. Believe me, dear Mrs. Russell, ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 150

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, Wednesday, '14 Feb., 1855.'

Dear Mr. Forster—Since you will ask us to dine with you on Monday, it is a clear case of your being disen-

MRS. CARLYLE AND NERO.
From a Photograph
By Tait, 1854.

gaged on Monday, and at leisure. *Ergo*, you *can*, if you *like*, come and dine with us here. And won't you like? There's a good man! It is cold weather for "a delicate female" to front the night air in; and at the same time I am wearying to see you, at "some reasonably good leisure." So come you here *this* time; and we will go to *you* when things are *softer*. If any other day would suit you better than Monday, name it; only leaving me time to ask Darwin to meet you, as I know he would thank me for the opportunity.

Oh, Mr. Forster, isn't it cold?

I have been looking over—to *read* it is impossible—that confused compilation calling itself *Memoirs of Lady Blessington*. Of all that is sad to think of in that poor kind-hearted woman's life, this last fatality of falling into the hands of such a Biographer seems to me the saddest of all! What a pity but Captain Maclean's black cook had "carried out" his intention of "poisoning" this Madden!

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 151

*To T. Carlyle, Farlingay Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk.**

Willesden, Saturday, 11 Aug., 1855.

The distance I have travelled (mentally) on that ten pounds† is hardly to be computed in British miles! But, materially, I am got only so far as —"what shall I say?—

* Carlyle is now visiting Edward FitzGerald, translator of *Omar*, etc., etc.

† A little gift from Carlyle.

Willesden, upon my honour ! !" . . . I "did design" then, for 24 hours, to start for Scotland in the Friday-night train! Travelling all night thro' the open air, alone, had been my dream for ever so long! I fancied I should fall into such sound, calm sleep in these circumstances. I told Darwin on Thursday, and he brought me a cake of chocolate to eat on the journey. Neither Geraldine nor Ann knew what was in my head; nor did Darwin know I meditated going by third class, and at night. After parting from Darwin on Thursday, while I was taking my tea at half-after five, a sudden thought struck me: *would* the third-class carriages to Edinburgh really be *open* ones, like those to Brighton; and if not, *what* would they be like? Better inform myself on that point before-hand. I put on my bonnet instantly, and walked to Sloane Square, where I took an Islington omnibus and reached Euston Square Station in time to see the train start at eight. Oh, Heavens! the third-class was a Black Hole of Calcutta on wheels! closely roofed-in, windows like pigeon-holes, and no partition to separate the twelve breaths of one compartment from all the breaths of all the third-class carriage! The second-class was little better; and the expense of first-class, tho' I could have perfectly well *stood it*, would have been far greater than the advantage to be attained warranted me to indulge in. So *that* project was felled on the spot. . . .

Meanwhile Chalmer's paint was killing strong; and our house carpetless and comfortless, and Ann in not the best of tempers at having to bestir herself instead of taking her ease, with us both out of the way. So when Mr. Neu-

berg came to ask me to Willesden for a day or two, I was glad to start there and then, and sleep one night at least in a new position.

It is as charmingly fresh here, the air, as anywhere, I should guess; and there are gooseberries; and when the young gentlemen had made an end of "hollering" and banging and bumping overhead, reminding one severely of the Addiscombe footmen, the house was sufficiently quiet, and my bed was four-posted, and free of bugs. But, as there is always a something, I did not get slept a quarter of an hour together, thro' the infatuation of Nero! He had been struck at first sight with a grand passion for "Mrs. Tott-ünter's" [Todhunter's] spaniel; had galloped about after it all the evening, and couldn't forget it a moment. After we went to our room, instead of lying down, and going off to sleep, he who can sleep! he sat the whole night with his head in the air; and as often as I fell asleep, he crept up and impetuously scratched my hand, or flung himself over the high bed, into which he could not get back without my rising to lift him. "The troubles that afflict the just!"

I am going home before post time, and shall send any Letters; but I write here, not to be hurried. To-night I shall sleep at home; and to-morrow I must stay at home all day, having promised to give Ann a holiday,—to encourage her to get thro' her work cleverly. But on Monday I shall go to Brighton, that is all the program I have for the moment. I may go on to Bexhill that day, or may sleep at Brighton, or may return to sleep at Chelsea and start fresh.

You are getting beautiful weather now surely. I hope you will stay longer than the week; for I am sure you can't expect to find anywhere a more comfortable host.

Ever yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Cheyne Row. Neuberg has made me too late; I have hardly had time to glance over your Letter.—None for you.

LETTER 152

*To T. Carlyle, Addiscombe.**

Chelsea, Wednesday, 12 Sep., 1855.

Such a row of bells as we got near London! "Dost thou know why the bells are ringing?" asked a Quaker beside me of a working man opposite. "Well, I suppose,

* Addiscombe, in the absence of its owners, being placed at the service of Carlyle and his Wife, both went thither on the 30th of August. But Mrs. Carlyle found the place dull and tiresome in the absence of Lady Ashburton and other lively and entertaining company; and, sleeping badly, she generally went home for the night, returning from time to time to see that all went well with her Husband.

Carlyle gives an account of this expedition to Addiscombe and of their manner of life there, in a Letter of 5th September, addressed to Mrs. Aitken: "I think I told you it was on Thursday evening of last week that we came out hither; Jane by Rail, I riding. . . . We arrived within few minutes of each other; got fire raised, lights kindled, excellent tea made; and the business fairly started. Jane had several arrangements and negotiations next day,—idle truck of Housemaids, etc., 'unable altogether to cook,'—but she settled it all with her customary *glegness* [cleverness]; and seeing the thing now fairly in motion, went off home again on the Sunday morning, *preferring* Chelsea with its resources of company and the like to these vacant solitudes; indeed, she had slept very ill, poor soul; and could hardly get any right sleep here at all, in spite of the dead silence. She has been out again to see how my affairs were going on; staid only a night; will return when my provisions threaten to run low, and procure more,—probably about Monday next. Poor little soul! She has a heavyish burden too, in this world, but struggles along with wonderful toughness, and does not in general make complaint about it."

there is something *up;* they were saying at the Station Sebastopol was took and the Russians all run away!" Presently I had the pleasure of reading on a placard, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Glorious news! Sebastopol in possession of the Allies!" Don't they wish they may *keep* it?

I walked home by Lincoln's Inn, and got Browning's address from Forster, who opened the door himself, and screamed at sight of me almost as loud as I screamed at sight of him. I had expected only Henry.* Forster was just five minutes returned; had come to Town to receive Macready for a day or two. He declared, "By Jove! he would beat you up some day, and get you to dine with him at some tavern, somewhere." Browning's address: 13 Dorset Street, Baker Street. The quickest and most certain way of arranging a meeting, will be for me to go and see him and send you the result in a postscript in this Note.

Nero was awoke out of a sound sleep by my rap, and came to the door yawning and stretching himself, and did not give even one bark; just looked, as much as to say, "Oh, you are there again, are you? Well, I was doing quite nicely with Ann." So there was not even "a dog glad at my home-coming!"

I have been putting the roof on your bed, and housemaiding vigorously all morning. The evening I am to spend at the Pepoli's.

Mrs. Wedgwood answers my Note to Charles Darwin. She, and I don't know who else, but enough to make "we," are to be in Town for to-day and to-morrow, and will "try

*Forster's servant.

to see me." But Mrs. Wedgwood's "try" is far from being like Macready's, synonomous with "do."

I hope your pigeons proved a good go, and that you slept till breakfast time this morning. I slept pretty well, but dreamt horrors.

I asked Ann yesterday did Mr. Piper leave any news this morning. "Well, no, none—nothing, I think—only that that place—that Sebastopol—was taken!"

Ever yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Dorset Street. Mr. Browning engaged on Saturday. Will come, Mrs. B. thinks, to tea on Sunday. Will send word to you at Addiscombe if he can't.

LETTER 153

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Monday, 'Autumn, 1855.' (?)

My dear Mrs. Russell—. . . I was unusually busy, or perhaps I should rather say, unusually *idle* all last week,—a succession of *callers* every day, and Plays and Parties in the evenings. . . . Last week I was at *two* Plays besides a Conjurer,—gaieties never coming single any more than misfortunes!

. . . Did I ever tell you that I have a beautiful view of Drumlanrig hanging in this room? It was done by Lady Ashburton, who shewed it to me one day, as a mere sketch, and I wouldn't give it her again. I wish

some one would do me a sketch of Templand. Do you know any *accomplished* young lady up to such a thing?

And now good-bye. I have a sewing-woman in the house to-day, and must seek her work. . .

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 154

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Friday, '8 Feb., 1856.'

My dear Mrs. Russell—I like to believe myself interesting to you, and so I write to tell you about my side or breast (for I never knew which to call it, the hurt being just where the ribs join the breast bone). I had made up my *own* mind, that after mustard blistering at it for four whole days, to subdue the inflammation, there was nothing more to be done. But Countess Pepoli (Elizabeth Fergus) and my chief friend, Geraldine Jewsbury, made such long faces and prayed so hard I would "see a surgeon," that finally I *saw a surgeon*,—and what was worse, a surgeon "saw me,"* for I had to shew him the pretty state into which I had reduced my skin with the mustard! He laughed at my *energetic* manner of carrying out a prescription of mustard; and for the rest, recommended—*patience!* which I "could not carry too far." "These things took a long time" (I knew that as well as he), "and on the whole they were best *let alone*" (I thought I knew

*I, Johnny Peep, saw three sheep,
And then three sheep saw me, etc.

that too). . . . Erasmus Darwin recommended him in preference to Brodie or Cuttle, because "he wouldn't flurry me, and wouldn't do anything merely for the sake of *doing*";—and *that* is just his virtue; for any complicated case, I would never "see" *him* again: he looks so *soft!* So I was glad to have got off without *leeches*, which I have a wild horror of being touched by! and also that I was not required to *lay up*,—as without plenty of *walking* I can't sleep a bit—very little with it! The pain is wearing off gradually and rapidly within the last few days; so that now I can lie in any position,—indeed hardly feel it,—and believe it to have been nothing but a simple sprain.

Arn't you glad we are to have peace? At least people who should know best believe in the peace. My own only two friends in the Crimean army, Sir Colin Campbell and Colonel Sterling, make no doubt but that Autumn will see them all home. The people in the City, a Cabinet Minister told me yesterday, are getting as wild for war with America as they were for war with Russia; but there will be more words to *that!*

Your account of the Lann Hall* splendours amuses me very much. The idea of that quiet little sensible woman having to pass her life beside a fountain in a conservatory! . . . We had the Daughter of the Duke of Richmond at the Grange when I was there, and when one wet day I asked her if she was going to walk in the conservatory (*it* is the 36th-part of a mile long) she said, "Oh, dear, no! I put on strong shoes and take an umbrella when it rains, and a right long walk over the Downs. It is so much

* Mrs. Pringle's residence, near Thornhill, Dumfries.

pleasanter!!" Mrs. Pringle would have been much the better for a few days beside that *real* Lady—to learn simplicity.

Your affectionate

J. W. C.

Mrs. Carlyle's Journal.

Mrs. Carlyle's Journal was written in two little Note-books, labelled "No. 1" and "No. 2" respectively; the first of these begins on the 21st of October, 1855, and ends with the entry for the 14th of April, 1856; and the second extends from April 15th to the 5th of July, 1856. Only the latter of these Note-books had been discovered when Carlyle was writing (in July, 1866) that part of the *Reminiscences* called "Jane Welsh Carlyle."

Carlyle removed the covers from this Note-book, "No. 2," and introduced the leaves bodily, at their proper date, into the larger Note-book in which he was writing the "Jane Welsh Carlyle," his intention evidently being that this part of his Wife's Journal should be read along with his own Narrative. The pages were sewed into the MS. of the *Reminiscences*, and follow the words, "seek where I may." (See Norton's Edition, i., 203, Froude's Edition, ii., 245.)

When Mr. Froude published the *Reminiscences*, he omitted Mrs. Carlyle's Journal, without making any reference to it at all; and reserved it for use, apparently at a later date in the *Letters and Memorials*.

At some date subsequent to the writing of the *Reminiscences*, Note-book "No. 1" (the earlier part of Mrs. Carlyle's Journal) was found; but there is no evidence to show that Carlyle intended that it should ever be published. It bears a label in his hand, on the outer cover, "Diary of Hers, 21 Oct., 1855—14 April, 1856";

but he has not annotated it or prepared it in any way for publication; and the natural inference is that he did not wish it to be published.

Mr. Froude, however, has taken nearly all his extracts from Mrs. Carlyle's Journal out of this Note-book "No. 1" (over fifteen pages of print in the *Letters and Memorials*); whilst he cites less than half a page from the part of the Journal selected by Carlyle and prepared by him for possible publication.

Under these circumstances, I have thought it the better plan not to choose extracts from both Note-books, which would necessarily be inconclusive and more or less unsatisfactory, as all "extracts" are, however fairly chosen, but to give one of the Note-books in full,—since I have not space to spare for both, were there no other objection. For this purpose I, of course, choose the Note-book selected by Carlyle. It follows here, without suppression of more than a proper name or two, exactly as it stands and stood when it first came into my possession.

Carlyle calls Note-book "No. 2" a "sad record"; and attributes the dispiritment and unhappiness of his Wife "chiefly to the deeper downbreak of her own poor health, which from this time, as I *now* see better, continued to advance upon the *citadel*, or *nervous-system*." The opening sentences of the Note-book fully confirm the correctness of this view.

15th April, 1856.—I am very feeble and ailing at present; and my ailment is of a sort that I understand neither the ways nor outlooks of; so that the positive suffering is complicated with dark apprehensions. Alas, alas, and there is nobody I care to tell about it,—not one,—poor ex-spoilt child that I am!

To keep up the appearance of being alive is just as much as I can manage. Every day I get up with the *wish* to do ever so many things; but my wishes are no longer

"presentiment of my powers," if they ever were so! At the day's end I find I have merely *got thro' it*, better or worse, not *employed it*; all strength for *work* of any sort being used up in bearing the bodily pressure without crying out. I am in arrears with even "the needle-work of the Family." In fact, look at it which way I will, I don't see why, if I *did* die, I should "regret the loss of myself" (as Mr. Davis's beggarman said).

16th April.—Geraldine and I went to-day to St. Luke's to witness a confirmation *performed* by the Bishop of Oxford. Heavens! how well he *did* it! Even *I* was almost *touched* by the *tears in his voice*, and the adorable tenderness of his exhortation!*

17th April.—Wrote a long Letter to *St. Thomas*† in answer to one received from him the other day,—such a darling Letter! (I mean his, not mine.)

Went with Geraldine to look at the Marlborough House pictures; but was too tired and sick to do anything but sit *about* on chairs. Came home half-dead and lay on the sofa till Miss Williams Wynn came to tea; "very much detached"; as that lady generally is now; hithering and thithering among the *Stump-orators* of every denomination, threatening to deteriorate into a mere dingle-doosie‡ in fact.

* Repeatedly spoke of this,—with such humour and ingenuous grace; descriptive, too, as a mirror!—T. C.

† Erskine of Linlathen.—T. C.

‡ "Dingle-dingle-doosie,
The cat's a' loosie,
The dog's i' the well;
And Dad's away to Edinbro'
To buy the Bairn a bell!"

Nurse takes a small splint or quill of half-burnt wood from the

18th April.—Baked! Went with Geraldine to see the Chelsea Commission at work on Lord Lucan.* Could not get near enough to hear. The Commissioners looked very sleepy and Lord Lucan very weary. No wonder! Charles Villiers was sitting among the red-coats looking like Mephistopheles. And the back of Lord Lucan's head is bald; hair black. These are all the particulars I gleaned. The large Hall was beautifully carpeted and fitted up for the occasion; and the table at which the Commissioners sat, was covered with a white table-cloth, as if for the Lord's Supper.—How sick I have been all this day!—"Be thankful you are not in Purgatory!" (as the Annandale man told his complaining friend).

19th April.—Wrote a business Letter to Mr. Adamson.† Dragged myself to Sloane Street, to see Mrs. Hawkes. She looked more suffering than myself; and, as usual, made melancholy *fun* of her sufferings. She told me that Mrs. Hooper, the authoress of *The House of Raby*, is going blind. Poor creature! *all* her faculties needed to make ends meet; and going blind!

Read Miss X.——'s new Novel, ... all the evening. They call it her best book; I find it sickly and rather wearisome. The wonder is that the poor young woman can write at all, with her body all "gone to smithers!"

fire, whirls it about, so that the *red* end of it makes circles or meandering ribbons (all of *fire*, to the child's eye), singing or crooning as above. No finer metaphor in the world to signify an aimless, restless, uselessly busy person!—T. C.

* This was the "Crimean (Board of Officers) Inquiry Committee," held at Chelsea Hospital.

† The Lawyer at Dumfries who managed the Craigenputtock business.

20th April (Sunday).—Plattnauer in the morning. I was too poorly for walking with him, so we talked *intimately* over the fire. Except Geraldine no other callers. I fell asleep while Geraldine was here, and again after she had gone! This weakness is incomprehensible; if I had any person or thing to take hold of and lean my weight on!

Mr. Neuberg at tea. But Mr. C. fled off to Bath House* and *walked him out.* I would advise no man to creep into another's favour by making himself "generally useful": he is sure to get kicked out of it when the other has got *blasé* on his subserviency. If one do not like a man for what he *is*, neither will one ever like him for what he *does* for one, or *gives* one. Neither should any man or woman get up a *quasi*-liking for another on the ground of his subserviency, "obligingness," and that sort of thing; for when the other has gained the end of his subserviency, a certain favour or at least toleration, he tires of being obliging, and sets up for himself, and complains perhaps, like the Colonel,† that he is "made a convenience of!"‡

* Mrs. Carlyle herself was clearly not averse to going to Bath House any more than "Mr. C." During the few weeks covered by this part of her Journal, she was there, according to her own shewing, no less than four times; besides a visit of four or five days' duration to Addiscombe. And the last entry in the early section of her Journal reads as follows:

14th April, 1856.—Lay on the sofa most of the day feeling "too ill for anything." Nevertheless, towards seven o'clock, took myself up-stairs and dressed myself very fine, and was driven to Bath House to a dinner-party. The Twisletons, Milnes, "the Bear" [Ellice], Goldwin Smith and Delane. Came home with virtue's own reward in the shape of a sore throat. My throat fairly made sore by telling Lord Ashburton French Criminal Trials, all the evening, out of a Book he hadn't seen. He was so unwell! And since he was there, instead of where he should have been, viz., in his bed, I "felt it my duty" to amuse him without letting him talk.

† Sterling.

‡ Because Carlyle *walked* Mr. Neuberg *out*, it does not follow

29th April.—Walked a good spell to-day. Called at Bath House.

30th April.—Walked to Alabaster's and bought a bonnet; and took some things to be framed at Watson's.—Dined at the Wedgwood's. Such a large Party: "Distinguished females" not a few! Mrs. G. said, "Mrs. Carlyle! I am astonished to meet you here; Miss Jewsbury told me last week she thought you were dying." "She was right," I said; and there our discourse ended. "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell. The reason why, etc." What is that quality in the skins of some women, both in pictures and real life, which always suggests nakedness, *striptness?* Mrs. G., for instance, reminds me always of a servant girl who has pulled off her gown to scrub her neck at the pump!

1st May.—Such a first of May for bitter cold! All day in the house, shivering. Lady Stanley and her Mother came; and we engaged to go to Lady Stanley's Party on Saturday night. When I had sent off for Mrs. Strachan to consult about new-trimming my white silk gown, I reminded myself of the "Bairns" of the "wee Wifie that lived in a shoe."

"She went to the butcher to buy a sheep's head,
When she came back they were all lying dead!
She went to the Wright's to order a coffin,
When she came back they were all sitting laughing!"

Last week I was all for dying; this week, all for Ball dresses.

15th May.—Alack! *hiatus* of a whole fortnight! for

23rd April.—The Countess* sat an hour with me in the morning. She is sure I "don't *eat* enough." I could not walk further than half-way to Sloane Square! Oh dear, Oh dear! this living merely *to live* is weary work!

24th April.—Soon after breakfast I went by two omnibuses to Hampstead, with Nero and a Book; and spent several hours sitting on the Heath, and riding in a donkey-chair. The pleasantest thing I have tried for some time; and the fresh wind up there has revived me a little.

Mr. C. told me at dinner that the unlikeliest of living men to be met in the streets of London had got out of a carriage to speak to him in Piccadilly,—"an iron-grey man with a bitter smile; who do you think?" "George Rennie," I answered without a moment's hesitation. And it was! And, how on earth did I divine *him?* I had not a shadow of reason to believe he was not still Governor of the Falkland Islands! not the shadow of a shadow of reason! And *he* was not "an iron-grey man" when I had last seen him.

25th April.—While talking philosophy with Mr. Barlow to-day, there drove up a carriage, and I heard a voice enquiring if I were at home, which I knew tho' I had not heard it for ten years!—Mr. Barlow I can see is trying to "make Mrs. Carlyle out" (don't he wish he may get it?). What he witnessed to-day must have thrown all his previous observations into the wildest confusion. "The fact of her being descended from Knox had explained much in Mrs. Carlyle he (Mr. Barlow) hadn't (he said to

* Pepoli, once Elizabeth Fergus of Kirkcaldy.

Geraldine) been able to make out." Did it explain for him my sudden change to-day, when flinging my accustomed indifference and the "three thousand punctualities" to the winds, I sprang into the arms of George Rennie and kissed him a great many times! Oh, what a happy meeting! For he was as glad to see me as I was to see him.* Oh, it has done me so much good this meeting! My bright, whole hearted, impulsive youth seemed conjured back by his hearty embrace. For certain, my late deadly weakness was conjured away! A *spell on my nerves* it had been, which dissolved in the unwonted feeling of gladness. I am a different woman this evening. I am well! I am in an atmosphere of *home* and *long ago!* George spoke to me of Shandy† while he caressed Nero! It was only when I looked at his tall Son he brought with him, who takes after his Mother, that I could realise the lifetime that lay between our talks in the drawingroom at Haddington and our talk here in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. —Dear me! I shouldn't wonder if I were too excited to sleep, however.

26th April.—All right! I slept all the better for my little bit of happiness; and I really am strengthened body and soul. I have walked more to-day than any day these two months. George said his Wife would call to-day to arrange a meeting at their house; but she hasn't come.

My poor man of the wooden leg‡ brought to-night

* This George Rennie, a younger Nephew of the Engineer John Rennie, had been among the number of Miss Welsh's lovers. See *Reminiscences*, i. 70.

† Mrs. Welsh's little dog at Haddington, often mentioned in Carlyle's *Early Letters*, etc.

‡ See *Letters and Memorials*, ii. 271.

his "papers" (a copy of his Grandfather's Will and other documents) to be examined by Mr. Chalmers. The result was hopeless: not a shadow of claim on his part to dispute the present disposition of the property; and moreover the property is like a Highlandman's breeches. I gave him a shilling and advice to put the thing out of his head, which of course he won't do.

27th April (Sunday).—All the world has been down at Chelsea to-day hearing Charles Kingsley preach. Much good may it do them! Kate Sterling came from *him* here, and then Mrs. Wedgwood.—Kate came to bid me farewell. She will be Mrs. Ross when we next meet, D. V. (there being as Venables remarked "*two D's*"). She went off without a symptom of emotion. Was that well? or ill? At all rates it is well that if she *have* no "finer sensibilities" she does not *pretend* to any.

28th April.—Mrs. George Rennie came to *insist* on our dining with them on the seventh of May. Would send the brougham for us, and it should take us after to our soiree at Bath House. In short it was *dining made easy;* and Mr. C. said finally, with inward curses, that "there was no refusing her." She looks very well, and was kind in her cold formal way. I had been fretting over the need of a *new dress* for the Bath House affair; but now I went after it with alacrity. George should see that the smart girl of his Province wasn't become a *dowdy* among London women of "a certain age."

Dined at Forster's. The two Mr. Speddings there.* A slow dinner.

*James and Thomas Spedding.

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Last week I was all for dying; this week, all for Ball dresses.

15th May.—Alack! *hiatus* of a whole fortnight! for

no particular reason; only a general indisposition to do anything to-day that could possibly be put off till to-morrow. Perhaps it is a symptom of returning health this almighty indolence; or is it a premonitory symptom of apoplexy? I'm sure I don't know; and sometimes don't care.

Our dinner at the Rennies' was, like *everything looked forward to with pleasure*, an entire failure! The Past stood aloof, looking mournfully down on me; whilst the clatter of knives and forks, the babble of the guests, and the tramping of waiters confused my soul and senses. It was a London dinner Party, *voilà tout!* And the recollection, which I could not rid myself of, that the gentlemanly "iron-grey" man who as Landlord offered me "roast duck" and other " delicacies of the season," had been my lover,—my *fiancé*,—once on a time, served only to make me *shy* and in consequence stupid. And it was a *relief* when Ruskin called for us, to go to a great soiree at Bath House. *There* I found my tongue, and used it "not wisely but too well." *There*, too, I felt myself remarkably well-dressed. At the Rennies' I was always pulling my scarf up to my throat, with a painful consciousness of being over-smart.

No other Party since except a little early tea-party at Geraldine's, where I met for the first time Madame de Winton, authoress of *Margaret and her Bridesmaids*. I have not for years seen a woman who so captivated me at first sight, or indeed at any number of sights. There is a charm of perfect naturalness about her that is irresistible. When she went out of the room, I felt quite *lost*,—

like to cry!—I said to Geraldine when she returned from seeing her off, "What an adorable woman!" Geraldine burst out laughing, and said her (Madame de Winton's) remark on me had been, "I could adore that woman!" —I might well tell Mr. Ross* when he spoke of his first "remarkably disagreeable" impression of myself: "of course, these things you know are always mutual!" I must see her again; tho', *chi sa?* [who knows?].

Thomas Erskine writes to me that poor Betty [Braid's] Son is dying,—her only Son! Another reason why I should make an effort to get to Scotland this Autumn. The sight of "her Bairn" might comfort her a little.

Mr. Knighton told us last night that when Sir Charles Napier was about going to India, a person was dispatched to his house late one evening to tell him it was of the greatest importance he should start soon. "When did he think he could be ready?" "Let me see," said Sir Charles, taking out his watch, "what time is it now? Well, I can be ready in half an hour. Will that do?" And he spoke in perfect good faith. The messenger smiled and told him he believed a fortnight hence was as soon as he was expected to go. What a capital man! It reminded me of my Father, who was just as prompt; nay, would probably have said, "in a *quarter* of an hour!"

16th May.—Remarkable for being the day of my *second* Oratorio! Oh, goodness me! how my sensibility to music must have diminished, or how my sense of "the fitness of things" must have increased, since my *first* Oratorio in Edinburgh old Parliament House! *Jeptha's*

*Kate Sterling's *fiancé* and future Husband.

Daughter, in the Parliament House, carried me away, away into the spheres! At the first crash of the Chorus, I recollect a sensation as of cold water poured down my back, which grew into a positive physical cramp! The *Messiah* at Exeter House, tho' perfectly got up,—"given" they call it,—left me calm and critical on my rather hard bench; and instead of imaginary cold water, I felt stifled by the real heat of the place! Geraldine said her sister, the "religious Miss Jewsbury," in contradistinction to Geraldine,—wouldn't let her go to the *Messiah* when a girl, because "people," she thought, "who really believed in their Saviour, would not go to hear *singing* about him." I am quite of the religious Miss Jewsbury's mind. Singing about him, with *shakes* and white gloves and all that sort of thing, quite shocked my religious feelings,—tho' I have no religion. Geraldine did a good deal of *emotional weeping* at my side; and it was all I could do to keep myself from shaking her and saying, "come out of *that!*" For my share, I was more in sympathy with the piper's cow:

> "The cow considered wi' hersel' that music ne'er
> would fill her;
> Gie me a lock of wheat straw, and sell yer wind
> for siller!"

Such a set of ugly creatures as the Chorus women I never did see! I grew so sorry for them, reflecting that each had a life of her own; that perhaps "somebody loved that pig"; that, if I had had any tears in me at the moment, I should have cried for them all packed there like herrings in a barrel, into one mass of sound!

I am afraid it is a truth, what Madame Malhere the Milliner said of me to Geraldine: "*Vraiment; votre ami*[*e*] *Madame Carlyle, est trop dif* [*f*] *icile!*"*

17th May.—Kate Sterling's marriage-day, poor girl, and it has thundered, and it has hailed, and it has poured!

My most interesting occupation reading Palmer's Trial.†

18th May (Sunday).—Mme. de Winton came to lunch here by invitation. Mr. C. being to spend the day at Addiscombe, I had "taken the liberty" of inviting her. Perhaps I shall go this Summer to visit her at her castle in Wales. She has asked Geraldine and me for a long visit. Geraldine came with her and staid all day; and we had Mrs. Munro, Mr. Tait, Edward Sterling and George Cooke here all at once. Now there is not a sound in the house but the ticking of the clock: Ann out, and Mr. C. not to be home till to-morrow.

29th May.—Day of the celebration of the Peace. Nothing written here, then, since the 18th! And yet there has been "nothing particular to prevent me," only general debility and despair! *only!*

I went to Richmond one day, and caught a fresh cold which has made an inroad on the poor strength I had left; so that I have been, and still am, little up to "distracting myself" with walking and visiting. Old Mrs. Dermot said to me the other day, when I encountered her after two years: "Yes, Ma'am, my Daughter is dead; only Child, house and everything gone from me; and I assure you

* Truly, your friend Mrs. Carlyle is too hard to please!
† Wife poisoner.—T. C.

I stand up in the world as if it wasn't the world at all any more!" I understand that odd expression so well!

Palmer is convicted after a horridly interesting Trial lasting twelve days. From first to last he has preserved the most wonderful coolness, forcing a certain admiration from one, murderer tho' he be!* Mr. Barlow says "nine-tenths of the misery of human life proceeds, according to *his* observation, from the Institution of Marriage!" He should say from the demoralization, the desecration, of the Institution of Marriage, and then I should cordially agree with him.

Colonel Sterling is returned for good. May he be happy with his friends and they with him! For me, I am no longer his friend; and alas, for him, neither am I his enemy: I am simply and honestly indifferent to him.

Went, well muffled up in a cab, to Bath House to see the Fireworks; and saw them as well as they could be seen. But of all spectacles Fireworks are the most unsatisfactory to me; the uppermost feeling is always "what a waste!" of money, of time, of human ingenuity and labour, and of —means of *destruction!* The spectacle while it lasts, gratifies no sense but the eyesight; and then it is so transitory; and there remains of it *Nothing!* Francis Baring said, every rocket that went up, the only reflection

*From this point to the end of the paragraph, is printed in *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 273. It forms a good example of how unfair and misleading it often is to quote a passage without its context. For, standing by itself, the extract will convey to the reader the impression that Mrs. Carlyle is referring to her own experience of Marriage; but the context clearly shows that she and Mr. Barlow are discussing the Institution of Marriage with reference to Palmer, who had just been found guilty of poisoning his Wife to secure possession of her life-insurance policy!

he made to himself was, "there goes half a crown!" Mr. Carlyle compared the Fireworks to "Parliamentary Eloquence." The thing that pleased me most in the whole business was a clear broad light that from time to time spread over the street underneath, and the swarm of people in it and the neighbouring buildings, and the demon-like little figures moving about in the Park, kindling the Fireworks. It was a thing to paint, if one had been a Cuyp.

30th May.—Too cold "for anything." Mrs. George (Welsh) here in the forenoon; and Mr. Gaskell later. Dr. Carlyle presented himself at tea-time.—A most useless tiresome day.

31st May.—Countess Pepoli came at twelve, "with a fly" and her Sister's footman to boot; and invited me to a drive about the streets. I went and waited at various shop-doors while she did her shoping.

1st June (Sunday).—Mr. A—— staid a long while telling me all about himself. But that is a sort of thing I am getting used to, and which every woman must get used to, I suppose, when she has become elderly decidedly. When I was young and charming, men asked me about *myself*, and listened with interest real or pretended to whatever I pleased to tell them. Now they compensate to themselves for the want of charm in my company by using me up as a listener to *their* egotism. A woman who will *accept* and exploit that rôle may still exercise an influence,—of a sort. And if she cannot do without influence with men, she had better accept it. For myself I think the game isn't worth the candle. At least, that

is my profound belief to-night after my dose of Mr. A——'s early difficulties with an unpoetical Father and an ill-tempered Step-mother, and an unsympathising public.

The man whom everybody calls "George Cooke" came as Mr. A—— went; and he, to do him justice, talked very pleasantly on "things in general"; but then, it was only his second visit, and *he* had still to make his place good. He staid two hours and a half! not busy it would seem!—

6th June.—Lunched at Darwin's, who drove me to call at Mrs. Rennie's and Lady Broke's.*

18th June.—Another break! On the 7th we went to Addiscombe and staid till the 11th. The place in full bloom and her Ladyship affable. Why? What is in the wind now? As usual at that beautiful place, I couldn't sleep.

Last Sunday George Rennie called. We talked about *prayer* (the "impertinence" of it according to George); about Palmer, finally "launched into eternity," as the phrase is; and about the prospects of War with America! Nice topics for dear friends meeting after a dozen years!

This morning (the 18th) I got up with a determination to "*make an effort,*" at least; and achieved a short walk before breakfast. Sorted about in drawers and presses. I am like the old Manchester woman who "could never

* Don't know her.—T. C. In the entry for Oct. 31, Mrs. Carlyle says that she had had an invitation from this Lady; and adds, "I had to write a refusal, however. Mr. C. is 'neither to hold nor bind' when I make new acquaintances on my own basis, however unexceptionable the person may be; and there were other reasons 'which it may be interesting not to state.'" Mr. Froude prints part of the sentence, but omits all about the "other reasons."

kneel down comfortable to say her prayers till she had swept the floor and whitened the hearth, and given herself a good wash." The first thing with me always, when I take a notion of living a more purpose-like life, is to make a general redding up of my drawers and presses, etc.!

Dined at the Pepolis',—a Mr. Hughes and Mr. Fergus the only company.

19th June.—*Baked*,—with interruptions. First dear little diamond-eyed Mrs. Twisleton came to say good-bye for the season. Then Mr. Barlow. Both these said beautiful things to me—things equally "flattering to my head and *hort*"; but no flatteries *stick* just now. It is as much as I can do to let alone answering like Mr. C.'s Father, short and grim, "*I don't believe thee!*"*

Dined at old Mr. Richardson's,—a pleasant Party as Parties go. The Milmans, Aldersons, Lord Minto (eyes much too close), Dr. Lushington, and a good many intelligent-looking men dropt in after dinner; besides Mary Stanley of Crimean notoriety (a very considerable of a goose, I think); and a Miss Lushington, whom I asked, "who is that old gentleman who talks in such pathetical tones, they call him Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court; but what is his name?" "Oh, that is my Father!" Ah!

20th June.—A thunder-showery day. Did some trifle of needlework; and finished Laporte's "Memoirs of his Valetship." A short walk with Geraldine. A call from Darwin.—Oh, I had nearly forgotten the one bit of amiability I have done for weeks: I wrote a little complimentary Letter to Miss Kelty, the unseen old governess who

*See *Reminiscences*, i. 8.

sends me from time to time a little Book "all out of her own head." Poor lonely old soul! This time she has burst out into *Poems!* "Waters of Comfort," so called. For the "Comfort" it may be strongly doubted; tho' nobody can deny the "Water." But the fact of a lonely old Ex-governess pouring herself out in *Waters* even only meant to be "of Comfort," at an age when most of us harden into flint, or crumble into dry dust, is of itself beautiful and touching. And I wrote to tell her this, as I know she is very sensible to sympathy.

21st June.—The Countess (Pepoli) made me a *very* morning call, and a very kind one. She is a true-hearted woman, Elizabeth Pepoli, and I am very wrong not to cultivate her more.

As she took her departure a message came that "Miss Jewsbury and the Bishop were waiting for me." Oh, my stars! how *boring* is this *intrigue* with nothing in it of anything that constitutes an intrigue but the mystery! boring and ridiculous! If Mr. C. had let the poor old ugly man come here in peace,* I might have sewed while he staid, or otherwise enlivened our talk. We went all three for what the people here call "a ride on the water in a steamboat." Landing at Paul's Wharf, we were caught in the rain, and *I* returned by myself in the cabin of the next boat,—preferring being stifled to being soaked, under the circumstances. *Dished* for the rest of the day.

22nd June (Sunday).—Saffi, George Rennie and his

*Alas, I didn't hinder him to come; but he was (and still is) unbeautiful to me considerably, in body and mind! Is in paralysis or semi-paralysis now (1866), after re-marrying (rich, rather questionable widow of three Husbands), which *sank* him here, without aid of mine.—T. C.

Son, Geraldine, George Cooke and Edward Sterling in the forenoon. Dr. Carlyle, W. Allingham, Tom Taylor and his Wife, and Geraldine (again) in the evening. If that isn't society enough for one day!

To-day is the first time I have felt *natural* with George Rennie; the presence of Geraldine helped to give me possession of my present self. He looked at me once as if he were thinking I *talked* rather well. In the old times, we never thought about how one another talked nor about how oneself talked! One had things to say, and said them, just.

23rd June.—Did a little mending. Called at Bath House; Ladyship "gone in the carriage to Addiscombe." Called at Grosvenor Street; Ladyship "gone in the carriage to Norwood." Came thro' Wardour Street and flung away eighteen shillings on a piece of nonsense! Mr. Barlow left me a pretty German Bible in my absence. Miss Farrar told Geraldine to-day that whenever she mentioned my name to the Colonel [Sterling], his exclamation was, "If she would only leave me in peace! I desire nothing but that she would leave me in peace!" Can there be a *phantom* of me haunting the poor man? For as for my living self, I have left him in the most unmitigated peace these three months! Taken no more notice of him than if he were dead and buried! He has dropt into the place in my mind appropriated to "shot rubbish"; and may lie quite undisturbed there for any chance there is of *my* raking him up!*—

*Continued so to the end; a very abstruse, abrupt sort of man; worthy at heart, but not without snobbisms, etc.; had given some offence or other, which proved final. John Sterling's Brother; grown very rich and fat.—T. C.

FACSIMILES (slightly reduced).

Today is the first time I have felt natural with George Rennie the presence of Geraldine helped to give me possession of my present self. He looked at me once as if he were thinking I 'talked' rather well. In the old times we never thought about how one another talked nor about how one was talked. One had things to say and said them, just!

23d

Did a little mending. Called at Bath House "Ladyship" gone in the carriage to Addiscombe. Called a Grosvenor Sheet "Lady Ship" gone in the carriage to

A Page of Mrs. Carlyle's Journal.

To Jane W. Carlyle

This little Book, little Milestone in a desolate, confused, yet not (as we hope) unblessed Pilgrimage we make in common, is with heart's gratitude inscribed by her affectionate

J. C.

London, 2nd March, 1836.

Inscription on "Sartor Resartus."

24th June.—At Kensington Palace to see the old German Picture. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow had assembled quite a Party. We had tea after, some of us, in Mr. Barlow's apartments. Mrs. Grove, whom I there met for the first time, drove Geraldine and me home. At night Mr. C. and I went to a small very Family Party at Lady Charlotte Portal's. I like that Lady better than any aristocratic young lady I have yet seen. She has a sort of look of what I remember of my Mother in my childhood; complexion like a rose-leaf; but her eyes are poor in comparison with my Mother's. She is a decidedly *human* woman. She said, "I can't speak to Lady Q.; it isn't that I am afraid of her cleverness. I have known cleverer people that did not produce that impression on me; but if I were merely wishing to say to her, 'I have enjoyed my visit,' or, 'thank you for your kindness,' it would stick in my throat."

27th June.—Went with Geraldine to Hampstead, preferring to be broiled on a Heath to being broiled in Cheyne Row. Dinner at The Spaniards, and came home to tea, dead weary and a good many shillings out of pocket.

28th June.—Dined at Lord Goderich's with Sir Colin Campbell, whom I hadn't seen for some fifteen years. He is not much of a hero that. In fact heroes are very scarce.

29th June (Sunday).—Nobody but Geraldine this afternoon. In the evening I was surprised by the apparition of Mrs. Newton, just arrived from the East. Nobody need complain *now* that she looks "too handsome and lady-like" for her calling. She is as like a "monthly

nurse" as if she had been born and bred to it! Stout, coarse, active-looking, and with an eye that struck fire when speaking of her "enemies."

30th June.—Lunched with Miss Williams Wynn; and then to Stokes to get a tooth filled. He spoke to me of Mrs. T.'s marriage, on which Annie Farrar had been strangely communicative to him. I expressed my disgust at *selling oneself so cheap.* "Ah, yes, Mrs. Carlyle," said the Dentist, "but *you* are a lady of such exquisite feeling!" At the moment, he was probing the nerve of my tooth! I wanted to say, "Oh, yes; my feeling is exquisite enough just now indeed!" And my mouth was gagged with his fingers!

1st July.—Went in an omnibus to Coutts's Bank to pay my rent. Returned on foot, stopping in Pall Mall to pay the Fire Insurance. "How provoking it is," I said to the man, "to be paying all this money every year, when one never has anything burnt." "Well, Ma'am," said the man, "you can set fire to your house, and see how you like it!"

Called at Mrs. Farrar's and heard a good deal of insincere speech,—about the Colonel (Sterling), etc.

At two Parties this evening.

4th July.—Called for Mrs. Montagu, who is "breaking up" they say; but her figure is erect and her bearing indomitable as ever,—"the noble lady" to the last! Browning came while I was there, and dropt on one knee and kissed her hand, with a fervour! And I have heard Browning speak slightingly of Mrs. Montagu. To my mind Browning is a considerable of a "fluff of feathers,"

in spite of his cleverness, which is undeniable. He kissed *my* hand too with a fervour; and I wouldn't give sixpence for his regard for me. Heigho, what a world of vain show one walks in! How cold and hard I get to feel in it! Sir Colin Campbell came in the evening; and even he, great Crimean hero, left me cold. "Simple" they call him. I don't believe it. He is full of soft souder as an egg is full of meat!

5th July.—Spent the forenoon reading in Battersea Fields. In the evening alone, as usual; a very sick and sad day with me, like many that have gone before, and many that will come after, if I live to the age that the Prophetess foretold for me, seventy-two.

Mrs. Carlyle's Note-Book.

The following is a selection of passages from a little Note-book kept by Mrs. Carlyle, during her residence in London, for jotting down addresses, phrases, witty sayings, excerpts from books she was reading, and *memorabilia* of various kinds.

It is better living on a little than out-living a great deal.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much on armour that one has nothing left to defend.

The worst of crosses is never to have had any.

Woe to the house where there is no chiding.

If the brain sows not corn it plants thistles.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

The Devil tempts others; an idle man tempts the Devil.

He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tuned up his lyre, as old Histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.

All Hell stood amazed; that a mortal so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far; but how vast their surprise,
When they found that he came for his Wife.

To find out a punishment due to his fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
But Hell had no torment sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again.

But pity returning soon melted his heart,
And pleased at his playing so well,
He took back his Wife in reward of his Art,—
Such charms has music in Hell!

Hunting happiness is like chasing sparrows to lay salt on their tails.

Ears are given to men as to pitchers that they may be carried about by them.

No, never *confirmed;* but I have been *vaccinated.*

Did you understand the sermon? Wad I hae the presumption! answered the old Scotchwoman.

A labourer's enjoyment at Church: "I sits me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

Paddy's rule: Keep never minding.

He that hath friends has no friend.

I trust to no Creed but the Compass, and I do unto every man as I would be done by.

I scorched my intellect into a cinder of stolidity.

No. 4 says, "That her only comfort is in knowing of three or four young women who are in worse affliction than even hers."

Our Deptford Housemaid said: "One thing the English are admirable for: they shew great respect for their dead, as long as they have them, at least. I mean in the way of burying them. They really do them neat! even poor folks. And I think there is nothing nicer than to see people neatly buried!"

"And I can assure you, mem, she got justice done her; no cost was spared; he buried her beautiful!"

Helen Mitchell (Servant): "I would rather live single all my life than be married to a *saft taty* (*Anglice*, soft potato), as sae mony men are, and women, too,—nothing in the worl' in them but what the spoon puts in!"

Helen, again: "And for a Letter-writer, there was nobody like her; her Letters were so beautifully worded that one wondered how human hand could have done it! they might just have been copied!"

Curious distinctions. I: "Are you better this morning, Helen?" Helen: "Oh, yes; that is, my *head's* better, but I'm awfully ill *mysel'!*"

One may see day at a little hole.

It's a sin to belie the Devil.

Tell me with whom thou goest, and I'll tell thee what thou doest.

He cannot say shoo to a goose.

As lazy as Ludlam's dog that leaned his head against a wall to bark.

As busy as a hen with one chicken.

A man hath no more goods than he gets good of.

"We are neither Christian nor heathen; I and my comrades have no faith but in ourselves, our strength and the luck of victory; and with this faith we slip through sufficiently well."

One Paisley weaver to another, on looking round him on the top of Ben Lomond: "Eh, Geordie man, the works o' Natur is deevilish!"

Breaker of the Portland Vase to the Judge: "Whatever punishment is inflicted on me, I shall have the consolation of feeling that it has been richly deserved."

Helen on the Letter-opening question: "They're surely no sae particular now as they used to be; it is a most awfully *debauched* thing to open Letters."

"As late I came thro' Lewis' woods
A Possum passed me by;
He curled his tail and feared the Lord,
But *how* he girn'd at I!"

"Do you remember any instance in the Bible of a beast having spoken?" "Yes; Jonah said unto the whale, 'thou art the man'!" "Oh, no,—it was the whale said unto Jonah,' almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

"I assure you I sometimes think that had I the wings of a dove, I would spread them and fly away to some place where I should get leave to eat like a Christian!" (Poor Mrs. ——, while on diet; actually said.—T. C.)

"Aye, aye, it's weel to be seen that the black coo never stampit on her foot yet."

"At the marriage of Abdallah and Anima (Mahomet's parents), two hundred virgins of the tribe of Koreish died of broken hearts."

Helen: "I am sure it must have been quite a *treat* to *the flannels* to get one day of drought."

"Horrible to have one's cat come home with one's neighbour's parrot in its mouth!"

Englishman and Lablache (the gigantic Opera-singer). Englishman: "Beg pardon, Monsieur, I thought Tom Thumb lived here" (had been hoaxed to call there for Tom). "Oui, Monsieur, c'est moi." "Vous, Monsieur? Non: Tom Thumb be a very small man." "Que voulez-vous, Monsieur? Quand on est chez soi on ne se gêne pas!"

"Politics have made a great change on Mr. Disraeli; formerly he used to take much pleasure in the society of virtuous females, and now he talks to nobody but *me*." (Reported saying of Mrs. Dizzy.—T. C.)

All sensible men that I have ever heard of take their meals with their wives, and then retire to their own rooms to read, write, or do what they have to do, or what best pleases them. If a man is a foxhunter, he goes and talks with his huntsmen or grooms, and very good company they are; if he is a tradesman, he goes into his shop; if a Doctor, to his patients; but nobody is such a fool as to morder away his time in the slip-slop conversation of a pack of women.

"It's no an easy thing, mem, to go through the world without a *head*" (*i. e.* husband).

"Before other people, never flatter your wife, nor slight her."—Cardan.

"A woman left by herself, thinks; too much caressed, suspects; therefore take heed."—(The same.)

"Deeds are masculine, and words are feminine. Letters are of the neuter gender."

"If you hate a man, though only in secret, never trust him, because hate is hardly to be hidden."

"Delay is the handle to denial."

"I was going to have been scarce of fodder when by great good luck one of my cows died."—James Yorstoun. (Revd. of Hoddam; excellent chess-player, excellent, simple and ingenious man.—T. C.)

Butcher: "Is it an old cow?" Mr. Yorstoun: "Yes, Sir, the cow is old, *very* old."

"I see na how he *could* insult thy Wullie sae lang as he keepit his hands off him." (Mr. C.'s Father.)

"Bad luck to the day that I bore ye, and I wish that I had never rared ye! Ye'er little like Katie MacGrah's son that came home wid the *time o' day* [a watch] in his pocket!" (Dumfries Irishwoman to her son, on his returning from an *un*successful tramp in England.—T. C.)

"Him never will return again to we,
But us will surely sometime go to he!"

"Here lies the body of Martha Glyn
Who was so very pure within
She quite broke thro' the egg of sin,
And hatched herself a Cherubim!"

What fabric of lady's wear describes Lord Palmerston's

Parties? Ans.—Muslin de lain (Muzzling Delane, Editor of the *Times*).

When does a man really ill-use his wife? Ans.—When he plays the Dickens with her.

What is the shortest way of fattening a lean baby? Ans.—Throw it out of an up-stairs window, and it will come down *plump*.

Alexander M'Craw, who maintained that punctuality was the thief of time, as procrastination was the soul of business.

LETTER 155

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Auchtertool Manse, Kirkcaldy,
Wednesday, '30 July, 1856.'

My dearest Mrs. Russell—I am quite sure of being in Scotland *now;* for lo, and behold! I am here at Auchtertool! And if ever a poor woman was thankful to see her own Land and her own people again, after long and weary exile, it is *I!*

We left London, as I predicted we should, "quite promiscuously" at the last. Lady Ashburton was going to her Highland Shooting-quarters, and engaged the great big Railway-carriage called "the Queen's Saloon" to take her to Edinburgh. So having lots of room to spare, she offered one day to carry both Mr. C. and me along with her free of all trouble and expense; and the offer was both too kind and too convenient to be refused. Only we had "terribly" short time for packing and preparing.

We staid over night at a hotel [in Edinburgh] with the Ashburtons; and then they went north, and I came over the water to Auchtertool,—Mr. C. accompanying me, for a twenty-four hours' stay.

Oh, mercy! into what *freshness* and *cleanness* and kindness I have plumped here! out of the smoulder and din and artificiality of London! It has been like plumping down into a bed of rose-leaves with the dew on them! My Cousins are so kind! and the only thought that comes to spoil my enjoyment is, that I must go back to London some time,—cannot get staid here *forever!*

This Note is only to tell you I am in Scotland, dear Mrs. Russell,—not to tell you *when* I shall be at Thornhill, according to your kind invitation which came so opportunely when I first thought of coming north. They expect me to make a long visit here, and I am so glad to rest quietly awhile to recover from the fatigues, not of my journey,* which were inconsiderable, but of the London

* Mr. Froude (*Life*, iv., 181) makes a most doleful and harrowing story of Mrs. Carlyle's hardships and ill-usage on this journey to Scotland. He even charges Lady Ashburton with want of etiquette in allowing Mrs. Carlyle to ride in the compartment off the Saloon along with Carlyle and the Family Doctor! But Mr. Froude admits that possibly Mrs. Carlyle "chose to have it so." If this was the case (and it is more than likely that it was, considering Mrs. Carlyle's well-known preference for gentlemen's society), then what need was there for commiserating her sad case and blaming Lady Ashburton for breach of etiquette? It was surely more polite to allow Mrs. Carlyle to have her choice of where she should ride than to have insisted on her riding in the Saloon against her wishes.

Mr. Froude derived his information about this journey solely from Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (i., 205); but in citing from Carlyle's description, he suppresses the all-important statement that Lady Ashburton was, at the time, in very poor health,—"much unwell," "sat or lay in the Saloon," are Carlyle's words; and she died in May following. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Carlyle would naturally *prefer* to ride in the Gentlemen's compartment, where she would at least be out of sight of suffering and able to

Summer. Then I have to visit the dear old Miss Donaldsons at Haddington; and finish all off I have to do and see in and about Edinburgh, before going into Dumfriesshire, as I shall return to London by the Carlisle Road.

Oh, my Dear, my courage fails me when I think of finding myself at Thornhill—at Crawford—but I will *make* myself go; and once there I shall be glad I did not reject a pleasure (tho' a sad one) for fear of the pain accompanying it. And it will be good to think of after.

Are you going from home anywhere? for I could, of course, arrange my movements otherwise, if it did not suit you to receive me for a few days some three or four or five weeks hence, and would suit you better sooner. . . .

take part in lively conversation, rather than in the Saloon with an ailing Lady; and Lady Ashburton, instead of being blamed for want of etiquette, deserves the highest credit for her kindness and generosity in allowing Mrs. Carlyle to have her own way; she might very naturally have expected from her guest some little attentions during the journey, which must have been a trying one for an invalid. At any rate the arrangement seems to have suited both ladies; and Mr. Froude might well have spared his condolences with Mrs. Carlyle, and especially his unmerited abuse of Lady Ashburton. The above Letter shows, at least, that Mrs. Carlyle had no complaints to make about the journey. There is evidence to shew that she had thanked Lady Ashburton with more than the ordinary terms of polite compliment for the very treatment which Mr. Froude so deeply deplores. For, on the 3rd of August, Lady Ashburton writes in a Note (mentioned in *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 287): "I am glad to hear such prosperous accounts of yourself and him [Carlyle]. I had only so much share in the *bettering* transaction as comes from some necessary decision." A most friendly little Note, and signed "Your affectionate H. M. A." It is pretty safe to say that Mrs. Carlyle rarely, if ever, performed so long a journey with more ease and comfort.

As to the homeward journey, Mr. Froude says: "One is not surprised to find that when Lady A. offered to take her home in the same way she refused to go." But Lady Ashburton's kind offer was not made till Mrs. Carlyle had left Edinburgh and gone to Thornhill. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that she had any other motive for her refusal than the obviously sufficient one, that she was already far South, and could return home much more conveniently by the direct route, via Carlisle, than by the long and complicated route, via Edinburgh.

I was very poorly indeed, when I left home; but I am quite another creature on the top of this Hill, with the sharp Fife breezes about me. Kindest regards to your Husband and Father.

Ever, dear Mrs. Russell, Yours affectionately

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 156

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Auchtertool, Saturday, 30 Aug., 1856.

As I wrote a long Letter yesterday, and am still full of coughing and sneezing, and up to little, this is merely a line to clear your program from any *tagragery* of uncertainties* depending on me.

If I get well enough for it, I shall go to Miss Jessie† for two or at most three days this incoming week; and next week set out on my other visits: a day or two at my Aunts' again, in passing thro' Edinburgh (*that* I engaged for chiefly on Betty's account): then to Jeannie (Mrs. Crystal) at Glasgow: then to Mrs. Russell at Thornhill; then to Scotsbrig; and then south, either with you, or alone, as is found most suitable.

Yours always, J. W. C.

*By "uncertainties" Mrs. Carlyle is referring to various invitations she had received, especially to one from Lady Ashburton to come to Kinloch Luichart (the Ashburtons' summer quarters in the Highlands). "There is," wrote Lady Ashburton, "a comfortable, quiet room for you here, if you like to come any time before the end of September. The Ness and Canal to Inverness, which is no trouble; and from Inverness here, the Skye Mail,—thirty miles of road; days of Mail passing by our door, Monday, Wednesday and Friday."—A bad cold, caught in Dr. Guthrie's over-heated Church, made Mrs. Carlyle uncertain for a while whether to accept or refuse; but the cold not leaving her, and her time slipping away, she has now decided not to go further North, and writes accordingly to set Carlyle free to arrange his own plans independently of her.

†Fergus, of Kirkcaldy.

LETTER 157

To Major Davidson, Edinburgh.

Auchtertool Manse, Kirkcaldy,
1 September, 1856.

My dear Major Davidson—I had not forgotten my promise to tell you when I came to Scotland. . . . But on my first coming I did not know your actual address, nor could dear Betty tell me, tho' she spoke about you till your ear might have tingled (the *right* one)! So I waited till I should see your Sister at Haddington, whither I was bound. Though I was there ten days, being kissed and cried over by my dear old Ladies at Sunny Bank, and crying myself pretty continuously out of sheer gratitude to everybody for being so good to me, I did not see Mrs. Cook. . . . We return to London at the end of the present month, and I have six visits to pay still, among relations and old friends, chiefly in Dumfriesshire, whence I proceed to London *via* Carlisle without returning to Edinburgh; but when I leave this place, in the middle of next week, I could go to you for two or three days, if your Wife were really well enough and good enough to receive me. Write with perfect frankness, Would that suit? Mr. Carlyle has been with his own Family in Annandale all this while, and is just now starting off on a visit to some London friends near Dingwall. Perhaps he will *sail* to London; at all events he will not rejoin me till we are starting for home. But I am not unaccompanied: I have with me, bound for Chelsea, two—Canaries, bred at Haddington, and adopted for its old dear sake! and you

will have to extend your hospitality to these blessed birds to the extent of furnishing them with a nail to hang on out of reach of any possible cat or dog.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 158

To T. Carlyle, Post-office, Edinburgh.

Kirkcaldy, 5 September, 1856.

Oh, my! There's a kid! Well, I never!

I had appointed with Miss Jessie to be sent for to-day; and was all ready to start on the visit, when behold your Letter! But for the appointment made, and the carriage under way, and my portmanteau in the hall, I should have awaited you at Auchtertool,—the party there being considerably reduced; and Miss Jessie's dispositions "to be strongly doubted." *That*, however, was not to be thought of now. So here I am just arrived, and unpacked in what Miss Jessie calls "a sweet little room." The *littleness* I perceive plainly, but not the *sweetness*. . . . So you may descend from your *carrozza* in all confidence that we will be near at hand. You can either go on the same evening, or stay till Monday as you like,—once here, you are sure of a welcome. And you and I might go out to Auchtertool on Sunday. Settle it as is most agreeable to yourself, as you come across.

My cold is still hanging about me, and making me wretched; this move was a desperate attempt at carrying it off by "change of air."

Yours, J. W. C.

LETTER 159

To Mrs. Russell.

Kirkcaldy, Tuesday, '9 Sep., 1856.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I have waited till I could fix a time for my long intended visit; but my program having to adapt itself in some measure to my Husband's, it has been longer than I expected that I have myself been kept in uncertainty.

Now it is all right, however! Mr. Carlyle is off to the Highlands without my needing to accompany him part of the way, as was at first proposed; and I may dispose of my two or three remaining weeks in Scotland, according to my "own sweet will."

A great cold, which I caught in an over-heated church, just when I was thinking how wonderfully well I had been since my departure from London, has curtailed my travels; and curtailed my wishes too. . . . I hope to be at Thornhill about Monday or Tuesday week. If there be any hindrance arisen on your side, send a line for me to Mr. James Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, about the end of next week. If I hear of nothing to the contrary, I will write from there, fixing the particular day when, God willing, I shall give you a good kiss. I try not to think of anything but your own house, where all are still alive and have a welcome for me still, after so many, many years.

I hope in Heaven, I shall be better before the time come for setting out on my travels again. I could have gone to Dumfries this week but for that horrid cold which has kept me wretched this fortnight past. . . . Oh, my Dear, whatever tempted me when I was so well, to go

and "hear" Dr. Guthrie, whose church is just like one of Soyer's patent stew-pans!

I wonder if my Aunt Anne be still in Thornhill. My love to her if she is.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 160

To T. Carlyle, The Lord Ashburton's, Dingwall.

Scotsbrig, Thursday, 18 Sep., 1856.

Well, I am safe here, tho' not without a struggle for it. In spite of Miss Jessie's continued celebration of the "wholesomeness" of *their* life, I was up to the last "ashamed to say I'se no better." On the Saturday I went to Auchtertool to see Alick, and bid them all farewell, and fetch away the blessed Birds. And I staid there lying on a sofa mostly, till the Sunday afternoon, when the Ferguses' carriage came for me.—On Monday morning I started to "cross," accompanied by Mr. Lyon (Sir Adam Ferguson's Stepson who married Phœbe Johnston of Cowhill); and first we were kept waiting for the train an hour and ten minutes ("run aground in Loch Tay" the telegraph informed us for our consolation). And then! Oh then! I was to solve that question, Was I still liable to seasickness? So as to leave no shadow of doubt, the boat went like a swing, and I became sick at once,—in the old, inward, inexplosive fashion! The Birdcage was caught out of my arms by a stranger lady, and Mr. Lyon half carried me out of the Saloon, and deposited me on a coil of dripping wet rope, the only vacant spot outside. And a horrible

hour I spent there! But all hours come to an end; and I was able to walk to the train, tho' the sickness continued for 24 hours, and I was all trembling from head to foot. . . . All the visits and shopping I "did intend" to do, had to be thrown over; and I went straight to my Aunts' who received me most kindly—really looked *waeer* for me than could have been expected of them, gave me whisky, then tea, and *hurried* "Prayers," that I might be put to bed at eight o'clock.

As I had written to Jamie, I insisted on going on next day, tho' pressed most earnestly to stay till I had recovered myself; and I think the railway journey did me good rather than harm. I missed the forenoon train, however, having mistaken the hour of starting, and did not reach Ecclefechan till thirteen minutes after nine,—not at all sure that anybody would be there to meet me! and the night quite dark! But it was all right. Jamie had *seen* my mistake in the Letter I wrote, and calculated that I would come by *that* train.

Isabella had a bright fire and tea-things ready; but I "took a notion" of porridge. Yesterday I breakfasted in bed, but I got up at eleven, and am much better than could have been expected.*

LETTER 161

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Friday, 'Oct., 1856.'

Darling—This isn't going to be much of a Letter; only a few lines to say you shall have the good long Letter

*The remainder of this Letter may be found in *Letters and Memorials* (ii., 298.) where it appears as a complete Letter.

I owe you, so soon as I am up to writing; and that meantime I think of you every hour of the day, and wish you were sitting on the side of my bed to *make of me!* I do so want to be made of just now.

. . . Just this day week, I took what Lady Ashburton is always taking, "*a chill,*" which developed itself into a violent cold "with tetanic complications" (I haven't read Palmer's Trial for nothing!). For five nights I couldn't get a wink of sleep,—only one night of the five I passed in as near an approach to the blessed state of *Nirwana* as any one not a worshipper of *Buddha* need aspire to: *that* was from a dose of morphia I had given myself, and to which I ascribe the "tetanic complications." Served me right for being so cowardly as to take it. I didn't mean to take any more morphia after what Dr. Russell said about it; and *perhaps,* too, morphia had nothing to do with the fearful pain in my left side, which threw myself and even the wooden Ann,—and Mr. C. too,—into a panic, two days after it was taken. Please ask the Doctor, if morphia could give me a cramp in my left side two days after taking it? Also please tell him that *he* said I "would have sent for a doctor if I had ever been very ill"; and that when Mr. C. said that day, "who shall I send for? what shall I do?," I said in the midst of my screaming, "nobody, nobody, only put me in hot water." And I can assure Dr. Russell I *am* "very ill" when I *scream*—not to say scream without intermission for half an hour together!! Don't let him fancy I make a practice of taking morphia whenever I can't sleep: I hadn't taken any for four months.

Ann has been very attentive to me; and Mr. C. declares (tho' I can't believe it) that she "ran" the day I was so ill, and "cried," after a fashion!

Such odd freaks come into one's head when one is in critical situations! I remember once being galloped a quarter of a mile by a mad horse, with my head within two or three inches of the ground. I was sure I should be killed, and I thought, "How lucky that Macleay took a notion to do that Miniature of me, that my Mother may have it!!" The other day, in the midst of my spasms I thought, "If I die they won't know to send those pins to Mrs. Russell!"—It was two German brooches I had thought would just suit you to wear with that pretty open black-silk gown, and had brought down stairs the first day of my illness to put them in a Letter and hadn't been able to write it; and for all such a trifle as that was, it bothered me like a great thing! So to-day, now that I am really much better and can attend to my affairs a little, I send the brooches.

Thank you for the Paper. I wouldn't let it be sent away; I have it laid by,—if it were only for that compliment to *you*, Dear, and the Doctor's nice, clever, good-humoured answer to it. My love to him and to your Father.—I am writing lying on my back, in bed, with *your* plaid so soft (soft it feels *morally* as well as materially) on my shoulders, and my blot-book set against my drawn-up knees. That is why I write so badly.—I kiss you twenty times.

Your affectionate

Jane W. Carlyle.

LETTER 162

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.[1]

Chelsea, 28 November, 1856.

My Darling—You can't think what difficulty I have had to keep Geraldine [Jewsbury] from firing off Letters at you every two or three days, with the most alarming accounts of my bodily state! It is her besetting weakness by nature, and her trade of Novelist has aggravated it,—the *desire of feeling and producing violent emotions*. When I am well I can laugh down this sort of thing in her; but when I am ill it fatigues me dreadfully, and irritates my moral sense as well as my nerves. In illness, as in Madame Genlis' *Castle of Truth*, people and things are stript of all illusion for one, and one sees, thro' all affectations and exaggerations and *got up* feelings, to simple *fact*.—It seems as if disorder in one's nervous-system were *needed* to develop in the brain all the insight that lies in it inert. However that may be, when I am very ill I can't endure to be "*made a phrase*" over, and *used up* for purposes of *emotion!* And so in these weeks, my hard, practical Ann, who never utters a sympathising word, but *does* everything I need, punctually, has been a far more agreeable nurse for me than poor Geraldine, who, if I asked for a glass of water, would spill the half of it by the way, and in compensation would *drop tears on my hand*, and assure me that I was "sure to die!" and then fall to kissing me wildly (when I was perhaps in an interval of retching perfectly *hating* to be kissed!) and bursting out into passionate sobs! (which of course

did not prevent her from going out into company half an hour after, and being the life of it!). These *scenes* wore me out so, that I was obliged to restrict her visits to one half-hour in the day; and then, to be doing *something*, she *would* write Letters to you, to my Cousins, and any one she thought anxious about me. I said she might write to Maggie one day, on condition that I saw the Letter before it went. My Dear! they would have believed at Auchtertool I hadn't a week to live! I burnt the Letter,—and two other Letters,—and as I believed *you* really cared for me, and would be distressed at the thought of losing me, I prohibited her over and over again from writing to you at all.* At last I gave in to her fixed notion to write, only on the understanding that if there were any exaggeration in the Letter I should have the burning of it too!—I found it a nice Letter, and pretty near the truth.

I am much better: my cough is quite gone; and I am sleeping better,—get to sleep between two and three instead of at six or not at all, as was the case for a month. Great weakness is all that remains to be cured; and I *do* take the most nourishing things; and only the weather

* This is the lady in whose stories about Mrs. Carlyle ("Mythic jottings" Carlyle rightly called what of them he had seen) Mr. Froude has placed such implicit faith. She appears to have been *his* Gloriana, as Lady Ashburton was Carlyle's (according to Mr. Froude). Whenever he finds a mystery or difficulty in the lives of Carlyle and his Wife, which appears to him insoluble, it is invariably to Geraldine Jewsbury that he flies for enlightenment, and her word is always accepted as true and final, notwithstanding that it is often—generally indeed—flatly contradicted by both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. One is not surprised that he suppressed the above Letter! Nevertheless, it is only fair that it should be generally known how little credence Mrs. Carlyle herself would have placed in any of the Jewsbury Myths. See also Letter 201 *post.*

has prevented me taking a drive every day this week. I have been out once in a *Fly*, besides into the Garden to see my poor little plants, who don't know whether to live or die. The canaries are well, but in spite of their expensive mahogany bath, they are as black with the fog as the sheep in Hyde Park. The other night I was alarmed by their having a bad dream, or *one* of them, I suppose, had the bad dream, and the other was frightened by *its* fright. They dashed about and flapped against the wires of the cage like mad canaries for a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Carlyle, after having several horses on trial, *bought* a beautiful one* ten days ago, and the first day he rode it, he brought it home some five miles with two shoes lost! Then the smith shod it, with a broken nail in its hoof under the new shoe! Of course it became dead lame, and had to be sent to a veterinary surgeon, where it is, and is likely to be for some fortnight yet. "No wonder," my Ann says, "there is nothing so bad for festering as a *rancid* (rusty?) nail!" Mr. Fairie goes and sees the horse daily, and sends bulletins of its health. Every time Mr. Fairie comes, he asks, have I heard from Mrs. Russell? and tells me how much his friends the Gladstones admire both you and your Husband. I bless the chance which sent him into your drawingroom that wet day; that gives me somebody who has *seen* you, to speak of you to.

Oh, such a fright I got last Friday morning! Thursday night was my *second* night of something like human sleep. I had fallen asleep about three, and was still sleeping off and on between six and seven, when I was startled wide

* Fritz.

awake by a heavy fall in the room directly over mine (Mr. C.'s bedroom); I knew in the very act of waking, that it was no table or inanimate thing that made the sound, but a human body,—Mr. C.'s of course—the only human body there! What *could* I think but that he had got up ill, and fallen down in a fit? I threw myself out of bed, tore open my door and began to run upstairs. But my legs got paralysed; I leant against the wall and screamed. In answer to my scream, came Mr. C.'s voice, calling out quite *jolly*, "It's nothing, my Dear! Go back to your bed; it is a mistake: I will be there presently!" Back to bed I crept; and then if it had been in my constitution to take a fit of hysterics I should have taken it! As it was I lay and trembled and my teeth chattered, and when Mr. C. came and tried me with some water, I could no more swallow it than if I had taken hydrophobia. He had awoke too early, and got up to go down stairs and smoke;* *his* way of invoking sleep. His room being quite dark, and thinking to put on his stockings and shoes before getting himself a light, he had gone to sit down on a chair at the bottom of his bed, where these articles are kept; but mistaking the locality, he had sat down *on nothing at all!* and fell smack his whole length on the floor,—not hurting himself in the least, for a wonder. This adventure has pretty well taken the conceit out of me on the score of courage, presence of mind, and all that! Mercy! what would have become of Dr. Russell if he had had a Wife who *stood still* and *screamed*, that time when he was so dangerously ill? . . .

* Carlyle was not permitted to smoke in his own bedroom.

Do be so good as give Mr. Dobbie* an emphatic kiss for me; for if Mr. C. become unendurable with his eternal "*Frederick*," I intend running away with Mr. Dobbie!—to the backwoods, or wherever he likes.—God bless you, my dear, kind, *true* woman. Give my love to your Husband.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

Have you got the new little dog? I have a whistle for him.

LETTER 163

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Monday, '7 Dec., 1856.'

"A feverish cold and headache," Oh, my Dear! I am sorry for you and angry at you for putting it on yourself to write in these conditions. Please don't ever "feel it your duty" to write to me. There are few greater pleasures for me in the world than getting a Letter from you: the place you write from,—more interesting to me than all other places on the great round globe except only Haddington,—the association with my Mother that always attaches to you in my mind; your own lovely, womanly character; and your affection for myself, for my Mother's sake, and for my own too I feel, since that week of such mixed suffering and blessing I passed beside you:—all that together makes a Letter from you like a drop of

*The Rev. Mr. Dobbie (Mrs. Russell's Father), then in his 80th year.

manna in this wilderness of artificialities and trivialities, where my heart is not. Still I would have you write to me just when the spirit moves you—as I write to you when the spirit moves me,—when I feel to need to pay you a little visit, as it were, and give you a kiss, you dear kind woman!

I sent your Book on Friday. The *Secretary* packed it (Mr. C. is so enchanted when any use can be found for that *Famulus* of his!), so I hope it would go safe. Yesterday I sent the Book* to Dr. Russell.

A German friend of mine, to whom I had written of the phrenzy Mr. C. had been in at his Secretary's habit of "sniffing through his nose," answered that he hoped he (the Secretary) was going to prove of great use to *me*—as "a *lightning conductor!*" When I told Mr. C. this, he said "faith, Plattnauer is pretty right: I do think the poor little fellow keeps a good deal off you!"—The horse is back to his stable free of lameness, but mustn't be ridden for a week yet, till the hoof that had to be pared has grown.

We have suddenly passed from Winter to Summer—a difference of twenty degrees between one day and another. These sudden extreme changes make the climate here very trying to delicate people. First the cruel frost, and then an atmosphere only fit for fishes to live in, have kept me in the house ever since I wrote to you, till to-day, that I took a drive of ten miles,—my first reasonable exercise for seven weeks. Oh dear, one gets to feel so musty and moth-eaten, stuck up in a house so long! Of

*Sir B. Brodie's *Psychological Inquiries.*

course I went out in your Plaid: surely it was in the spirit of prophecy you gave me that Plaid! It never leaves me, more than my skin. . . .

Your true friend,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 164

To Mrs. Russell.

Chelsea, 'March, 1857.'

My dearest Mary—. . . If only you could get back your sleep, Darling! It is dreadful when sorrow cannot have the relief which nature has appointed it in sleep, in forgetfulness, but must be endured by night as well as by day! and every sad image that presents itself is thrown out in such gigantic relief on the darkness, and made so haggard by bodily weariness! . . . There is nothing I feel so much sympathy with as sleeplessness; for there is nothing I have suffered so much from myself. However kindly disposed one may be, it needs always that one should *understand* another's trouble before one can rightly sympathise with it. My comfort about you is, that your Husband, besides being a kind Husband, is a skilful Doctor; and whatever can be done to overcome your wakefulness will assuredly be done. Do you know he has helped *me* to get better sleep, by what he said when I was at Thornhill, about the injuriousness of Morphia, and such things. . . . I have also abstained from something else Dr. Russell did *not* prohibit, nay rather by example inculcated; I take no *tea*,—only what they call

in Scotland "content"—not even that quite, for I take milk and water without sugar. For the rest, I am decidedly recovering now. And even while your mind must needs be full of your own sad loss,* I know you are unselfish enough and love me enough to be interested in what I write of myself, and glad that it is so favourable. I have been out four times in a carriage; and I feel stronger body and mind. The cough is not gone yet, but there is no pain connected with it now; and it will need warmer weather to break the *habit* of coughing. I was beginning to think with Dr. Russell that I had taken a too serious responsibility on myself in doctoring myself thro' this last illness; but now I am glad, for any of these slapdash medical *eminences* who had seen me a few weeks ago, not knowing how many of the same sort of seizures I had weathered, would for certain have ordered me to Madeira, or the south of Italy,—to the complete upsetting of one's domestic convenience, and the progress of *Frederick the Great!* It is seventeen years now, since a Doctor Morrah, who attended me here, in such another illness, told me I "should never *live through another Winter in England!!*" He was a man of high reputation, whom I shouldn't have disliked having again, but he died soon after. Well, I resolved when the next Winter came, to stay and take my chance! and I have lived 19 Winters in England; and ten of them I have walked about in the coldest frosts, at the rate of six or ten miles a day! To be sure the Pitcher goes often to the well and gets broken at last. *This* time again, however, the poor little brittle

* Her Father had lately died.

Pitcher will come back from the well whole, I think; or with only a little crack in it. And cracked things often hold out as long as whole things,—one takes so much better care of them.

The last two or three days, I have been more anxious about my maid than about myself; she has excellent health; has not been an hour unable for her work since she came to us three and a half years ago! But the other day she cut her finger severely; did not come to tell me, but fussed on with it herself; and it bled half a pint, and was badly wrapped up; and kept her awake all the night after, with the pain of it. To which I impute the bilious attack she had next day. She is going about again now quite well, only a little weak; but for three days I had two strangers,—that is to say, *new hands*, in the house (I have one of them still), to fill her *one* place—and so inadequately! And I had to wait on *her* myself, instead of being waited on.

I must tell you an instance of Ann's *gentility:* It was in shaving a *bath-brick* that she cut her finger. To-day when she opened the door to the Lady Alice Hill (a lovely girl whom Ann *respects* very much as the Daughter of a real live Marchioness), Lady Alice, who is the most bewitching little monkey in the world, said, "Oh Ann, what ails your hand?" (the finger was wrapped in a bit of scarlet cloth! !) "I have cut it, my Lady." "How did you cut it?" "Well, I did it in cutting up a—*fowl! !*" She told me this substitution herself. "You know Ma'am," said she, in telling of Lady Alice's kind enquiries, "I couldn't go and say to a *real* young Lady that I did it

cutting a *bath-brick! that* sounded so *common!* I thought a *fowl* was more the thing! !"

. . . I will write soon again.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 165

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 'May, 1857.'

Dearest Mary—I have been long in answering your dear Letter. If you saw Lady Ashburton's death* in the Newspapers you would partly guess why; that I was shocked, and dispirited, and feeling *silence* best. But you could not guess the *outward* disturbance consequent on this event! The Letters and calls of inquiry and condolence that have been eating up my days for the last two weeks! distressingly and irritatingly. . . . At no moment since the time she was first declared in danger could her death have come with more shock. Lord Ashburton had just been here for a week, making preparations for her immediate return to England; and he represented her as "progressing most favourably." Sir James Clarke, who had been to Paris to see her, said the same. Lord A. was to have gone back to Paris on the Sunday, but on Saturday he got a Letter from *her*, telling him to go to St. Leonards and take a House there; "that she might be at the seaside, if she liked, during September!" He went and took the House, and so did not go to Paris till

* Lady Harriet Ashburton died on the 4th of May, 1857.

the Monday, when she had been dead two hours! I never heard of so easy a death. She was dressing about four o'clock; felt faint, and called for Dr. Rous (her private Doctor); he told her, in answer to her question, "what is this?" "you are going to faint, it is nothing; you mustn't mind these faintnesses!" He put his arm round her to support her; she clasped her hands over his other arm, leant her forehead on his shoulder, gave a sigh, and was dead!

Last Tuesday Mr. C. went to the Grange to be present at her funeral. It was conducted with a kind of royal state; and all the men, who used to compose a sort of *Court* for her, were there, *in tears!* I never heard of a gloomier funeral.

All this has kept me from getting the good I expected from the change of weather. My cough is entirely gone; but I am weak and nervous to a degree! And driving out thro' these stifling streets, puts no strength into me. I long to be far away. I feel as if one long breath of pure Scotch air would cure me!—The German scheme is fallen entirely into abeyance. Mr. C. has commenced printing the first two volumes of his Book; and it will be a year he says, before they are ready. "How was it then," I asked last night, "that you spoke of being done with them in two months, telling me I must make haste and get well to go to Germany?" "Oh," said he, "one talks all sorts of things!" "But," said I, "that was a talk that cost me three nights sleep, and ever so many days of anxious uneasy thought!" "Bless me!" said he, quite astonished, "I said all that chiefly by way of cheering you up!!!"

Oh, men! men! how stupid you are in your dealings with us poor egg-shell wretches! There is no great fear of Germany, then, for a year anyhow! He will be too busy for going from home at all, if he can possibly stand the heat in Town. So that I fancy I shall be at liberty to regulate my own goings according to my own will, which however is hampered enough by many considerations; chiefly that of *his* solitude and tendency to overwork himself when left in the house alone. For his material comforts, Ann can care as well as I, now; the only difference being in the scales of expenditure,—and even that is not exorbitant. It will be no hindrance to him however, in the long run, not to leave untried any feasible means of strengthening myself before the Winter returns to take me by the lungs; and certainly getting out of this and breathing fresh air awhile, under favourable moral circumstances, would be the most feasible means of all! Nowhere could I be so well and content, I think, as with *you;* and if I could go to you for a fortnight or so, without travelling farther and making more visits, I would say at once your kind invitation is *believed in* and accepted! But there are so many in Scotland who have always been kind to me, and whose kindness I would not for the world seem insensible to, who would be grieved and angered if I be in Scotland without going to see them; and that sort of brashing about which I experienced last year, is more than I have either strength or spirits for in my normal state. After this long illness and confinement to one spot and one circle of ideas, I shudder at the bare notion of going over the ground, both material

and emotional, that I went over last year! But it is time enough to be making up one's plans.

In the meantime I am going for a week to Easthampstead Park (the Marquis of Downshire's), almost immediately. But these great grand Country Houses are not the places Nature prompts me to take my sick nerves and bad spirits to! Especially when I am not going as a sort of animated, still wholly irresponsible carpet-bag, with Mr. Carlyle's name on it, but on my own basis! . . .

I have not made a single call yet; but when I have finished this Letter, I am going off in a cab to call for the old Countess of Sandwich (Lady A.'s Mother). She said yesterday she would like to see me. . . .

I send you some Poems, amongst which you will find *some* to like.—God bless you, my Darling! Kindest love to your Husband. I was so very thankful to hear of your improved sleep.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 166

To Mrs. Braid, Edinburgh.

Addiscombe, Saturday, 'May, 1857.'

Dearest Betty*—I have so many things to tell you,

* "Betty" (afterwards Mrs. Braid,—her maiden name is unknown to me) had been, at a very early age, the Welshes' general servant at Haddington. She entered their service at the May Term, 1815. Her name occurs, for the first time, in Dr. Welsh's "Book of Receipts and Expenditure," in the following entry:

"17th Nov., 1815. Paid Betty her wages.....£3 3 0."

Her wages (six guineas a year), were raised next year to £7; and the next again, to £8, but never beyond this sum, at least during Dr. Welsh's lifetime. She is last mentioned in Dr. Welsh's Book thus:

and leisure just now for telling them, if I only were sure of your address. . . .

I have been a week on a visit (at Lord Ashburton's), to try and pick up a little strength after my four months' confinement. It is the first visit I have made at any of Lord A.'s places since Lady Ashburton's death; and the first coming was very miserable; everything exactly as she had left it; and yet such a difference! But I am getting accustomed to missing her. And her Mother, who is here, and Lord A. himself, do all they can to make me comfortable in the house.

I can't say I feel much stronger, but the change of air and daily carriage exercise make me sleep better than I had done for many months; and that must benefit me surely in the long run,—besides being much pleasanter for the time than lying tossing about awake.

Mr. Erskine wrote me strong regrets about your going so far away from his rubber*, who he thinks was certainly doing George good. Mr. Erskine has always seemed to me, for a clever man, surprisingly credulous about new cures! I should think the fresh country air more likely to mend George than the rubbing! What I am anxious about is how your Husband is going to employ his time

"29th May, 1818. Paid maid Betty's half-year's wage, £4 0 0." Betty by and by became Mrs. Braid, and lived with her Husband in Edinburgh. Her only child was the "George" mentioned in the above Letter, who died of paralysis soon after this date. Mrs. Braid was an excellent woman, and was held in high esteem and affection by Mrs. Carlyle, Tho' only a year, or perhaps two, older than Mrs. Carlyle, she survived her several years. The unsigned note at the foot of p. 281, *Letters and Memorials*, ii., to the effect that Betty was "Old Haddington *nurse*," is a mistake. The note should have been initialed J. A. F.

* Masseur.

out there, and how you are to keep the pot boiling? Do you know, Dear? If you do, I wish you would tell me.

Your own Bairn,

JEANNIE CARLYLE.

LETTER 167

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank, Sunday, 12 July, 1857.

I had fairly torn myself out of the arms of Miss Jess yesterday, and was running up stairs "to write to *him*," when she called after me, "but, my dear, he won't get your Letter to-morrow, it's Sunday!" So I had just to come back "with my finger in my mouth." That night on the road has set my mental clock all wrong. Otherwise, it has had no bad consequence; and I am certainly better already for my change of air; am stronger, hungrier and sleepier. And it is not the sudden, miraculous betterness of last year, beginning and ending in the excitement of the thing! This time there has been no excitement to speak of. Repetition and the sobering effects of long illness have quite taken off the edge of my "feelings"; and I can look round me—in the church-yard itself—with the dead calm of a ghost.

I have not been in any house of the Town yet, except Miss Welsh's,* who, I was told by Miss Donaldson, was dangerously ill, proving the authenticity of her relationship by appearance of consumption. . . .

I drive generally seaward; and yesterday I went to

*"Jackie" Welsh, natural Daughter of Dr. Welsh's Brother William. See *Letters and Mems.*, ii., 315.

Aberlady and investigated its capacities as a seabathing place, in case you should be on the lookout for one again. I have no hesitation in saying that it would suit you—. suit *us*—better than any other seaside place I ever saw. . . . I am sure I could make you comfortable there; and should feel *heimlich* myself. *Together*, I should not mind trying the cheap train again; and after a sound sleep, one feels no consequences. So we could have seabathing at Aberlady on as cheap terms as at Eastbourne, —and infinitely more agreeable ones. . . .

My life here is as good for me as any life could be, tho' most people would wonder where the charm lay which makes me all day long as content as I can ever hope to be in this world. Every night I go to bed as hoarse as a crow with talking and reading at the top of my lungs to these dear, almost stone-deaf, old women. And I like that! They love me so very much, and are so happy over me.

I saw and knew your Letter *thro' the window*, on the diningroom table, when I was getting out of the carriage. I was very glad of it. Geraldine writes that Ann told her "Mr. Carlyle was quite happy and comfortable."—"Maybe's ye're nae great judge!"—A kiss to Nero, two chirps to the canaries.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 168

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank, Saturday, 18 July, 1857.

Ach! My Dear! Let him, especially her, who standeth

on the housetop, etc., etc. Since writing to you how *well* I was, I have demonstrated the truth of Miss Jess' observation that I was "as easy as possible to overset." Returning from putting that Letter in the Post-office, I was caught in the rain, and rather damped,—that was all! for it was just a few drops to save the honour of St. Swithin. . . . How "overset" I was all yesterday by the fierce pain I had suffered, and the want of sleep, and worst of all, I think, the chloroform I had *swallowed*, I cannot describe. I was not even up to my usual drive. Last night I was quite free from pain, and slept by snatches; but I am very weak in body and mind;—would rather be in my own bed at Chelsea! Not that I lack any comfort here I could have there; and certainly I am more *made of* here than I should be anywhere else in the world! but that very *making of* worries, when one has got disused to it. . . .

Eliza [Donaldson] does not arrive till next Wednesday, which is certainly very good of her. And I don't think I shall leave here till the week following. At the least allusion to my departure, my dear old friends fall to *fluttering* on their chairs like birds frightened in their nests; and utter such plaintive, almost sobbing protests, that I haven't the heart to pursue the subject. So it still rests in the vague, the day of my departure.

While I was feeling to be gaining strength, I was easy in my mind about leaving you alone. It was more important to you to avoid a repetition of my last winter's illness, or worse, than to be a little solitary and even a little put about by my absence at present; but these two

last days I am always thinking, "If I have taken this long expensive journey, and left things at home to Providence, for no permanent benefit to my health, which would reflect itself on 'others!' If—!" and then I assure you I am tempted to "drop a tear over myself" like Peesweep.*

Yours affectionately,
J. W. C.

LETTER 169

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Craigenvilla, Wednesday, 29 July, 1857.

Oh, my Dear, my Dear! "Ye maun just excuse us the day"; for with all the good will in the world I cannot make you a "suitable return." Just "to let you know I am in being, *This* is intended for a sign."† . . .

On arriving in Edinburgh, the first thing I did, before setting foot in any house, was to rush off in search of a pocket comb‡ for you (observe I had not then got your Letter); and you can't think how many shops I was in before I could find one that I thought you would like. I took it into a Bookshop, bought a slip of writing paper to entitle me to ask for pen and wax, and made it up (I couldn't write, I was all so shaky), then carried it to the general Post-office, where I met John Stodart, who walked with me to near Betty's. I took curds and cream at Betty's. Then on per cab to Morningside, where I was most warmly welcomed, and found your Letter.

*"Peesweep" (Peewit Lapwing), appropriate nickname of my imbecile Clerk (now, 1866, a flourishing Literary character!) —T. C.

†See *ante*, p. 17*n*.

‡I have it still.—T. C. (1869.)

I was so provoked that you there told me to get a comb! For my packet would then arrive as the mere fulfilment of a commission instead of a spontaneous "delicate attention," which it was.

I am exceedingly vexed about your "feverishness"; for I know it is just that you are taking the opportunity of being your own entire master to sit up at nights and work at odd hours and play the devil with yourself. I must come back if I don't get better accounts of you.

I am to start at half-past eleven to catch the midday boat to Burntisland; and the morning is already gone in breakfast, "prayers," etc.—I write this on a hard table in my bedroom, with my head in a whirl of anticipation of seasickness, etc.

The hedgehog* ran away! Oh please, do take care of yourself and write me another as long nice Letter. I will speak of the Proofs next time.

Yours in haste,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 170

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.†

Auchtertool, Monday, '3 August, 1857.'

. . . The Post Office arrangements are like all the other arrangements here, enough to make one stamp and foam at the mouth. . . . One day I persuaded Mary to go as far as the post-office, when she was out on

*Which she had bought at Haddington from a boy. See *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 316.

†The first half of this Letter is in *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 322–5.

her pony, and the result was a *Punch!* I could have thrown it at your head. Neither was I inordinately grateful for the Photographs. The *Letter* came yesterday (Sunday) at midday with the Precentor. I wrote to Lady Sandwich, and was going to write to you, when I was told the Precentor took back the Letters on Sunday as well as brought them, and was ready to start.

A thousand thanks for your attentions to these blessed animals. I had thought how disagreeable Tait must be making himself to the canaries, and was very pleased it had struck you also. My compliments to Ann, and thanks for the care of the "children."—

I have not announced myself to Fergusdom—don't intend to, until I am on the eve of departure. I had a kind Letter from Isabella* yesterday, expressing her regret that they could never have you and me there a Summer now. "We think it a great hardship" she says, "that we cannot ask you here; but the Doctor continues to do as he likes." And *will* as long as he is *let*, I reckon.

I have an invitation to a strawberry-play this evening at the James Prentices'; but I won't risk catching cold in the open dog-cart.

By all means send me the German Book. I was obliged to fall back on a stray volume of Shakespeare, during the night, and found it very—what shall I say?—dull upon my honour! *Love's Labour Lost*, it was.

A kiss to Nero.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

* Mrs. James Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

What would Varnhagen say to this penmanship? Heavens! a man who writes like that at his age doesn't deserve to live!

LETTER 171

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Auchtertool, Friday, 7 August, 1857.

Oh my Dear! I am going to put you off with another scrap; tho' besides my promise of a deliberate Letter to-day, there is come a nice good Letter from you to be answered. It is not physical inability, however, that hinders at present. I *slept* last night after my "dreadful gripe," and feel better for the moment. But just before your Letter came, Walter offered me a drive to Kirkcaldy, and as I can't take walking exercise just now, I thought a drive would be a "great advantage." Besides that it would give an opportunity to the Post-office *after* the London mail came in. So I welcomed the proposal "in my choicest mood," and went up stairs to write to you *why I wasn't writing,* in case you should fancy me worse; and to put my things on; when what should follow me but your Letter! Most unexpected blessing. For a girl who was sent to Kirkcaldy last night to bring "suet and plums" for an improvised dinner-party here to-day, was told by me to ask at the Post-office, and brought the parcel of photographs, etc.; but no Letter. How a Letter can have arrived since, I don't understand the least in the world. I was very glad of even the Photographs last night, tho' the *Study* is horrible to see! So black that it gives one the idea of a dungeon more than anything else; and Oh my! *so disorderly* that I felt a wild impatience

to be there *redding* it up a bit. Tait gives me the idea of a man going mad rather than gathering sense. The little figures under the awning however *are* charming; and one won't grudge him a little "fame" for these "a hundred years hence."

I am better situated in material respects than I was at first here; Maggie having *seen with her eyes* the bad effects produced on me by their distracted way of living, now makes a point of giving *me* my meals early and regularly, which is not hard to do, since I "want but little here below,"—in the shape of food. Also I myself have been driven by pressure of circumstances, from my usual *modesty*, and actually express my likings and dislikings, with a certain Oliver Twist boldness. So I shall do very well till the "insipid offspring" with two nurses arrives on the scene, and then, having given *it* due lyrical recognition and congratulated the Mother on having done what England expected of her, and more, I may be off to Morningside, with at least no harm done.—I had been thinking of Portobello myself,—or rather Anne Welsh had suggested that expedient for combining comfort with seabathing. I shall see (as the blind man said). . . .

God keep you. Excuse this hurried scrawl.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 172

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Morningside, Saturday, '22 Aug., 1857.'

My dear Jean—Thanks a thousand for your kind in-

vitation. Certainly if I *could* be *persuaded* into changing my mind, and doing what I had settled not to do, you would have persuaded me, by the warmth and urgency of your words. But I am, as you can hardly need to be told, "vera obstinate in my own way!"—might challenge the world, I think, to produce an instance of my ever doing a thing I had once positively refused to do! And, my Dear, I positively refused to go to Dumfriesshire this season, weeks ago. You may be sure it was not from want of asking that I have not been to Thornhill and am not meaning to go. . . . Thornhill where I had never been till last year since my Mother's death, and then for only a few days, still looks too emotional by far for weak nerves and worn-out spirits. If I got strong and courageous and all that at Sunny Bank, I might *perhaps* go home by Thornhill, I thought; I would wait and see. So I waited and saw—that it was "no go." Not that I am not stronger since I left London. For the first week or two, I improved very decidedly; and tho' I have fallen back since, especially during my fortnight at Auchtertool (where I couldn't avoid going, being so near), still I have not fallen back to the London point of inability; and hope that my travels in search of health won't be trouble and money wasted after all.

But I am far from feeling up to any superfluous knocking about, or superfluous excitement; am, as dear Betty says, "ower wake for *toiling* myself." So I wrote to Mrs. Russell a fortnight ago, that I had quite decided to go back to London the way I came. (*Rest of the Letter a-wanting.*)

LETTER 173

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Craigenvilla, Morningside, 25 Aug., 1857.

Perhaps a Letter from you may just be at hand, Dear. Indeed I am *sure* there is! But if I wait for its coming, there mayn't be leisure to write after, as I have engaged to make to-day a series of calls in this quarter. Mrs. Thomas Graham (Agnes Veitch), Major Davidson, the Miss Dunlops (Nieces of Mrs. Rennie of Phantasy), Augusta Stodart,—are all planted in "*W*illas" within sight of this one. Besides, Mrs. Paterson, for whom I will leave a card, if she is as is most likely at Linlathen; and poor Mrs. Samuel Brown whom I will call for, tho' I never saw her, because these Browns and Littlejohns have such a reverence for both you and my Father.

As I was driving out here the night of my arrival, my cab was met by an open carriage with two ladies in it; one of them had her face turned full on me,—a tiny face, sharp as a razor, with large dark eyes, set off by hair as white as snow, and plenty of it. The thought passed thro' my mind "can that possibly be Agnes Veitch? she lives hereabouts, and they said her hair was quite white." At the same instant the thought was passing through the other's mind, "can that possibly be Jeannie Welsh? there was luggage on the cab, and they said she was grown so thin." Next day she asked her Brother, Colonel Hamilton, to come with her to the address I had given him a fortnight before, to see if I was come, and if *that* was *me*. Both of us at meeting exclaimed the same

words: "and it really *was* you I saw!" "I can't understand it," she said, "you seem to me grown so *tall!*" It was *she* who was *crined* into a little fairy! Dear, dear! "Forty years makes a great odds on a girl!" I observe the only people who recognise one readily, are the men who were in love with one. John Stodart looks always as if he not only knew me at any distance, but was meeting me by appointment! Yesterday James Seaton, who had not seen me since I was Miss Welsh, after one hesitating glance, came up to me in Princes Street and spoke. He seemed so pleased that I on my side recognised *him;* and I did not tell him it was because he had grown into his own Father! whom I knew to be dead.*

I had a Letter from Geraldine [Jewsbury] yesterday morning, doing *her* best to *undo* your considerate kindness, and make me uncomfortable. Ann was "still so *weak* and *far from well!*" Even "Nero, poor dear, was looking so *thin!*" *You,* indeed, she represented as well, and in the best humour and spirits,—*dwelling on it,* as if she wished to "make me sensible" how much happier you were for having me out of your way! Her Letter rasped me all over like a file; and I told her so, and begged her not to write about my *home affairs* in future. She said *she* had prescribed camomile tea for Ann; will you tell Ann, with my kind regards, that I particularly desire she will *not* take anything Miss Jewsbury prescribes; for *she* knows nothing whatever of Medicine, and would

* Mrs. Carlyle, as she became older, grew more and more into the likeness of her Mother. In another unpublished Letter of about this date, I think, she tells Carlyle that more than one old friend exclaimed on meeting her after long absence: "Bless me, how like her Mother Jane has grown."

Dr Welsh

Mrs Welsh

poison a cat if she had her way. But I daresay Ann's good sense will make this caution needless.

I mean to go to Sunny Bank on Saturday. Not that I am not doing better here; but I begin to weary of seeing "how they *ak* in the various places"; and to long for home;—if only I could do any good when there! I never thought of staying longer here than into next week, and my experience of last *Sunday* shows me it will be better to escape another. They did not urge, or indeed ask, me to go to Church; for I was evidently weakly, and it was a wet day (by good luck). But on Sundays it is the rule of the house to have *no* dinner! only *tea* two hours earlier than usual; along with which *I*, as a stranger still in the bonds of the flesh, was permitted to have *one egg*. Then, to compensate to the soul for the exigence of the body, *five* sermons were read to me in the course of the day! No evading them without getting into hostile discussion. And the quantity of sermons with the no dinner gave me an *indigestion* during the night. My other nights here have been pretty fairish.—So I think it will be best not to incur all that again, when I was meaning to go in another day or two in any case.

No Letter come yet;—only one by the first delivery, from poor little Mary at Auchtertool, deploring my absence as "the only charitable individual who did not worry and bother her about making efforts, etc." Yes, "fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind." No more Proofs for me yet? I should like the Novel sent to Sunny Bank; I could read it aloud to them.

Yours ever, JANE W. CARLYLE.

Just as I had put my Letter in the envelope, yours is come. Many thanks. For Godsake, when lightning comes, don't take shelter under trees!!

LETTER 174

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank, Sunday, 30 Aug., 1857.

Thanks! You are really a good correspondent,—considering. Wherever I have been, praises have been showered on your "punctuality in writing"; your "attention to me," etc., etc. But it isn't "with the reciprocity all on one side!" tho' nobody praises *my* punctuality in writing; *my* attention to *you!*

Oh, my Dear! I was prettily frightened in finishing up my last Letter. I had reason to believe I was taking a "cold" (in my emphatic sense of the word!) and what was to become of me? How was I to get home? Worse and worse I grew all the evening; my skin burning, and violent pains in my face and back! By a decided inspiration of Nature, I asked Miss Jess to give me a *stiff* little tumbler of Hollands Toddy! I drank it and retired to bed while the *intoxication* lasted; fell into the soundest, longest sleep I have had for some years; and got up next morning as well as ever!

But how I wish now I had my long journey safely over! If I could only, like the "Princess of China" (in the *Arabian Nights*), be carried thro' the air, asleep in my bed, and set down on the roof of my own house! I fear far more the journey back than I did the journey hither. I seemed

then to have nothing to lose; now I am so desirous (God knows for your sake as well as my own) to take back my little gains of strength and sleep, and cheerfulness, unbroken upon by exposure or fatigue. Oh dear! that one should ever live to have to bother so much about oneself! I had been considering about making two days of the journey; and would do it, if I could find a travelling companion, or had any known house to put up at on the road. But all alone in a Railway Hotel, no amount of Hollands, I fancy, could put me to sleep in that circumstance!

Well, no more about it just now; for I haven't yet fixed my day; haven't been up to speaking of it; It takes more courage than I have always at hand nowadays, to answer the pleadings of these dear old women with "I must," "I will."

Meanwhile I am reading the *sheets* to them. . . . [The greater part of the remainder of this Letter is printed in *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 338–9.]

LETTER 175

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank, Friday, '4 Sep., 1857.'

Oh, my Dear! When one is living for one's *body* as I have been during this Summer,—exercising it, feeding it, changing its air, keeping it "always happy and tranquil" (as old Dr. Morrah ordered),—to the best of one's human knowledge and ability; and then lies down some night in the most perfect of beds, in the profoundest silence, and

can't get one wink of sleep, no how,—then you see, "one is *vaixed!*"

This morning especially, I have got up very "*vaixed*" indeed. I can ill afford a whole night's sleep, with that long, dubious journey so near! You would have pitied me, had you seen me, between four and five this morning, "sitting cocking up in bed" (as you call it), my candle lighted, my spectacles on, and studying Brydone's *Railway Directory*, a sort of *Bradshaw-made-easy!!* As hour after hour of the night dragged on, my thoughts had become more and more *fluttery* and locomotive, till they seemed like young swallows, sweeping circles "in my own inside," preparatory to taking flight thro' infinite space! Pleasant!

"Send your Son to Ayr,
If he's a fool here,
He'll be a fool there!"

(I got that from Miss Donaldson last night.) Also, here is a Chinese proverb I found in last *Quarterly*, "The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas; the dog who hunts does not feel them."

What an example of noble patience I have before me here! I *admire* that old blind, deaf Miss Donaldson almost to tears; and go fretting on at everything that does not quite suit me! Just *once* in all the time I have been beside her, has a word of regret about herself escaped her lips. She had been speaking of the morning of my Father's death, when she came to us like a helpful angel. "Never shall I forget that morning," she said; her voice broke down, and she added, with tears rolling over her

dear wrinkled face: "Oh, when I recall the many sorrowful scenes I have passed through, and think of myself *as I am*, blind, deaf, useless to myself and others, I think I could just *cry* the whole night through; but we mustn't give way! No! as David said, 'be dumb!'" . . .

Along with the sheets* yesterday, came a disagreeable Letter from Geraldine; all her Letters since I came here have been most disagreeable. I think she is growing into what is called an "ill-natured old maid," only that so long as Mr. —— is to the fore, she has no idea of old-maidhood! In her last, she gives me to understand that Ann would much prefer me to stay away! In fact, all along she has been impressing on me in sly terms, that my absence was felt to be good company at Cheyne Row; and that if I ever came back it would be at the risk of spoiling everybody's good humour!!

Nevertheless, I may be looked for on Wednesday night, if you hear nothing to the contrary. . . . I must to the Station here and ask questions.

In my next you will have the final decision.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 176

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank, Sunday, 6 Sep., 1857.

A last brief Letter! Very brief it must be; for I have not free use of my right hand, for the moment, and never

* Proofsheets of *Frederick*.

could do anything with my left; and cannot, like Miss Biffin, manage the pen with my tongue.

I "happened a misfortune" yesterday morning; such an innocent, idyllic misfortune! I was *stung by a wasp* in the forefinger of my *right* hand. My sponge was in the basin of water, I took hold of it to squeeze it out, and sprang as if I had taken hold of a torpedo! Such a shock of pain shot up to the very roots of my hair. Gazing amazed at the dropt sponge as in the presence of the Infinite, I saw walking fiercely over it a discomposed wasp! Then I knew what had happened to me, and ran for honey. Of course my finger is all swelled up like a little black pudding; but the pain is abating; and I dare say it will be all right by Wednesday. The absurdest part of it is that just the night before, I happened another misfortune to my *left* hand! poured some fierce acid over it, under the name of aromatic vinegar, with which I was filling Miss Jess's Vinaigrette; and that hand had to be wrapped up in cotton wool for twelve hours! It is now merely red.*

Under these adverse circumstances, I will confine myself to the strictly practical. I keep to my purpose of going on Wednesday morning by the North British. I think I have discovered a system of trains by which I can get from here to London in the daytime without the long carriage drive at the outset. I expect to arrive at King's Cross at half-past nine; but *don't come to meet* me, as we should not find each other in the dark, and I always manage

*This shows well the extraordinary sensitiveness of Mrs. Carlyle's nature; and also how she could make a thrilling story, almost a tragedy, out of a very trifling accident. How many of the "tragedies," of which she is the much pitied heroine, have a like slender basis of reality?

well enough with my luggage. It will be best you wait for me at home.

The Book goes on like an old Romance without the fiction. What better kind of History could one wish? If there were plenty such, you would have the consolation of seeing me abjure Novels.

On Wednesday then, please God.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Tell Nero.

LETTER 177

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, '15 September, 1857.'

Oh, Mary, Mary! Does it ever enter your head to calculate how long it is since you received my last Letter? What *are* you doing, my Dear, that justifies you in your own eyes for not writing to *me?* Don't you love me? and don't I love you—as a Sister? And are people to love, and be loved by, as plenty as blackberries, that nothing should be done with them but wishing them well, at a distance? If there were nothing else in it, have you no curiosity about my *how* and *where?* The date of this Letter will show you *where* I am; but I have a good mind not to tell you *how* I am, since you don't ask! Only this, I am home at Cheyne Row again, with my time more at my own disposal than when living in other people's houses; and if you expect to be "well let alone" in your silence, you will find yourself mistaken; for I will write you Letter on the back of Letter, till I shame you into being a better correspondent.

I repined a good deal at not seeing you, when within such a manageable distance. But if restricting myself to one part of the country deprived me of some pleasure, it spared me a good deal of a thing I cannot take too little of at present, viz., *emotion;* and was best for the end I had in view,—to get back some strength before Winter. Had my time in the Country been spent as the year before, in hurrying from place to place, I shouldn't have come back as well as I am. I went nowhere but to my Cousins and Aunts and my dear old Friends at Haddington. I was only a fortnight at Auchtertool,—the bustle of dinner-parties and all that did not suit me. With my Aunts I staid also a fortnight, and got on well there. They were as kind as possible, and could see what I needed, above all things not to be *fussed!* Then I returned to Haddington for another fortnight on my way to London,—coming home by Berwick and York, as I went. I had an old school-fellow (a man) to take care of me on the journey, and came to no harm.

Mr. C. says I look much better, and never ceases to pay me compliments on my—*appetite!* He seems to have got on better without me than my vanity led me to expect. Ann was very attentive to him, and I have no doubt would have liked me to take a great deal more "fresh air" than I thought enough. However, if she mourned in secret at having to abdicate the Mistress-ship, she had the grace to put a good face on it, and received me very affably! But Nero! I am shocked to have to confess that Nero was far from showing the enthusiasm "England expected" of him! He knew me quite well, but took me very coolly

indeed. Ann said he had just been sleeping. Let us hope he was in a state of indigestion, in which dogs are not capable of being amiable any more than their owners!

How are your servants going on? How do you sleep, poor Dear? How is your Husband, God bless him?

Tell me everything.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 178

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, '2 October, 1857.'

Dearest Mary—I could not for shame write to you last week; for I couldn't in writing have withheld the fact that I had—got a shocking bad *cold!* (again). Really I found myself making apologies, and explaining the cause, to everybody who came in, as if it had been a punishable offence against society I was committing. Harriet Martineau used to say of me, with that show of accuracy never accurate, which distinguishes her, "Jane Carlyle has eight Influenzas *annually;* I wonder how she survives it!" Now it is getting to be *one* Influenza lasting all the year round. However, I must not lose heart; tho' it was disappointing to fall ill just when I had been taking all that trouble to strengthen myself, and with tolerable success, apparently. But really I should have needed the thick skin of a horse, instead of being "*born without skin!* as the Germans call those born, as I was, in the *seventh*

month, to resist the masked batteries of cold air Mr. C. brought to bear on me during the East wind ten days ago. He has a mania about "fresh air," this man, and is never happy unless all the doors and windows are open. . . . However, I have had the weather in my favour and seem to be getting over the attack, which was sharp enough while it lasted. . . .

Poor Mrs. Scott! what horrid anxiety she must be kept in! I thank God I have nobody belonging to me in India just now. It is miserable enough to think of the wretchedness of those who have. I fear it will be long enough before there is any safety for those who are there; or any peace for their friends at home. All the Indian Officers I have seen, who have any sense, and experience of India, think very badly of our chances of reducing it back to tranquility; and if Madras and Bombay join the Revolt, they think we shall lose India altogether. I wait anxiously to see what Sir Colin Campbell will do. The one sensible thing one has seen done by the Home Government was sending *him.*

My London friends are almost all gone into the Country, and the Town looks strangely dull—the more so from our having been used to spend this part of the year at the Grange. Lord Ashburton has been in the Highlands, deer-stalking as usual, and is going to Ireland with some friends,—not being able to face the Grange. He thought of going to India, for a resource, but was advised off that scheme. It is not so much sorrow that troubles him, one would say, as bewilderment. He looks like a child who had lost his nurse in a wood. . . .

Ann goes on well. I was afraid her temper might suffer under the loss of absolute Mistress-ship; but she has stood it pretty well, and her qualities and capabilities as a servant come out very strong in comparison with the servants at Auchtertool, where it is "toil and trouble" from morning till night, with three regular servants and two supernumeraries, and nothing able to go on without Maggie fussing and fuming like a little steam-engine! *I* wouldn't lead such a life; but Maggie seems to like it! and as Walter seems to think dinner-parties the chief end of life, it is well for her she does like it. But it made me both sad and angry to see such waste of everything, —time and strength and human faculty, as well as money. Mary was fast falling into her old bad way* when I was there,—which I did not wonder at, considering the late and perfectly irregular hours they kept, and the stew of hot, overcrowded rooms. But Dr. Dewar put her on milk diet again, and under orders; and I hear she is improving. But, Oh dear, it is a precarious life, hers, and its precariousness not sufficiently recognised, by either herself or others. As for Mrs. —— , with her infant and its *two* six-feet-high nurses attending her about thro' a series of visits; such an affected, bedizened, caricature of a *fine-lady* I never came across. I could hardly keep my hands off her. My Mother always predicted what she would grow to.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. C.

Love to the Doctor.

* Of health.

LETTER 179*

To Miss Agnes Howden, Maitlandfield, Haddington.

Chelsea, 24 Oct., 1857.

Simpleton!—Not *you*, my Dear; but *me!*—There was I all a-gog at having found quite a jewel of a correspondent! a correspondent, actually, who would go on with not exactly "*all the reciprocity on one side*" (as the dear Irish say) but pretty nearly so! The very sort of correspondent I had been wishing for all my life. *Ach!* and "*don't I wish I may get it?*"—*You*, like the rest, it would seem, write only on the Letter-for-letter principle; and, bless your sweet face, no thanks to you then!—Plenty of men, women and children will write me Letters on the simple condition of my answering them. Nay plenty of *men*, to do them justice, will write me one, two, three Letters on condition of my answering the *third*. But even that does not suit my humour always. I like to be left to the free, spontaneous use of both my pen and my tongue; and any one who stands on "*the three thousand punctualities*" with me, doesn't know his or her own interest.

Well, in consideration of the ivy-leaf in your last, I forgive your silence this time. But look sharp! and don't disappoint the romantic faith I felt in you. At my age, and with my experience of the world, it costs one such a wild effort to *believe* in youthful enthusiasm,

* I have to thank Mr. Geo. A. Lumsden, secretary of the Carlyle House Memorial Trust, for permission kindly given me to take a copy of Letters 179 and 181, the originals of which were generously presented to the Trust by Miss Agnes Howden.

that when one *has* believed and finds oneself cheated, the reaction is formidable.

What a mercy your Father has no *crop* on the ground to-day! if *there* is like *here*. It has rained what a Scotch servant of mine used to call "hale water," ever since I got out of bed; and to complete my discomfort, I am lamed in the two first fingers of my right hand: burnt them very bad—"with *sealing-wax, of course?*" a lady asked me. The "of course" was a piece of fine-lady logic, which I met by the startling avowal: "No, with the handle of a brass pan, in preserving cranberries." And now I shall be regarded by that lady with a sort of sacred horror, as a woman who has handled a brass pan. For, being Grandchild of a mechanic, she shudders "*of course*" at any one who has the use of his (or her) hands, or at least uses them. The cranberry jam has turned out excellent, anyhow; and for the rest, it was worth while almost, burning oneself, to ascertain the superiority of *cotton-wool* beyond all other applications for *burns* I ever tried before!—That reminds me to ask, does your Father prescribe *Pepsien* [*sic*] in stomach complaints? Has he ever seen the blessed thing? Ever heard of it? If he haven't, no more shame to him than had he missed to hear of the pretty little French Empress's very latest caprice in dress! This *Pepsien* (I don't know if I spell it right; but as the word is made out of *dispepsia* without the *dis*, I can't be *very* far wrong) is just the very latest caprice in Medicine; that's all! It is something scraped off the inside of people's stomachs (*dead* the people must be before one can conveniently scrape their stomachs!),

or the stomachs of *beasts* for that matter (the *Bear*-stomach is understood to supply *most* of this *something*), and being scraped off, it is boiled and distilled, and bottled and sold and taken in drops; and the patient thus furnished with a *fictitious gastric juice*, which enables him to eat and digest like a Bear! The Doctors here are prescribing it at no allowance; and the Druggists say they can't get enough for the demand. And one *hears* of emaciated wretches with one foot in the grave, plumped out like partridges on the strength of it, and taking a new lease of their lives! Pleasant, isn't it, the idea of swallowing the scrapings of, say, a malefactor's stomach, in drops! What next?—I have been wondering if the whole *calf's-stomach* I brought salted from Scotland to make *rennet* for *curds* (alas that the *cream* is not included!) mightn't serve all the purposes of *Pepsien* at a cheap rate? I shall try, some day. I should greatly prefer that to Palmer's, or Miss Madeleine Smith's (if she had been hanged), for my own use.

Your Sister-in-law told me a sad little bit of Haddington news; that Mrs. David Davidson's good old Mary was dangerously ill. I am very anxious to know the sequel. Many a Peeress could be better spared than *that* maid-of-all-work. I can see no life for her poor Mistress without her.

Has your Brother "seen the grave-digger" yet? and got little Ann Cameron's poor little Tombstone set up in his Garden, as he promised me? "Of course," not! And yet it would have been a pious deed to do!

My writing is such as a right hand *minus* its two

principal fingers can produce,—so pray be content with it.—Do you want any more autographs?—Remember me to everybody that cares for my remembrance.—

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 180

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 20 November, 1857.

My dearest Mary—I had actually miscounted about whose turn it was to write; and am almost glad I did, since it has been the occasion for your writing to me such a dear kind Letter on the "voluntary principle!" Don't suppose, however, I should have kept silence much longer even in the mistaken idea you owed me a Letter. It had been in my head to write for many days back; but what Mr. Carlyle calls "a pressure of things" had made it difficult for me to carry out my own inclinations.

Thank God, I have not to enumerate among the things pressing a cold,—that being my bug-a-boo now. I have been ill with that thing which, for want of a better name, I call "my *sickness*," and for which I know only one cure, to "pack my carpet-bag" (as Dr. Russell advised) and rush out into space! But *it* does not confine me to the house, that sickness; and does not plague anyone but myself. I am *used* to it (as the pigs to killing). Neither does it prevent me writing Letters,—only makes my Letters, like everything else I do, *spiritless*.—

My chief impediment has been that weary Artist who

took the bright idea last Spring that he would make a Picture of our sittingroom*,—to be "amazingly interesting to Posterity a hundred years hence." I little knew what I was committing myself to when I let him begin.—For the three months before I went to Scotland, he came and painted twice a week; while I was in Scotland he came four times a week; and for the last six weeks he has been over-standing me like a nightmare *every day!!* except when, please God, the fog is so black that he can't see. These lower rooms are where I have been always used to live at this season; and to keep up fire there, and in the drawing-room as well—besides in Mr. C.'s study at the top of the house, is a great expense, when coals are seven and twenty shillings a cart-load; and is also a great trouble to one servant. So I have kept my ground hitherto; always hoping he would get done. But, my Heavens! he will make this great "Work of Art" last him into 1860, I begin to think. A whole day painting at my portfolio! Another whole day over my workbox, and so on. Not the minutest object in these three rooms, opening into one another, but what is getting itself represented with Vandyke fidelity! And all the while the floor *won't* be *flat* for the life of him. I suspect he aims at more than posthumous fame from this Picture: hopes, perhaps, some admirer of Mr. C.'s, with more money than wit to guide it, may give him a thousand pounds for Mr. C.'s "Interior," —the Portrait of Mr. C. himself, and Mr. C.'s Wife, and Mrs. C.'s dog included! The dog is the only member of the family who has reason to be pleased with his likeness

*"A Chelsea Interior," by R. Tait.

as yet.—This will be the second time my dog has appeared in the Exhibition!—Meanwhile, I can't settle to write when that man is in the way. I rush out and ride in omnibuses; I go about the house sorting up, or as the American Ladies say, "reconciling things." A good deal of that has been needed, in prospect of my two Cousins Maggie and Mary coming to stay here on their road to the Isle of Wight, where they mean to pass the Winter, —Auchtertool being "too cold" (or too dull). I think with astonishment of Mary, who can never get up till midday, undertaking such a journey at this season and paying visits all the way,—at Glasgow, at Liverpool— and here!

I should have greatly preferred *one* at a time: Mr. C. is so dreadfully busy just now, and so easily disturbed that my life is spent in standing between him and the outer world; and how I am to *breast* this inundation of it into the very house,—how I am to make myself into a human partition between all the interruption and fuss that two young Ladies who have no comprehension of, or sympathy with hard work and love of quiet, is more than I know! Then it suddenly flashed on me that I had torn down the head and roof of the spare bed this Summer (which had been spoiled by a cistern overflowing above and pouring down into the bed in the room beneath). The room had stood vacant, and I had forgotten all about its desolate state. This flashed on me in the *night* and I couldn't sleep another wink, for haste to be on foot and out buying chintz; lest I should be caught, like a foolish housewife, with my spare bed standing naked! Then I

had to seek a seamstress—almost as difficult to get as the philosopher's stone, for all the "thirty-thousand distressed needle-women" who can't sew!—and then a carpenter who would not keep me waiting a month; and to shape and do a good deal of hammering myself after all! Finally, to-day, I have the pleasure of seeing the bed rehabilitated. But I am so tired! for the least fuss or hurry plays the deuce with me! I wouldn't go to bed however till I had thanked you for your Letter.—I hope to write to you to better purpose soon.

My best love to your Husband. Ask him if the fame of *pepsine* has reached him? If not, I will tell him about it.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

Every Letter I have forgotten to speak of the sweet-briar—I should like *you* to keep it over the Winter, and send it in Spring.—It will surely grow with me then.

LETTER 181

To Miss Agnes Howden, Maitlandfield, Haddington.

Chelsea, 23 Nov., 1857.

There's a good Girl! And thank you!—I choose the present moment for answering, as it is the most improbable I am likely to find! For I have the same sort of defiant pleasure in going in the teeth of probability, that I used to have in going in the teeth of a high wind. I am pressed for time, having an appointment two miles off at one o'clock; my attention is distracted by a man painting

beside me, and talking; my nerves are all in a flurry from a recent fright; and Mr. Carlyle has just brought me an impossible glove to mend! What more would I have?

But the *fright?* Gracious Goodness, the fright is worth telling about!—I have a servant whom, during the five years that she has been with me, I had never seen in a hurry, or excited, or deprived of her presence of mind. What then, was my astonishment when she rushed into the drawingroom last night, with her head *tumbled off* (as at first it looked to me) and carrying it in her hands!! and crying wildly, "Oh Ma'am! I must go to a Doctor! (*scream*). My ear, my ear! (*scream*). An animal has run into my ear!!" She was holding down her head as low as her waist, her cap off, her hair flying, and her hand pressed to her right ear. I sprang forward and pulled her fingers from her ear which was full of blood. "What *animal?*" I gasped. "Oh, I think it is a black-beetle!!" —And the screams went on, and she declared the beetle was "running up into her brain." Her ignorance of anatomy was very unfortunate at the moment! I called up Mr. Carlyle; for I had lost all presence of mind, as well as herself. He took it coolly, as he takes most things. "Syringe it" he said; "syringing will bring out any amount of black-beetles." There is an Apothecary at the bottom of our street; I threw a table-cover about her, and told her to run to him; and I begged Mr. C. to go with her, as it was a dangerous thing for *me* to go out in the night air. "Go with her?" he said. "What good could it do *my* seeing the beetle taken out of her ear?"— But I had read in a newspaper, not long ago, of a man

killed by some insect creeping into his ear; and how did I know the Apothecary was not an ass, and might spoil her hearing for life, with probes and things,—if indeed she did not die of it, or go raving mad, as I should do in her place, I thought?—I paced up and down the room for some ten minutes like a wild animal in its cage; then put on a cloak and bonnet and rushed after her, Mr. C. running after *me* to pull me back.

When I arrived in the man's little surgery, I found poor Ann covered with soap-suds, and comparatively calm; and the beetle (it actually was a black-beetle) extracted piece-meal with a probe).—"There might be a leg or so left," he said; but he would syringe the ear again in the morning. She would not go back to him this morning however,—the rushing sound being gone, and the deafness remaining being owing she thinks to the ear being swelled from the rough treatment it got. I was better pleased that this man should not probe any more. If she does not *hear* with it to-morrow, I will send her to a regular Surgeon. Meanwhile I feel as if I had been pounded in a mortar, with the fright of the thing; and have narrowly missed a cold, for I coughed half the night. But that is passed off, thank God. I am so afraid of another seven months' confinement!

I liked to hear of your Halloween. My ideas of Halloween are all connected with Maitlandfield: I always spent it *there* as far back as I recollect. Have ducked for apples, and burnt nuts in that very kitchen of yours!

If Mrs. Skirving wants to escape money disaster and all sorts of disaster, she should replace little Ann Cameron's

poor little white marble tablet in the Churchyard! I could not have confidence in my Fortunes, with such a thing in my cellar. Could you?—I should like ill to be the Wife of a speculator just now! Mr. C. has or *had* some money in America. He *doesn't recollect how much!* and doesn't feel even a natural *curiosity* what is become of it!!—I have never heard a word out of his head about it, except to say *once*, "I suppose *my* money will have gone in the crash, and poor Butler (the gentleman who invested it for him) will be very sorry!"—Being a Philosopher's Wife has some advantages!—I never think about money myself; beyond what serves my daily needs; but if *he* weren't of the same mind, I might be made sufficiently uncomfortable about it.

And now, good luck to you. Remember me to them all. I owe your Sister-in-law a Letter, which she shall get some day.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 182

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Saturday night,
16 January, 1858.

Dearest Mary—There never was woman had better chance at writing (except that my head is far from clear) than I have this Winter evening. For I am alone in the house,—as utterly alone as I ever felt at Craigenputtock with Mr. C. gone over into Annandale! The difference is, that Mr. C. is gone not to Annandale, but

to the Grange; and that my servant instead of being too uncouth to talk with, is too ill-tempered. The very dog had a bilious attack overnight, and has lain all day in a stupor! I think I told you in my last, that both of us (I mean Mr. C. and I) were going to the Grange for a short time. And very little pleasure was I taking in the prospect. The same houseful of visitors; the same elaborate apparatus for living; and the life of the whole thing gone out of it! acting a sort of *Play of the Past*, with the principal Part suppressed, obliterated by the stern hand of Death!* I didn't see at all how I was going to get through with the visit! when, lo! my Husband's friends "the Destinies" cut me out of all that difficulty, by laying me down in Influenza. When the day came, Mr. C. had to write that, not only I was unable to come, but that he could not leave me! . . .

Geraldine [Jewsbury] is all but as good as gone out of my life! She went into Essex the day before I returned from Scotland. Thence, after two months, she went to Manchester,—seeing me for just half an hour in passing thro' London, and is not yet returned. So except for that one glimpse, I have not seen her since I left for Scotland in the beginning of July. Latterly she has quite ceased to write to me!—She has been making a considerable of a fool of herself, to speak plainly; and has got estranged from me utterly, for the time being; partly because her head has been pack-full of nonsense, and partly because I made no secret of that opinion. You have several

*The "First Lady Ashburton" (Lady Harriet) had died on the 4th of May, 1857.

times asked about her, and I always forgot to tell you, or it was too unpleasant to tell. Geraldine has one besetting weakness: she is never happy unless she has a *grande passion* on hand; and, as unmarried men take fright at her impulsive, demonstrative ways, her *grandes passions* for these thirty years have been all expended on *married* men, who felt themselves *safe*. And she too, always went quite safe thro' these romantic affairs, meaning really nothing but whirlwinds of *sentiment*, and the men too, meaning as little,—or less! But when I was in Scotland with you, she made an intimacy with a Mr. ——— who had been ten years in Australia, unhappily not married, only *engaged*, or "as good as engaged," to a young Cousin of his own. For a long time, it was an intimacy "with the reciprocity all on one side." But she went on writing him Letters, inviting him to her House, flattering him (he is a proud shy man), doing him all sorts of kindnesses, till he declared to his friends "he couldn't help liking Miss Jewsbury, she was so extraordinarily kind to him!!" He relied, I suppose, on his being some ten or twelve years younger than herself for security in accepting her kindness. I could not see her committing herself, as she did, and hear all her acquaintances chattering about her "assiduities for Mr.———," without testifying my displeasure; and in proportion as she attached herself to *him*, she drew away from *me*, got pettish, suspicious, and mysterious. . . . But all that makes me so angry and what is worse disgusts me! It is making herself so small! openly making the craziest love to a man who, having £800 a year, may marry her at any

moment (unless he is going to marry another, which doesn't make the case better!), and doesn't give any sign of intending to marry her! Gracious! what a luck I had no Daughters to guide!

. . . Kind love to the Doctor. And, if you please, how came you to assume the Photographs were wholly *yours?* I addressed them to *him.*—

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 183

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Friday night, 'Feb'y, 1858.'

"All right," my Darling! that is to say *all wrong!* but nothing *new* wrong. When I caught that cold, first thing I did in the new year, I accepted resignedly the prospect of being confined to my drawingroom till the March winds were over, and thus spared myself a deal of useless struggling against Providence. Since then, I have been feeling, up to the present time, too sensitive to the weather (which has continued to get colder and colder), for venturing out of doors. At the same time, by taking better care of myself than I used to do, I was longer in falling ill this Winter than last, and have never, except the first two days, needed to keep my bed. I have been up to breakfast (in the drawingroom, at the fire of which I dress myself!) all thro' the Winter; and *that* in itself, for a woman who has no natural turn for laziness, is an immense gain on last year!

If it hadn't been for that unblessed Ann, who has

caused me more irritation than she is all worth, I should positively have rather enjoyed my confinement. Our people came earlier to Town than usual on account of the early meeting of Parliament; and they make much less of the long drive to Chelsea when it is no longer on a chance of finding me "out." I have quite as much of the outer world as I want to keep me from stagnating. I have a great rug of raccoon fur to lie under on the sofa when I am "too cold for anything!" And my friends supply me with nice Novels, English and French! which I own to a weakness for, and make no conscience of indulging in, when I am not up to serious study. Wasn't it permitted me to read the *Arabian Nights* instead of Rollin's *Ancient History* when I had the measles? And so I rather liked having the measles, I remember!

My delay in writing has been owing chiefly to a fixed-idea in the head of a certain charming Mrs. Hawkes. This lady is an Artist. In her days of prosperity she painted pictures in oil for her pleasure; now . . . she has taken seriously to painting as a profession, partly to escape from her vexations, partly to eke out her means. She has been recommended to send a Picture to the Exhibition this year, and my face, such as it is, being familiar to Ruskin, Tom Taylor and the other Exhibition critics, she has decided her Picture shall be a Portrait of me! who had already nearly left my life in Mr. Tait's "*Interior*," which also is for the next Exhibition. I "might sit in my usual corner of the sofa," or I "might lie," I "might read," or I "might go to sleep," but paint me she *would*, whether she could or not, and whether I liked

or not. And so, for the last fortnight, she has been coming every morning at eleven, and staying till two;—just the time I used to have all by myself to write in, or to do what other thing needed privacy,—darn Mr. C.'s socks, perhaps. I dine between two and three; and from three till six I am seldom without callers. Then comes Mr. C.'s dinner, at which I look on, and tell him the news of the day; and thus the only time I have had to write Letters in is at night, with Mr. C. sitting opposite me at the same table (as at this moment),—an arrangement which feels to rather tie my *moral legs* together! Accordingly, I have waited for a morning all to myself. And besides my affairs with Ann have become critical; and I waited to be delivered from the worry of *that*. We are at a clear understanding at last, Ann and I; and never was a relation of five-and-a-half years duration broken off more—what shall I say?—*politely!* The married woman who for many years has come in to help in any ceremony, or press of work, had "thought it but fair" I should know Ann was meaning to leave at the end of March, when her Niece was to go into business as a Milliner. Ann was going to stay three months with her to teach her housekeeping! and would then find "a situation with a single gentleman who kept an under servant to do all the rough work." Don't she wish she may get it?—"That is the reason," said Mrs. Newnham, "that she doesn't care a bit now whether she pleases you or not."—As this woman never said a word to me of any servant of mine before, I took her information as authentic, and thanked her for it. Ann was at her Mother's that Sunday night and came

home quite *gracious* and continued gracious for a week! Had the Niece's scheme been visited by the "pigs" which "run thro'?" I took no more notice of her good temper than I had done of her bad. One day Geraldine was here (she came back the very day I last wrote to you); she fell a-talking about Ann; how her face "looked less diabolic." "It may look as it likes," I said; "if she does not give me warning on the 29th of February, I shall give her warning and be done with it." Geraldine has a way, when amused, of raising her voice to a scream; and she screamed out "you cannot give her warning on the *29th*, my Dear, for it isn't Leap-year!" I had just heard Ann sweeping in my bedroom and any loud speaking may be heard thro' the door between the two rooms. I said "speak low," but the shot had clearly told, I fancy. Ann came up so soon as Geraldine was gone, and while arranging the fire-place said carelessly, "The coals will not last out another week, Ma'am; I should say they will be done by Saturday." "Very well, more must be had in on Saturday"; and I went on reading. "And," continued Ann, "if you could by any means *suit yourself*, I should like to leave on——" "The 29th of March," I interrupted her. "Yes, you will leave then whether I am suited or not; if I had not been so helpless these two months back, I should not have troubled you to stay even till then." Neither of us said another word; and both had spoken in the most natural tone! I went on with my reading and she swept up the hearth, and I call that quite a dramatic ending, for all so quiet as it was!

Geraldine comes every day for longer or shorter time;

but she is no use to me in this matter or any other. She is so unsettled—"carried" as we call it. I *won't* hear a word about Mr. —— out of her head; and there is nothing else she has care to talk about or think about.

Love to the Doctor.—Poor Mrs. Pringle indeed! I have not written to her yet.

Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 184

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 29 March, 1858.

Dearest Mary—Considering how often one makes experience that evils are worse in the expectation than in the reality, it is wonderful perverseness that one lets the expectation always do its worst, without drawing comfort from that well-known law of things. Here have I looked forward for weeks back to the 29th of March as a day of horrors! and now it is come, and I find myself preparing to pass my evening very composedly in writing a Letter to you! the most of the forenoon having gone in —"sitting" to Mr. Tait for the finishing touches to my Portrait in that immortal Picture of his!! And yet Ann left at midday, and I heard the new servant come in about half an hour ago! Had I "trusted in Providence" (as your dear Father would have advised) ever so much, I could not indeed have foreseen how Ann's *exodus* would be smoothed for me; but I might have foreseen that some way or other it would be smoothed, so as to try my sick nerves less than it threatened to do in prospect.

But first I must tell you the *adventure* of my new servant; for it is of the nature of an adventure, my last choice of a servant! How it will turn out, Heaven only knows. Either it will be a grand success, or an absurd mistake. It cannot turn out in a medium way. Oh, my Dear, only fancy! I have hired a "Miss Cameron" (from Inverness), "Daughter of a half-pay Lieutenant" (swamped in numerous progeny, as in the case of the " wee Wifie that lived in a shoe, who had so many Bairnies she didn't know what to do!"). Miss Cameron is 31 years old; has an intelligent, affectionate face, a low, pleasant voice, a manner at once modest and self-possessed; and "has known enough of life" she says, "to desire above all things a quiet home." Imagine a servant coming to one in *London* for a quiet home! and knowing anything of life beyond "beer," "wages" and "holidays"! So far excellent; but now for the drawbacks. Miss Cameron, having never filled but *one* "situation," that of Lady's maid and Companion at General Osborne's for eight years, does not know, naturally, whether she can clean a house, and cook a dinner, *till she have tried!!* Hopes that she will soon learn, if I will "*have patience*" and tell her, or get her told *how!* And I hope so, too, most sincerely.* . . .

Mr. C. was mercifully persuaded by Lord Ashburton to go this very day to Addiscombe, where I flatter myself he will remain till my "Lieutenant's Daughter" has learnt at least the elements of "All-work"! *So* had Providence

* In a later letter Mrs. Carlyle says that "Miss Cameron" turned out to be an "Irish Imposter; was convicted of lying and theft"; and after "lasting just a fortnight and three days," ran away between 10 and 11 at night!

pre-arranged for me! They wanted *me* to go, too; and so great is my faith in this new woman's trustworthiness that I should have left her in charge of the house the same day she entered it, but that I dreaded risking myself in a house which has been all Winter uninhabited. I have only been twice out of doors, and only for a quarter of an hour each time. And the result of my last turn in the street was a new dose of cold which kept me thoroughly miserable most of last week, and has not yet quite passed over. Lady Sandwich will be three weeks at Addiscombe, however, and perhaps I may go by and by for a few days before she and Lord A. return to Town. I know a little change of air would do me good, if I could have it without exposing myself to a fresh attack.

. . . Love to your Husband.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 185

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Sunday, 27 June, 1858.

Oh, my! how slow! Only from Wednesday night till Sunday morning that I have been "let alone"! It looks three weeks at the least! Not that I have either done or seen much to lengthen out the time. The field of new-cut hay, the only thing I can be said to have seen, was nothing to speak of. And I have not done yet so much as the one thing wherewith I was privately minded to *celebrate* your departure,—have not gone yet to Stokes to get one of my few remaining back teeth wrenched out! It is the two

Letters from you, out of Scotland, I think, that, confounding the ideas of time and space, give such preternatural length to these three days!

Mrs. Welsh* called yesterday . . . John [Welsh] came to take his Mother home, and bid me good-bye. His cough was worse than I ever heard it, and his spirits at the lowest. . . . It is the same cough, the same haggard, exhausted look, that I never knew in any of the Family (and I have known it often enough!) end otherwise than fatally. Well, our Family is destined to vanish from the face of the earth, it would seem! And yet it was a Family with some high quality in it! *Health* superadded, it might have gone far! And what then?

. . . Mr. S—— called the night we were going to the Station; and called again yesterday for your address and Dr. Carlyle's. Something else wanted! They gave me tea at Hampstead, and strawberries without cream; the tea was like the washings with soda of a dirty old metal teapot; but the cups and saucers were of the finest French china; and the cake was served up on silver, and the butter was in a lordly dish. . . .

Ever yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 186

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Friday, 9 July, 1858.

Oh, my Dear, I am very sorry! But indeed I wrote on Wednesday, and I hope you have by this time got my

* Mrs. George Welsh.

Letter. There is evidently some carelessness somewhere; for the *Westminster* and the *Herald* were sent off by the *same* post. Again, this morning, you will have been disappointed; for yesterday I failed to write, being in the valley of the shadow of castor, and too spiritless for anything! The cold had got into my chest "eventually"; I was coughing myself sick and sore; so I went and wildly took an ounce of castor at noon!

Mrs. Hawkes came to ask for me,—the only person let in. "Oh, I don't know what to make of myself to-day," I said to her. "Yes," said she, "I don't like the looks of you at all; I have seldom seen a more *seedy party!*"

I don't think it was Mrs. Forster who had made me worse. . . . *Nothing* had made me worse, so far as I know; worse "by the visitation of God," that was all! What would make me better was the question; so I tried a dose of castor oil, as I said, and I think, with advantage. I slept last night some five hours; and tho' my cough is still tearing, my aches and pains are greatly abated. It is not weather at present to get rid of a cold in; to-day, for example, is sharp and blowy like October.

Meanwhile, I must not worry myself with projects! I believe to travel to Scotland just now or to take any long journey whatever would be as much as my life is worth. When I am *out* of this, we can "consider"! The objection to going to Scotland is the having to *come back;* one scatters all one's little gain of health in the long, rapid journey. Even if I felt equal to the journey, I should hardly like going to the Russells' at once. Mrs. Russell is "counting on me," but that is because Mrs. Aitken met her

in Dumfries and told her I was coming,—without knowing anything about it. Mrs. Russell then wrote to me expressing her gladness at the news; but I could see through her words that the depression of spirits and nervous trepidation still continuing since Mr. Dobbie's death, made the prospect of a visit from me as *alarming* as pleasing. Then, I confess, I myself am *alarmed* at the idea of *Thornhill*, in my present perfectly cowardly frame of mind;—the dreadful need I feel of my Mother would make it almost insupportable, all that! As for Dr. Russell, I would rather consult him than any Doctor here; but what good? What could any Doctor do, but tell me to take care of myself? My constitution is completely worn out; my nerves, my spirits worn out. Can all the Doctors on earth renew nerves and spirits? You are indeed sanguine if you imagine any "air," any Doctor, any anything, can ever make *me* into a healthy, or even approximately healthy woman again! You will have to just put up with me as I am; even as I put up with myself as I am,—for the rest of my appointed time.

I don't mean that, if this explosion of cold were over, I should be wholly disinclined to stir; but I should like to do it on very easy terms. Miss Baring* has invited me to Bay House, with leave to wear high dresses and caps. If she had said for *how long*, and the term of the visit made it worth the trouble of packing up, etc., I would have voted positively to go, as soon as I was up to travelling. As it is, the matter remains hanging in the air, like so much else with me! Perhaps I may get up a little fit of strength and

*Lord Ashburton's sister.

courage by the end of the month; and when Dr. Carlyle and his "poor boys" vacate Scotsbrig for that sacred fortnight, actually join you there, and go afterwards to Mrs. Pringle, and to Mrs. Russell in passing. Who can say what I may *not* do? It does not strike me as probable that I shall be strong enough for going all that way; still I have many a time outgone the probable.

I have a great many curious things to tell you, but my shoulders do ache so when I sit up! Have you heard of B—— putting his Wife into confinement? *All* the aristocracy are coming to—Cremorne (!) to-night,—public excluded.

Don't fret about my being alone here; Charlotte is a good, biddable, clever little creature. Even my food is much better than Ann made it. Nero is wonderfully well, tho' getting no exercise beyond what he gets in the Garden. The canary continues to tumble off its perch, and I to lift it up! What a blessing to have somebody to always lift one up when one falls off the perch! Good-bye, Dear! Don't let the Dromedary* shake you too much!

Yours ever,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 187

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Thursday, 22 July, 1858.

. . . It was very kind of you to say, "Don't trouble yourself about B——, I will pay him." But it is not in my nature to submit to imposition. Paying the

*A big awkward farm-horse Carlyle was riding.

money, tho' £5 7 6 was "a great deal for a wee fallow like me," did not trouble me at all in comparison with *letting* myself be cheated. So while you were saying "never mind," I was "taking steps." The Letter which I wrote on receiving the Account* got suppressed on its way to the Post-office, as too angry for practical purposes. Instead, I sent for Hacking,† showed him the work done, and got him to estimate the cost. He said *he* should have considered himself well paid with 30*s;* but B. being farther off and more expensive, he thought I might offer £2 15 0,—not more. I then sent Larkin to B.'s with three proposals, of which B. might take his choice: I would pay £2 15 0; or I would let the matter be settled by arbitration; or he might prosecute me for the whole amount in the County Court. After much discussion with the fat, winking old man, who always smells of beer, this much was wrung from him by Larkin: that "he would send the —Foreman (!) to look at the job!" So yesterday morning the Foreman came, prepared to *threap* that the one man was never drunk, never left the work, "and that the other was quite competent; and that the job *required* all the time that was charged on it!!"

To reduce such brazen impudence as this to go away content with £3 10 0 was no slight triumph of female eloquence; but "I did it, Sir!" However, the two hours' talking, the wrath I had to swallow down, not to put myself at a disadvantage, the force of will and of logic to be called up, left me not worth picking up after the man was

* For putting a new grate in the Study.
† Ironmonger, in the King's Road, Chelsea.

gone! For hours I seemed to have got St. Vitus's dance in all my veins,—and to fix my attention was impossible. Even my weekly Letter to Sunny Bank, that had not missed a single Wednesday since I came from there last year, could not get itself written yesterday! I was so sorry after!

£3 10 0 was 15*s.* more than I had decided to pay; but Hacking, whom I sent for in the course of the dispute, failed me in his apprehensions of *Law*, and proposed *before the man* that I should give that much.

. . . I have been and shall be in many humours about Bay House before I get there; but I have bound myself positively to go. I know I ought to give myself any chance there is of getting rid of this wearing cough and that a Doctor would order me "change of air." If I find myself the better for being in the Country, and that I can't properly stay there as long as I should be benefited by it, I should then be more disposed and perhaps a little fitter to take a longer journey. The worst is that I, too, must plunge a little into "the cares of cloth," preparatory to an aristocratic visit. My wardrobe has been the very least of my cares latterly. . . .

I have such a life with that sparrow gape-gaping for crowdy* whenever I come within three yards of it! And it don't make the least progress in learning to feed itself; and it don't die, as was confidently predicted. . . .

Ever yours, J. W. C.

*Crowdy (or crowdie) is meal and water stirred together.

"Crowdie ance, crowdie twice,
Crowdie three times in a day!
An ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away!"
—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

LETTER 188

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Tuesday, 27 July, 1858.

Just a line to-day, Dear, for I have been interrupted by one thing after another till I have no time left. First there was a Letter from Macready to be answered,—one of those Letters that one cannot get off one's heart till the answer is written and sent. Then came the—sweeps! and tho' I was not needed to help them, I was needed to watch them that they mightn't put any of the Books into their sooty pockets. That job over, Lord Ashburton came and sat a long while. And then Mr. Larkin "to take my orders." Lord A. did not know I was here, till he got your Letter this morning;—would have come sooner if he had known, etc., etc. Would see all the Yacht men to-day, and find out something for you. Thought you should go with Lord Dufferin up the Mediterranean, and then be put out at Trieste. I vote for the Mediterranean, too. It is the only chance you will have of seeing what everybody has seen.

. . . Lord Ashburton said he would certainly send me the Friedrich Picture!*

I took a notion of mince collops to-day, and described to Charlotte how to make it. She was to chop the meat very small. "Don't you think, Ma'am," said she, "if I *scraped* it,—made it for you as I used to do for my blackbird, it would be better than chopping?"

* A copy of "The Little Drummer" (Friedrich and Wilhelmina), by Antoine Pesne, an engraving of which forms the frontispiece to the First Vol. of Carlyle's *Friedrich.*

The sparrow waxeth strong;—is likely to "take the hale yearth to itsel'!"

. . . Mrs. Pringle writes anew about my coming to Lann Hall. If I find myself better for being in the Country, and if I can't stay at Bay House, there is that to fall back on, if I get strong enough for the long journey.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 189

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Friday, 30 July, 1858.

. . . Lann Hall would suit me well, I think. I should have no fear of being a trouble there, and no misgivings about my welcome. It is a beautiful place, with associations to make it more beautiful. I should have a close carriage to drive out in every day; and Mrs. Pringle is very quiet, and kind and sensible. I should like *that* better than Cressfield* under the present circumstances. At Cressfield I should have "cares of bread, under difficulties," and I am hardly up to them in their simplest, most familiar form. Besides, you *should* go to Germany, and Cressfield all to myself is not conceivable,—as good as non-extant! Mrs. Pringle says in her Letter (which I don't send because you would not dream of attempting to decipher its "angles"), "I don't want to plague [you] with suggestions; but *do* understand *this*, Mr. Carlyle may have a whole suite of rooms at Lann. And with no

* A large house near Ecclefechan.

master in the house, any other arrangement for his comfort would be *painfully easy* to make!"

I have written to her that I will send her a positive answer on the 6th. By that time I shall understand "what I wanted and what I want." The Bay House visit does not promise much *as yet*. . . . If Miss Baring had wished a longer visit, I think she would have bid me lay my account with it in leaving home. Nero! Oh, dear, no! Nero must "keep up his dignity" like his Mistress—must not go where he is *de trop*. He will do very well at home; Charlotte is good to him; and Mr. Piper will take him out. The dog has really kept wonderfully well, in spite of your absence. About Charlotte? She will take care of the house, and go on with the chimney-sweeping, and "thorough-cleaning" that is begun. Not a carpet left on, but in the parlour and my bedroom; and these to be up, too, so soon as I am gone! Charlotte is more to be trusted with the house than Ann was; she has quite as much sense and infinitely more principle. I can depend on her that the thing I bid her do she will do,—when my back is turned, the same as before my face. Her Mother will come and sleep with her. I have no wish to change Charlotte for an older woman; as she has strength and sense enough for the place, I don't see what I should gain by changing her. She is a *very* good housemaid, and is already a better cook than Ann was. Above all, she is my *servant*,—does what I order, at the first word,—and not my Mistress! For the satisfaction of your imagination you will find her much bigger and older-looking when you return. A Scotch servant,—above all, one out of a large

house,—would be a risk I would only run in case of necessity. You would hardly find in Scotland a servant of good "character" who is not of the Free Church or some Church, and such persons *judge* us! and are ill to manage accordingly. *Here*, morality is *not* inseparable from religion (so-called). Mrs. Pringle offered me, some time ago, any one of her five women, "all good," that I liked to "come and take"; and I declined for the above and other reasons. Best to "let *well* alone." . . . Why, our old Betty was just Charlotte's age* when she came to my Mother, and had not a third part of Charlotte's experience. . . . Now this is a long Letter for my last day! I should not have had the time to spare if I had not done most of my packing in the middle of the night, for want of better to do

Yours ever,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 190

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Bay House, Alverstoke, 4 Aug., 1858.

All right, Dear! I get along very nicely, only the Letter at breakfast is missing! What should have come, in London at 9 o'clock, comes here at 5 p. m., an hour, too, when one is generally out driving. But for the rest, I have not a single thing to complain of; and I agree with the place famously. I get a fair amount of sleep; am much less sensitive about the throat and breast; much

*In her fifteenth year, Mrs. Carlyle says in another Letter.

less shivery in mind; and unless the *glass* here is made to flatter, my face is much less haggard and ghastly. I could not but think this morning when I took a last look at myself in my new grey gown and smart lilac cap, that I looked a decidedly presentable woman,—for my years! Not at all the "seedy party" that Fairie was lyrically recognising only a week ago, as "the most decided case of needing-to-go-out-of-Town, that was ever seen!" To be sure, the Howell & James' Dressmaker, seeing the necessities of the case, had padded the new gown in a very artistic manner—"chiefly *wadding*, Mr. Carlyle!" But *she* it wasn't who added the touch of human colour to my face. Besides the benefit to my health, I am very well situated in moral respects; the only visitors besides myself, Mrs. Mildmay and her Son (whom she calls "Light of our Soul") are good-humoured, lively people. And the Miss Barings, without seeming to take any pains to be kind to me, contrive to make me feel quite at home. They are not at all dull in their own house, only rational, occupying themselves in some work or some reading, and expecting the visitors to do likewise. In fact, I feel as if I had sat down to rest a while in a little green clearing, after struggling till I was exhausted, thro' a tangled wood, getting myself scratched and torn!

As you did write to Miss Baring before (she has never spoken of *that*, nor have I), perhaps it might be well to send her *now* a few lines of thanks for making me so comfortable.

I went yesterday with the Mildmays on board the *Urgent* in Portsmouth Harbour. Mrs. M. wished to see the cabin in which "Light of our Soul" is about to sail to

Malta. The sky was so blue! and the sea was so green! and I was not sick; "and it was a good joy!" Only I got a touch or two of brown paint on the new gown!

Miss Baring is hoping that if you don't sail "beyond the sunset" in that "Yacht," you may come to Loch Luichart. One of the young Princes (Alfred) lives in Croker's House; where a white flag flies to tell when he is at home. And he has a little skiff in the bay, and a crew and a staff of Officers. The Queen comes sometimes to breakfast, or to take tea with him,—at Croker's!

Yours ever,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 191

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Bay House, Alverstoke, 8 Aug., 1858.

There then! I have gone and done it! And if you find it strange or unnatural of me, blame *yourself*, young woman! It is "all along" of your stinginess in writing to me, while I was so many weeks ill and alone, and your not seeming the least *curious* whether I was coming or not,—the Summer meantime passing away. All along of this unnaturalness on your part, that I had gone and been so unnatural as to tell Mrs. Pringle *first*, that I was coming, and to engage to go straight to *her!!* Now, what do you think, my Dear? I have no purpose, however, to be "off with the old love before I am on with the new." I don't see that the one need interfere with the other. So I seriously intend *calling upon you*, altho' upon my

honour, with your long silences when I was so needing to be written to, you have made me doubt whether you care for seeing me in reality or not! We shall see! I can swear to it that *I* care very much for seeing *you*, at all rates; and that I should be hard to persuade, and very sorry to be persuaded, that Mrs. Pringle's *new* friendship for me is warmer than your *old* friendship, altho' she has *shown* more interest about my coming, and indeed supplied the *courage* that was wanting to me, by all sorts of promises held out,—even the promise of "Dr. Russell to bring me round," if I should be knocked up by the journey.

I have been here with the Miss Barings (Lord Ashburton's Sisters) for the last ten days, and remain till the 24th. As soon as I can manage it, I mean to start for Dumfriesshire. I had no such thought, at least only in the form of a "devout imagination," when I came away. But the journey did me so much good, and I have been such an improved woman ever since,—so unrecognisable as the "seedy party" (so a lady described me) that I was, for a long time back, in London, that I think it would be stupid not to take more of the Country, and spend my time as pleasantly as I can while Mr. C. is still out of harness. I don't think he will be returning to London till the end of September. And September is often a fine month in Scotland. So, since I have got up my strength enough for a journey to Scotland (taking it at two halves), I see no reason why I should remain "like owl in desert" on the banks of that horrible Thames, waiting Mr. C.'s return.

I had some idea of going from here on the 24th to Sherborne House in Dorsetshire, where I had a pressing invitation from Macready (the actor), a family I have long been much attached to. But in that case I should have made myself quite too late for Scotland; and while I was wavering between the two directions, exactly at the right moment, came Mrs. Pringle's last Letter, giving me the *push* I needed towards the North. So I shall go straight to London on the 24th,—and then!

Meanwhile I am in no haste to be gone from here. It is the place of all others to get strong at. Close by the sea,—nothing between me and the sea but a lawn, a terrace walk, and a little fringe of Scotch firs; then such a lofty airy House, with such beautiful grounds; long drives in an open carriage every day; sails too in the Bay when I like; quiet, kind clever people to live with! What more could one wish to have? But one likes and feels grateful to any place where one sleeps better and eats better, and feels less weak and miserable. I have not been so well for ten months as since I came here; and tho' I don't expect I have got over my tendency to catch cold, and to spend my life—nine-tenths of it—in having cold, I am unspeakably thankful for the present respite; and am as anxious to prolong it a few weeks as if it were a question of good health for all the rest of my life!

Mr. Carlyle is still at The Gill,—beginning to weary of it I think; for Lord Ashburton told me he had written to *him* to find "a man with a Yacht" to take him to the Baltic Sea, on his way to Germany! Perhaps

Lord A., who was to have a meeting with Mr. C. this morning at Dumfries, may persuade him, in default of the Yacht, to follow him to the Highlands.

I have written to tell him not to trammel himself in the least with *me*, and that is all I have to do with it. He tells me he saw my Aunt Anne in Dumfries. If she is at Thornhill by now, give her my love, and say I hope to come across her.—

Kindest regards to Dr. Russell. Yours, dearest Mary, ever most affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 192

To T. Carlyle, Poste Restante, Dresden.
(Forwarded to Prag.)

Lann Hall, Tynron, Dumfriesshire,
Sunday, '29 August, 1858.'

I hope, Dear, that you have stood it as well as I have! and that I shall hear to that effect to-morrow. There may be a Letter now lying for me perhaps; but none are delivered here on Sundays.

I left London at nine on Friday morning, in a quiet and cheerful frame of mind, having arrived at the Station without hurry, a quarter of an hour before the time, accompanied by Charlotte and Nero (who *would* come and see me off); and met, on descending from my cab, by first George Cooke, and then Larkin with a fresh-gathered bouquet! The former had offered his services before I left Bay House; but Larkin was quite unexpected. Dr.

Carlyle, likewise, had offered to see me off, "if I had nobody"; but I was charmed to say I had somebody, for he was very much "detached." . . .

Mrs. Pringle did not miss me at Carlisle Station: before I was well out of the carriage an arm was put quietly around my neck, and my face brought close to her kindly smiling one. A waiter stood behind her to take immediate charge of my luggage; and in two minutes I was in a beautiful *quiet* sitting-room of the County Hotel; and she was putting tea in the tea-pot. And when I had put off my bonnet and shawl in the adjoining bedroom, there was brandered chicken and ham, etc., etc., all ready for me. My bed had been so aired that the sheets were actually warm. I slept wonderfully, considering the squealing of trains,—hardly awoke with them! I had been sleeping very ill at Cheyne Row, and was very thankful I had made up my mind to be off again. Next morning, when I was thinking about getting up, a white child-looking figure glided in thro' the door opening into Mrs. Pringle's bedroom, and sat down on her knees at my bedside, in night clothes, and fell to kissing me! She is a very curious woman, this Mrs. Pringle; so enthusiastic and so calm, almost to outward chilliness; so cultivated in mind and so deficient in all accomplishment; so devout and so liberal. She will serve me to study for all the time I stay. We went after breakfast to see the Cathedral, and heard some beautiful music,—service being going on. It was Market-day, and I looked all about to see if Jamie [Carlyle] might perchance turn up; but without result. We then drove to a place in the neighbourhood, where a

Dr. Lonsdale lives, retired from Practice, having married a woman of "large fortune." He is a very old friend of Mrs. P.'s, and a most enthusiastic admirer of yours; but I think it is your early revolutionary phase that he has sworn himself to. He told me of a wealthy Paper-maker who had read two "Papers on you" at the Mechanics Institute, which were "really clever, and were extremely well received." They would have given us lunch there, but were restricted to wine and grapes,—Mrs. P. choosing to lunch at the Hotel rather. At 3, after a modest dinner, we took the train for Thornhill. (It goes without telling that I was not allowed to expend a sixpence in Carlisle.) I looked out with interest at Cummertress;* but absolutely not a living being was to be seen. Again at Dumfries I looked out; but knew only Lauderdale Maitland, who came into our carriage. Every step of the road after was miserable to me; and in spite of having been there two years ago, I was like to choke when I got out at the Thornhill Station and drove off in another direction than Templand. Mrs. Pringle kindly refrained from speaking a word to me, till we got home, where a good fire in my beautiful bedroom and a comfortable "nip o' tea" cheered me up. I slept very well and feel not worse but better for my journey; tho' it is raining to-day, and cold enough to be glad of the fire in the Library. No bother about Church: Mrs. P. has not gone herself.

I must send this unpaid, as I am not sure of its reaching you, and don't know what stamps to put on it; and in fact have only a few penny ones.

* Station (on the Glasgow & S. W. Ry.) for the Gill.

I sent to Chapman to send me the Book* so soon as he had the maps and index ready. John had got himself a copy without [maps, etc.]. Surely I shall get a Letter to-morrow. By the way it is not *Land* but *Lann* this place.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. C.

LEETTR 193

On my getting home from Germany in Autumn, 1858. —T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Thornhill, Wednesday, '22 Sep., 1858.'

Oh my Dear! I hope that Nero will know you and welcome you "in his choicest mood"; and I hope that Charlotte will "*not fall* but *rise* with the emergency" (as Miss Anderton says *she* does); and I hope that in practical things at least you will not miss me—much! for the few days you will be left to your own shifts. I shall be back to you in the early days of next week. Nothing can go materially wrong, one would say, till then. Nay, it is probable that for *that* long, you may even prefer being "well let alone." Still I am *wae* to think of your arriving from your long wanderings, in my absence: and when I got your Letter telling me you were positively *not* to return by Scotland, and not to be at Cheyne Row till to-morrow, I should have wound up my affairs here in a hurry and dashed off home in time to receive you,—had I been up to any dashing. But alack, my Dear,

* First two volumes of *Friedrich*.

your Letter found me just recovering from an attack of something extremely like—cholera! when any imprudence might have cost me my life. Besides Dr. Russell was here to take good care I committed none! Can you figure anything more fortunate than my taking this illness, —since it *was* to be taken,—in his house! Such a Doctor and such a nurse "all to myself" (as the children say)! Had these cramps taken me two days sooner, at Lann, I would have gone on bearing them as long as possible without sending for help; and I had no morphia with me to have taken at my own hand; and (as Basil Montagu says of the powder found wet when the battle should begin) "what then would *not* have been the consequences?" I declare it was almost worth while to fall ill here, just for the satisfaction of seeing once more a *real* live Doctor! What a blessing to society is such a phenomenon! It reminded me of the good old time when my childish mind could conceive of no higher mission than to "ride about and see the folk!" Not one useless question did that man bother me with, and not one necessary question did he omit to ask; his quiet clear decisive manner inspired me with such faith in him that I would have swallowed prussic acid or strychnine at his bidding. And so he gives me the character of "a perfectly excellent patient." *C'est selon!* As for Mrs. Russell's nursing, it was as anxious and devoted as my own Mother's.

The practical deduction from all which is that you must send Dr. Russell a copy of the *Friedrich* as soon as possible, and be sure to write his name on it with your own hand. God knows if you don't owe him my life!

. . . I mean to leave here by the early train on Monday; stop at Dumfries to see Jean; get on to Mary's before dark; stay over Tuesday at the Gill (in expectation that Jamie can come there); and then straight to Chelsea next day (Wednesday). . . . Meanwhile what are you to do about *finding* things? Charlotte is rather good at *finding!* Take her up gently, tell her what you want, in plain English, and I have no doubt you will find her very docile and "quick at the *uptak.*" . . .

LETTER 194

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Chelsea, 16 January, 1859.

My dear Jean—To do Mr. C. justice, he didn't forget to give your message: . . .

I asked him just now when he came to light his pipe at my fire (his own "declining to take up the tobacco smoke") if he had any message to you to-day. "Nothing, except that I am very happy with—my gloves and—all that!" His horse gives more satisfaction than I ever saw horse, or person or thing give him in the world before! Every time when he comes in from riding, he breaks out into lyrical recognition of its virtues and good sense. "Never did he see in all his life a more remarkable combination of courage and sensibility." I expect he will be much the better for his riding when the weather gets a little warmer and more settled. At present it is too cold at the late part of the day he goes out in, and he has to ride too fast to keep life in him, and that just immediate-

ly before eating his dinner. And then he lies on the sofa after, and sleeps the sleep of the just for an hour and half, or two hours! and then he wonders that he wakes too early in the morning! I wish to Heaven this Book were off his hands,—in any way.* He has never taken heartily to the subject; ought never to have tried to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; for it needs all possible love for the subject to carry *him* along thro' such severe labour as he puts into everything he writes. . . .

Yours very truly,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 195

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Jan. or Feb., 1859?

Dearest Mary—If I don't take care I shall be falling into the self-same evil course I warned *you* against in my last.† "Let him that standeth on the house-top take heed," etc. I don't think my brain is so active when I *sleep* (as I still continue to do with that *whisky*)! as it used to be when I spent the greater part of my nights in reading in my bed, to stave off insane thoughts! The fact is, anyhow, that my stupidity in these weeks approaches the sublime! and yet I don't get fat upon it; so I doubt if it be good, genuine, healthy stupidity, and not rather some physical torpor. Perhaps the explanation were comprised in the few frank words which Dr. Jeffson ad-

* *Friedrich*, alas!—T. C.
† Letter 204, *Letters and Memorials.*

dressed to the would-be Dandy who consulted him: "*You are old—yes, damned old, that's all!!*"

Did you ever see such a Winter? I suppose it is good for weak things, but the Doctors here say there never was more sickness,—only the Doctors say *that*, every Winter, whether it be mild or severe! My poor Cousin* at Falmouth fancies the climate there equal to that of Madeira. I question if it be Falmouth that makes the difference. Of course he is no better. His Mother writes such flourishing Letters about the comforts he has, and the attentions he receives at Falmouth, that it is difficult to not let oneself be distracted from the *fact* of the case,—that her only son *is dying*. Bence Jones forwarded to me a Letter from the Falmouth Doctor, to destroy every hope, had I still entertained any. I have never seen so unintelligible a woman as Mrs. George Welsh.

I have another sorrow in the constant expectation of hearing from Haddington that the eldest of my two dear old ladies is dead. She has continued to live and keep all her intellect and feelings as alive as ever,—nobody knows how,—for weeks back. For she has lost the faculty of taking nourishment, by which alone she was kept in life, the Doctor said. The other can't survive her long; and then Haddington will be turned all into a church-yard for me! What a strange reflection it must be for Miss Douglas (if she ever reflects), that she has outlived *all* she began life beside! Even a distant approximation to that state of being left behind all one's contemporaries,

*John Welsh, son of Dr. Welsh's Brother George.

makes one so *wae* and dreary at times! But also it makes the early friends we still possess doubly dear; every year they become more precious. Think of that, *you,* when you are tempted into faithless speculations about any Mrs. Pringle I may take up with!

I heard, curiously enough, of Mrs. Dunbar, the other day. She was visiting a Mrs. Borthwick (*I* don't know the lady), a friend of the Artist who did that Picture of our "Interior." Mrs. Borthwick was showing her some Italian views, and among them was a photograph of the Picture, which the Artist had given this Mrs. Borthwick. Mrs. Dunbar went into raptures over its distinctness, and suddenly, not knowing *what Interior* it was, exclaimed, "Good Gracious! there is *Mrs. Carlyle* sitting in it!" Tait was enchanted when Mrs. Borthwick repeated to him this tribute to his talent.

How are your maids going on? And the Bread? Have you put "sand in the oven," as Mrs. Blacklock advised?

My little Charlotte continues to behave like the good girl of a Fairy Tale! The only drawback to my satisfaction with her is, that it seems too great to last,—in a world of imperfections!

Do you still wake up your patient Husband two or three times a night to talk to you? You should have seen Mr. Carlyle's stare of astonishment and horror, when I told him you had that practice!

. . . My kindest regards to the Doctor. Did I tell you I had put Nipp* into a little frame, and hung

* Mrs. Russell's little dog.

him in my Dressing-room? When Mr. C. first noticed it, he said, "May I ask, my Dear, who is the interesting quadruped you have been at the pains to frame there?"

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 196

To Major Davidson, Edinburgh.[1]

Chelsea, 14th Feb., 1859.

My dear friend—It is not to *you* that I should write this evening, if I were animated with a due sense of "the duty nearest hand!" Putting aside all questions of a cap to be "done up" (alas that England should expect of one to wear caps at "a certain age" for all that one's hair don't turn gray!), and all questions about three pairs of socks in my workbasket in immediate need of darning; then Katie Macready in breathless expectation of a Letter from me to tell her what I think of a bulky MS., on which, after the fashion of young ladies of the present day, she has been employing her leisure, instead of on a *sampler;* and there is Miss Anderton (a young Actress and a good girl as can be) expecting "a few lines" about a sensible little "Article" of hers, entitled "*Thoughts on Actresses,*" in the *Englishwoman's Journal,* which she sent me yesterday. (What a mercy you were married a good many years ago! You could hardly have succeeded in finding a Wife *now* who had not published a Book or contributed to a Journal, or at least had a MS. in progress!) And there is an

unknown Entity,* who is pleased to pass by the name of *George Eliot*, to whom I have owed acknowledgement a week back for the present of her new Novel *Adam Bede*, a really charming Book, which, Novel tho' it be, I advise you to read; and I engage that you will not find the time miss-spent, under penalty of reading the dreariest Book of Sermons you like to impose on me, if you do! All *that* I don't feel equal to breaking ground on to-night. . . . That Little picture of your visit to Grant's Braes! How pretty, how dreamlike! awakening so many recollections of my own young visitings there:—the dinners of rice and milk, with currants—a very few currants—kind, thrifty Mrs. Gilbert Burns used to give me, with such a welcome! of play-fellows, boys and girls,—all I fancy dead now,—who made my Saturdays at Grant's Braes *white* days for me!—I went to see the dear old house, when I was last at Sunny Bank, and found the new prosaic farmhouse in its stead; and it was as if my heart had knocked up against *it!* A sort of (moral) *blow* in the breast is what I feel always at these sudden revelations of the new uncared-for thing usurping the place of the thing one knew as well as oneself, and had all sorts of associations with, and had hung the fondest memories on! When I first saw Mrs. Somerville (of mathematical celebrity), I was much struck with her exact likeness to Mrs. G. Burns—minus the geniality—and plus the feathers in her head! and I remember remarking to my Husband, that after all Mrs. Burns was far the cleverer woman of

* Carlyle told his Wife that *Adam Bede* was written by a woman. He instantly came to this conclusion from the author's description of the making of a panelled door.

the two, inasmuch as to bring up *twelve* children, as these young Burnses were brought up, and keep up such a comfortable house as Grant's Braes, *all on eighty pounds a year,* was a much more intricate problem than the Reconcilement of the Physical Sciences! and Mr. C. cordially agreed with me. I am glad however, the Centenary is over! for Mr. C. was pestered out of his wits with Letters from all the braying Jackasses in creation about it. If he had cut himself up into square inches, he could not have been present at all the "occasions" where he was summoned. He, Mr. C., is as busy as ever tearing away at his new Volumes. Meanwhile I am spending my life with the two Royal Children (of his Title page), as large as life! Lord Ashburton having made me a present of the Picture from which the engraving was made. It quite makes the fortune of my Drawing-room. For one thing, it serves the end our pretty little Shandy* used to serve at Haddington, and is something for the stupid *callers* to chatter about. . . . Kind regards to your Wife.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 197

To Mrs. Braid, Green End, Edinburgh.

Chelsea, Friday, 'Spring, 1859.'

My dearest Betty—I shouldn't wonder if you were wearying to hear from me! I know that *I* am wearying to hear from *you;* and there isn't much hope of that till I have first put you in my debt. The fact is I have

* See *ante,* p. 94*n.*

a far wider correspondence on my hands than is either profitable or pleasant; and there are so few hours in the day that I can give to writing, being subject to continuous interruptions in the forenoons, and in the afternoons too wearied for anything but lying on a sofa, betwixt sleeping and waking. Ach! I remember "Tom Dodds" telling Mr. Brown* (you remember Mr. Brown?) that it was

*James Brown, who in 1812, succeeded Edward Irving as Teacher of the Public School at Haddington. Miss Welsh had private tuition from both Irving and Brown, and also attended the School under each successively. The following excerpts from Dr. Welsh's Account Book ("Book of Receipts and Expenditure" he calls it) give the dates and other items of considerable interest:

21 Nov.,	1811.	Paid Mr. Irving up to the 16th....	£2	2	0
17 Dec.,	1811.	Paid Mr. Irving up to the 17th....	2	2	0
20 Feb.,	1812.	Paid Mr. Irving up to the 17th for Private Teaching to Jeany.....	2	2	0
" "	"	Paid him also for School wages....	1	6	1
17 March,	1812.	Paid Mr. Irving for teaching Jeany one hour a-day from 17 ult.....	1	11	6
17 June,	1812.	Paid Mr. Irving to this date, for three months teaching of Latin, one hour a-day @ £1.11.6.....	4	14	6
27 Aug.,	1812.	Paid Mr. Irving to account of teaching Jeany from last payment to this date.....	2	10	6

(This is the last payment to Irving mentioned in the Account Book.)

9 Feb.,	1813.	Paid Mr. Brown for teaching Jeany from 9 Nov. last to 9 March next..	6	6	0

In April, 1813, Miss Welsh was sent to the Boarding School mentioned in the *Reminiscenses*, as the following entry shows:

19 April,	1813.	Paid Mrs. Henning a quarter in advance, from the 14th inst., of Jeany's Board.....	15	15	0
27 Oct.,	1813.	Paid Mrs. Henning in part of another quarter's Board for Jeany.....	8	8	0
5 Jany.,	1814.	Paid Mr. James Brown, Teacher for Jeany, Latin and Geography, up to Dec., 28, 1813, when she went to his Public School.....	8	12	9

Presumably Edward Irving gave up the Haddington School at the beginning of the Summer-holidays, 1812. On the 14th of July of this year, Miss Welsh would be eleven years old; yet by this time she had fallen "passionately in love with Irving!" This would probably be her second case of "Child-love." See *ante*, p. 47.

impossible to learn the whole of some task he had marked out to us, that he "hadn't *time* for so much." "Then," said Mr. Brown, "*make* time, sir! Miss Welsh can always make time for as much as I like to give her!" He wouldn't compliment me on my talent for making time now, poor fellow! if he were alive to pay compliments, seeing how I go on! It isn't that I am grown idle or lazy at heart, but I am grown physically incapable of exertion. It's no good trying to "gar myself" do things *now*. If I overdo my strength one hour, I have to pay for it the next with utter impossibility to do *anything!* . . . Besides this bodily languor and weariness, I really have now little to complain of. I keep free of colds; have not coughed since November; and I get some reasonably good sleep ever since I returned from Scotland and took to drinking—whisky-toddy! Don't be alarmed! I never increase my dose, and it is but one tablespoonful (of whisky, that is) before going to bed.

For the rest, Mr. Carlyle is hard at work as usual; and the house would be dull enough, if it were not for the plenty of people,—often more than enough,—who come to see me in the forenoons, and for Charlotte's dancing spirits and face radiant with good humour and kindliness all day long. And the strange little being has so much good sense and reflection in her, that she is quite as good to talk with as most of the fine ladies that come about me. Sometimes I go out for a drive, and stay to luncheon (which is my dinner) with some friend or other, to shake the cobwebs off my brain, which are apt to gather there when I sit too much at home! Last

Tuesday I spent two or three hours at George Rennie's! Oh! you can't fancy what an old worn-looking man he is grown! He has a grand house; and his Cousin Jane whom he married (instead of *me*) seems to make him a devoted Wife; but his life is not a happy one, I think. Great ambition and small perseverance have brought him a succession of disappointments and mortifications which have embittered a temper naturally none of the best! . . . . In spite of all this, I am always glad to meet George for the sake of dear old long ago; and if *he* is not *glad* to meet *me*, he is at least still very fond of me, I am sure. I saw at his house, the other day, for the first time, Marion Manderstone (Margaret's only Daughter). She is the image of what Margaret was when she went with me to the Ballincrief Ball,—my *last* Ball in East Lothian! I have been to Balls here,—very grand ones too,—but never with the same heart I carried to that one, before any shadow of death had fallen on my young life!

Who on Earth do you think I have coming to Two o'clock dinner with me? (Mr. C. dines at seven, which is too long for me to wait now-a-days). That tall Sir George Sinclair that went to see George [Welsh?], with some wonderful ointment or other, which of course did him no good! He is living in the vicinity of London, at present; and wants us to spend a month with him at Thurso Castle (in the very extreme North of Scotland), when Summer is come. If I could be conveyed there *in my sleep*, I should make no objections for my share; but it would be a terrible long journey to go, for the doubtful pleasure

of finding Sir George Sinclair and Lady Clementina at the end of it!

. . . Surely this mild Winter must have been good for George [Betty's Son]—as it has been for me. If I only knew him improving, tho' ever so slowly, I should think of you in your new home with pleasure. Have you any snowdrops or crocuses in bloom? My Cousin Walter sent me a dozen snowdrops from Auchtertool in a Letter. They arrived as *flat* as could be; but when I put them in water, I could positively see them drinking and their little bellies rounding themselves out, till they looked as fresh as if they had been just brought in from the garden.

My kind regards to your Husband and George.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

John Welsh is still at Falmouth, not worse *he says*. But the Dr. thinks his case perfectly hopeless.

LETTER 198

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 12 May, 1859.

Dearest Mary—Had I been ever so well, I shouldn't have written till *you* wrote,—just to bring it home to your business and bosom how much easier it is to *keep out* of a long silence than to *get out* of it! For you couldn't but know very well, my Dear, that you were owing me a long Letter, in spite of your cool doubts as to whose turn it was! Indeed I was very cross with you, till I heard that

you had been ill with your stomach, and then I regretted that I had stood on my *rights of woman*, when I could so easily have written, on the voluntary principle. Especially as to answer your Letter at once on receiving it, was among the things forbidden to me. My dear, for weeks I have been forbidden to write, or read, or talk, or *think!* above all I was "on no account to *think!*" I might knit in my bed, if I liked, but nothing else. Besides swallowing tonics, wine, and "nourishing food" from morning till night,—and I might add, from night till morning,—and as I never had succeeded in learning to knit, and my Doctor "couldn't teach me" (which he excessively regretted), I had just to resign myself to be an idiot!

So, I have "had a Doctor after all!" Doctor Russell will say he had been right then, in telling me I "had never been very ill or I would have sent for a Doctor!" But let me tell *him* first *why* I sent for a Doctor on the present occasion. In the first place my head was getting *light*, which threatened to disable me from giving directions about *myself*; in the second place there was need of somebody *who knew* to explain to Mr. C. that if care were not taken, I should die of sheer weakness!—a thing which makes no show to inexperienced eyes,—especially to eyes blinded with incessant contemplation of Frederick the Great!*

* Carlyle was more aware, now and at all times, of his Jane's weakness and ill health than she imagined. There is scarcely a Letter of his to any member of his Family (and he wrote to one or other of them almost every day) in which he does not refer specifically to her state of health; and when she is at all seriously ill he gives details of her symptoms with a minuteness which is quite pathetic. Especially is this the case when he is writing to Dr. Carlyle,—a Physician in whom he still had a lingering hope. This will become apparent when Carlyle's Letters are published; meantime I may give an example or two applicable to Mrs. Carlyle's present illness,

So I sent for the *nearest* General Practitioner* (whom I knew to bow to, and had often been struck with the *human practical* look of); and he came, and more than realized my most sanguine expectations; not only making the danger of my situation *understood,* so that I was delivered from petty worries, and all that, but helping me *up* with strength, by medicines, and especially by giving me to understand that, if I did not *make* myself

which was not of a *very* serious nature, little more than the result of a bad cold, complicated by constitutional weakness and almost total loss of appetite.

On the 14th of April, a month before the date of the above Letter, he writes to Dr. Carlyle: "Poor Jane, I regret to say, as the worst item of all, has broken down at last: in the outburst of almost July *heat* last week but one, she *stripped* too suddenly, gradually got into a bad cold (accumulated peccancies, I have perceived, were there at any rate); and for the last four days, sleepless, foodless, coughing, tormented somewhere in the region of the *heart,* she has been as ill as I ever saw her. Not till this morning pretty late, could I flatter myself with the least sign of improvement; but now I do strive to believe we are round the corner again. She *has* eaten a particle of white fish (her own demand), and is lying quiet, with here and there a moment of sleep, which is better than none." He then goes on to ask Dr. Carlyle to look at Cressfield, a fine house in Dumfriesshire, then to let furnished. "I find," he writes, "I could for a certain *part* of my work, pack the necessary Books in something like compendious shape; and *write* in the country. At all events, to gather a little strength there would be very furthersome both for self and Partner."

Again on the 29th of April, he writes to Mrs. Aitken: "She (Jane) is close in her bed, with a Doctor watching over her,—a rather sensible kind of man, who comes daily, and gives little or no medicine, but prescribes food (or attempts at food), and above all things absolute *silence* and the steady endeavour to give a chance for *rest.* He does not seem alarmed about her general state; but says that of all the patients he has had she is the most *excitable,* and is so *weak* in bodily respects that she amazes him. As weak as an infant, poor little soul; and loaded daily (not in these days only) with such a burden of suffering, which she bears without quarrelling with it more! Yesterday I did not see her except once, so strict was her order for seclusion. She sleeps very little, but not absolutely none; it is the same with her eating.—I flatter myself, and the medical man flatters me, with the hope of seeing her *fairly* on the mending hand (as indeed, we hope she already intrinsically is) in the course of a few days more."

* Mr. Barnes.

eat, I should certainly die. The violent illness which had preceded this state of weakness I had treated he said quite right, but my "audacity was not a thing he would recommend me to repeat." During the three weeks that I saw him every day and was allowed to see no one else, I indeed took quite a serious attachment to him; and he finds me the very oddest patient he ever had. He now sits with me half an hour instead of the official three minutes. Another thing, he is not unlike Dr. Russell;—certainly far liker him than any other Medical Man in London.—But I am writing too long. I am in the drawing-room now, after three weeks' confinement to bed,—part of the day at least; and may see one person daily. And I am improving in strength slowly but steadily. So soon as I am up to moving, and the weather is warm, I must go, my Dr. says, to the seaside.—God bless you.

Affectionately,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 199

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Sunny Bank, Haddington, Sunday,
'27 June, 1859.'

My dearest Mary—You are not to fancy me indifferent to your kindness, writing so often when ill yourself. Such sympathy is not thrown away on me, tho' my long silence does not look like it. The fact is, I put off writing from day to day, that I might be able to tell you a conclusion was arrived at about our leaving home,—to tell you the *where* and *the when* of our going. . . . . That Lodging

which I think I told you of, in a Farmhouse at Aberdour (Fife) was decided on, and immediately we must carry out the decision. I was in the midst of packing and preparing for the defects of a lodging, and for the possibilities of thieves at home, when your last dear Letter reached me; and I tried sincerely to find a leisure hour to write to you before starting; but what with the dreadful quantity to be done and the next to no strength to do it with, I had to rest in the *intention*.

Last Wednesday morning I saw my Husband and maid, and horse and dog, fairly off at eight in the morning to *sail* to their destination. Myself set out at eight in the evening, to travel all night! with a slight hope of reaching Sunny Bank next morning—alive! It was my Doctor's opinion, as well as my own, that doing the whole journey at one fell rush, in the dark, would be less hurtful to me than attempting to sleep at Inns on the road, and getting myself agitated by changes. I am sure it was; and that the best was made of a bad job that could be made!

I arrived here on Thursday morning, aching all over with fatigue, as I never ached before in all my life; but my mind quite calm; and that is the chief thing I have to attend to. To-day is Sunday, and I have done nothing since I arrived but *rest!* My dear old ladies do everything on earth that is possible to strengthen and soothe me; and I am beginning to contemplate the remainder of the journey with some assurance of being able to accomplish it. On Tuesday I proceed to Fife, if all go well. My family are already established there in the Farmhouse,

and write to me satisfactory accounts of it. You shall hear about it from myself ere long.

I had a Letter from Mrs. Pringle inviting us in a self-devoted sort of way to come and recruit at Lann Hall. . . .

If I can get a glimpse of you and the Doctor I will have it. But for Lann Hall, it doesn't suit me. Good-bye, Darling. I can't get staying up-stairs long at a time: they send to ask if I am ill!

Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

Do tell me soon if you are better, poor Dear.

LETTER 200

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Humbie Farm, Aberdour, Fife, 11 July, 1859.

Dearest Mary—. . . Our lodging here is all, and more than all, that could be expected of seaside quarters. The beautifullest view in the created world! Rooms enough, well-sized, well-furnished, and quite clean; command of what Mr. C. calls "soft food," for both himself and horse. As for *me*, soft food is the last sort that I find useful. And as for air, there *can* be none purer than this, blowing from the Atlantic fresh on a hill-top! Decidedly there is everything here needed for happiness, but just *one* thing—the faculty of being happy! And *that* unfortunately, I had never much of in my best days; and in the days that are, it is lost to me altogether!

I have now been here a fortnight, and all that time have experienced no benefit from the change; indeed have felt weaker and more spiritless than before I left home.

At first I fancied myself suffering from the fatigues of the journey, but there has been time surely to recover from that; and I am not.

How are *you?* I daresay you suffer as much as I do; but you are more patient.

I have a dim recollection of having told you of a Letter I had from Mrs. Pringle inviting us in a grand manner to come and be *done* at Lann Hall. . . . You know she is going to be married to a Mr. Potts, or some such thing, one of her Trustees? As I don't know his position in society, I can't say if she has justified your Husband's opinion of her cleverness.

Good-bye, Dear. Love to your Husband. You have now no excuse for not writing, as you have my address,—once if not twice.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 201

To J. George Cooke, London.

Auchtertool House, Friday, '9 Sep., 1859.'

My dear Friend—. . .* I have had a piece of news on my mind for you these two weeks: little Miss Barnes (you remember her? Remember her? Will you ever forget her?) has found a Being she can love! and who—loves her!! And the marriage will take place soon! As odd as any other part of my news is that the little girl was moved in spirit to write and tell *me* of her happiness! I "had been so kind to her that evening," etc., etc. Indeed

*A part of what is omitted here is printed in *Letters and Memorials*, iii., 4.

the whole of her Letter, which is excessively sentimental, breathes a spirit of beautiful *humility* towards me, and of young-girl enthusiasm towards her lover and her Father and me and everybody! Now, will you ever judge from first impressions again? I could have taken my Bible oath that this little girl hadn't one spark of sentiment or humility (of all things) in her whole composition. I was as sure as if I had been "up thro' her and down thro' her with a lighted candle" (to use an Annandale expression).

Poor Geraldine! I wish, if a Doctor was needed, she would have consigned herself to Mr. Barnes. What do *you* think ails her? The Letter she wrote to me about her illness was so gay and amusing that I did not think it indicated much the matter; but I might have known by myself that the excitability of nerves which makes amusing Letters is very compatible with serious ailment.

I liked Mr. Mantell much when I saw him away out of the valley of the shadow of Geraldine. So did Mr. C. like him: "far too clever and *substantial* a man to be thrown away on a *flimsy tatter* of a creature like Geraldine Jewsbury,"* was his remark when he returned from "convoying" Mr. Mantell.

*This is hard measure for poor Geraldine! But Mrs. Carlyle's own opinion of her as expressed in another Letter from Fife to Mr. J. G. Cooke is quite as uncomplimentary. Mr. Cooke and Geraldine Jewsbury saw Mrs. Carlyle off, from the Railway Station in London, on this trip to Scotland. Mrs. Carlyle writes to him soon after reaching Humbie Farm, "I wondered, as much as you could do, what demon inspired the tasteless jest with which I bade you goodbye! in presence, too, of the most gossiping and romancing of all our mutual acquaintance."—The whole Letter is printed in *Letters and Memorials* ii., 396–9; but Carlyle's note on the MS. of the Letter, to the effect that the person referred to is Geraldine, has been omitted by Mr. Froude. (The Scotticism, acquaintance for acquaintances, is of frequent occurrence in Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.)

I am coming [home] before long. Mr. C. goes to Annandale, he thinks, the end of next week: I shall then get Charlotte packed off home to make ready for me; and follow myself, so as to be there a week before Mr. C. It were best I had time to rest before "my duties" (as Mrs. Godby would say) begin.

I was to have gone with him to Alderley (the Stanleys') but I have no spirit for late dinners and dressing, and all that sort of thing. So I will cut myself loose here. A day or two with my Aunts in Edinburgh, and with my old ladies at Haddington, will fill up all the time I shall have to dispose of.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 202

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, 24 September, 1859.

All right! I arrived soon after five last evening; having lost neither my head nor my luggage. But my tiredness! Heaven knows what it would have been had I come all the way at once! for each half of the journey was as much as I could bear.

I got little sleep at York, but no shame to Mrs. Scawin. For my bed proved most comfortable, not a "small being" molested me, of any sort; and the quietness was wonderful! Except that several times during the night the railway whistle seemed to *fill my room*, there wasn't a sound! It was merely the tumult of my own blood that kept me

waking. On the whole, this first experience of an Inn has been most encouraging; for I had every comfort, and the "*cha-a-rge*" was moderate. I had tea with plenty of warm muffins and eggs, a tumbler of white-wine negus and toast for supper, a breakfast quite sumptuous, whole roast fowl (cold), a tongue, eggs, etc. I had as many coals in my bedroom as kept the fire in all night; a pair of candles that I burnt down; and for all this, with beautiful rooms and a well-aired, clean bed, I was *cha-a-rged* just 9*s.* 2*d.*

I find the work here far advanced; all the floors scrubbed and the carpets down; Mrs. Southam having helped Charlotte, who was "dreadful tired," and afraid of your coming before she was ready. . . .

Mr. Larkin went to the Station to meet me; but we failed to meet. However, I managed well enough. He has just been here and says the horse was well two days ago, and has a very good stable and every attention at Silvester's. Charlotte was very frightened that the Prince's horse* might have "some bad complaint," as the people said on board it was ill; and to see the Prince's groom giving our horse water and corn "out of the same dishes which the other horse had used" alarmed her so much that she went to Silvester's after her arrival, and begged him to "give the horse some physic in case of his catching anything!!!"

Mrs. Gilchrist and then Mrs. Royston and then Mr. Larkin have been here to ask for me. . . .

* Which came from Granton to London on the same steamer with Fritz and Charlotte.

I don't feel to have got any cold; indeed the air is mild and warm here,—quite different from what I left at Haddington. . . .

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

P. S. —I took henbane last night, and got hardly any sleep, nevertheless.

LETTER 203

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.*

Chelsea, Friday, 'Autumn, 1859.'

Dearest Mary— . . . Did you see in your newspaper that Mr. Carlyle was made a "Knight of the White Falcon"? Consequently I am a Lady of the White Falcon! Charlotte told our charwoman, with great glee, that the Master might call himself "Sir Thomas, if he liked." "My!" said the charwoman, "then the Mistress is Lady, now!" "Yes," said Charlotte, "but she says she won't go in for it! Such a shame!"—The *Order,* however, which Mr. C. immediately made over to *me,* is beautiful! A solid enamelled White Falcon, on a green star, attached to a broad red ribbon. If I live ever to visit you again, I shall wear it, when you have Mrs. Kennedy and Robert M'Turk!

My poor little Dog is become a source of great sorrow; his tendency to asthma having been dreadfully developed since the Butcher's cart went over his throat. I have

* Dr. Russell's new house a little way out of Thornhill.

made him a little red cloak, and he keeps the house with *me*.

Love to the Doctor; remember me kindly to all my Thornhill friends. . . .

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 204

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill.

Chelsea, Monday, 'End of Jan'y, 1860.'

My dear Mary— . . . . The Gill fowls are always welcomed "in our choicest mood"; and the great currant-loaf has already received the compliment of having a good half slice of it swallowed down Mr. C.'s throat, to my immense surprise, for not only does he avoid all such "Dainties" as a general rule, but to-day in particular, his "interior" had been entirely "ruined" by a piece of pheasant he ate yesterday; and more than usual discretion was to have been expected of him! The fact is, he ate it out of affection for you, and as an expression of grateful feeling; not out of any real liking for currant-loaf, nor yet "as a melancholy distraction" (the motive he usually assigns for committing any extravagance in eating,— breaking into green pears, and such like!) Thank you much! You are the same dear, kind Mary always!

We are only *subsiding* still from the glories of the Grange and from the indigestions! Not that *my* individual digestion has been disturbed by the visit. I frankly confess that "French Cookery" agrees with *me* remarkably well! and that I can drink Champagne to dinner every

day, not only without hurt, but with benefit to my health. Then it is cheering to get out of the "valley of the shadow" of *Frederick the Great* for even eight days! And it is wonderfully pleasant to live in a house where, by means of hot-water pipes, there is the temperature of Summer in the dead of Winter! not to speak of the brilliant talk, and the brilliant diamonds, and the brilliant ever-so-many things! which, tho' "the flames o' Hell" *may* certainly "come and burn it a' up!" is very pretty and pleasant "in the meanwhile!" All the prettier for *me*, that I have lived more like "owl in desert" of late years, than like an unfeathered, articulate-speaking woman! haunted every day and all by the ghost of Frederick the Great! And so I was unusually well at the Grange; and came home in better case than I left it! and much pleased with the new Lady, who was kindness's self! A really amiable, loveable woman she seems to be; much more intent on making her visitors at their ease and happy, than on shewing off *herself*, and attracting admiration.

It was in sickening apprehension that I arrived at my own door, however. I had left my poor wee Dog so ill of old age, complicated with asthma, that I doubted that I should find him alive! It was the first time for eleven years that his welcoming bark had failed me! Was he really dead, then? No! strange to say, he was actually a little better and had run up the kitchen stairs to welcome me as usual; but there he had been arrested by a paroxysm of coughing, and the more he tried to shew his joy the more he could not do it!

Mr. C. keeps insisting on "a little prussic acid" for

him! At the same time he was overheard saying to him in the garden one day, "Poor little fellow! I declare I am heartily sorry for you! If I *could* make you young again, upon my soul I *would!*" And now, good-bye, dear Mary. . .

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 205

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 24 February, 1860.

Dearest Mary—If you are going to make a jacket the sooner you have the pattern the better; for the sooner you begin, as I know, you will be the sooner ended. So I won't put off more time, waiting for a day of leisure enough to write you a good long Letter; but take my chances of interruption, which are rather many just now.

I wish I was beside you to help you with the jacket, in the way of delivering a lecture on the paper illustration [enclosed]. You will need some directions, and I must give them, as well as I can at this distance. . . .

For the rest: I am still not laid up, but going out for a drive twice a week, and sometimes, for a short walk. But if I am less ill than usual this Winter, I am more than usually sorrowful. For I have lost my dear little companion of eleven years' standing: my little Nero is dead! And the grief his death has caused me has been wonderful even to myself. His patience and gentleness, and loving struggle to do all his bits of duties under his painful illness,

up to the last hour of his life, was very strange and touching to see, and had so endeared him to everybody in the house, that I was happily spared all reproaches for wasting so much feeling on a dog. Mr. C. couldn't have reproached me, for he himself was in tears at the poor little thing's end! and his own heart was (as he phrased it) "unexpectedly and distractedly torn to pieces with it!" As for Charlotte, she went about for three days after with her face all swollen and red with weeping. But on the fourth day she got back her good looks and gay spirits; and much sooner, Mr. C. had got to speak of "poor Nero," composedly enough. Only to *me*, whom he belonged to and whom he preferred to all living, does my dear wee dog remain a constantly recurring blank, and a thought of strange sadness! What *is* become of that little, beautiful, graceful *Life*, so full of love and loyalty and sense of duty, up to the last moment that it animated the body of that little dog? Is *it* to be extinguished, abolished, annihilated in an instant, while the brutalized, two-legged, so-called human creature who dies in a ditch, after having outraged all duties, and caused nothing but pain and disgust to all concerned with him,—is he to live forever? It is impossible for me to believe *that!* I couldn't help saying so in writing to my Aunt Grace, and expected a terrible lecture for it. But not so! Grace, who had been fond of my little dog, couldn't find in her heart to speak unkindly on his subject, nay, actually gave me a reference to certain verses in *Romans* which *seemed* to warrant my belief in the immortality of animal life as well as human. One thing is sure, anyhow: my little dog is buried at the

top of our Garden: and I grieve for him as if he had been my little human child. Love to the Doctor, and a kiss to yourself.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 206

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Wednesday, '6 June, 1860.'

Dearest Mary—I am really terrified just now to hear the Postman's rap and to open a Letter! One death after another, in which I have an interest more or less deep, has followed, till it is borne in on me that every Letter I receive, especially in an unknown handwriting, must be either an "Intimation," or news of deadly illness! Two, within the last week, of my oldest friends gone! And one of these so unexpectedly; for I had heard quite recently of Robert M'Turk,* both from you and from Mrs. Pringle (Potts), and both reported him so well! Mrs. P. said, I remember, that he was "the one flourishing man in that quarter." Too flourishing! I take it for granted that he died of apoplexy. The other, my dear old Miss Jess Donaldson's death, was not unexpected for me. Since the older Sister went, hardly two months ago, I felt sure the other would soon follow,—the *one* interest and occupation and companionship in life that had kept her from sinking under a complication of ailments (the worst of them *old age*), being withdrawn,—what indeed remained for that poor old solitary life-long invalid but

*An early lover of Miss Welsh, when she was "an extremely absurd little girl." See *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 392.

to die? Those who loved her best could not wish her life prolonged in such suffering and desolation! But it was so *sudden* a death at the last, almost without any increase of illness,—a slight cold, that would not have killed a baby, killed *her*, worn to a shred as she was! And there were circumstances which made the suddenness a great shock to me, tho' both expecting and wishing she might not live long. . . .

Will you write and tell me anything you know about Robert M'Turk's death; and how that poor little sweet invalid woman is bearing it? Surely it will be *her* death too! for he seemed to carry her thro' life in his arms. I would like to write to her, just to say how sorry I am. But I am afraid of her being too ill to find a line from me anything but intrusive. There are some griefs too cruel for being touched even with a word of sympathy; and it seems to me this of hers must be such! Love to your Husband.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

My Husband is working himself to death; has no thought of going North this year! And I shall not dare to leave him in his present way. I cannot make him take care of himself: but I can put all sorts of hindrances in the way of his absolutely killing himself.

LETTER 207

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Chelsea, Saturday, 11 Aug., 1860.

My dear Jean—. . . I will inclose you a Note I

had from Sir George Sinclair, which will put you in heart about Mr. C.'s situation up there.* Even from the one Letter I have had from himself since his arrival, it appears that his circumstances are as favourable for the purposes he had in view as could have well been found in a conditional world.

I trust in God he will get calmed down, by a good long stay there; and come back with a thicker skin than he took away! This Book has been far *too long* a piece of work for him,—to say nothing of its difficulty.

I don't know what I am going to do with *myself* yet. His nervous state had acted upon me, till I was become more sleepless and agitated than himself! And I was on the verge of complete break-down into serious illness when Mr. C. left, and my Doctor took me in hands. To judge from the amount of "composing draughts" given me (three in a day!), I must have been very near boiling over and blowing my lid off! He (the Doctor) forbade my leaving home for the present; and I shall await his permission before going anywhere. He is both a skilful and honest man, and would *not* keep me here for the sake of running up a bill!—But I do feel a great longing to be on the top of a hill somewhere, to breathe more freely.—I will tell you my plans when I have any. What a nice little woman Mrs. Symington is! I liked her much better than *him*. James† might have called and reported himself at Cheyne Row. But I find him, *socially* speaking, a most impracticable youth! I wish he could fall in love!

* At Thurso Castle, John o'Groat's.
† Mrs. Aitken's eldest son, then living in London.

That would be the making of him, if he did it *wisely* and not *too well*.—Kind regards to your Husband.

Yours, faithfully,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 208

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Alderley Park, 24 August, 1860.

Dearest Mary—You must be thinking me a little insane; and you won't be far from the truth! I have really been driven nearly beside myself by a complication of things,—a serious and most ill-timed illness included. My Dear, after one has gone for a week almost entirely without sleep, and almost entirely without other nourishment than brandy and water, one may be pardoned some omissions!

Besides, till I had really got myself started, and found myself thus far alive, and life-like, I couldn't have answered your dear kind Letter to any definite purpose. It depended altogether on how I stood the first half of the journey to Scotland, whether I undertook the other, or returned to Chelsea, where I should at least not trouble my friends with my ailments.

I came off so suddenly at the last, and had such a quantity of things to do in a hurry, with no strength to do them, that I did not get my Exodus announced to even my Husband!* and absurd as I feel it, after demand-

* This was an unlucky omission; for Carlyle, in ignorance of his Wife's departure from Chelsea, wrote her a Letter in which he said he was about to leave Thurso (where he was staying as

ing an immediate answer from *you*, to let my own next communciation linger so long, I was obliged to just accept the absurdity! When you hear all my history of late weeks you will not wonder that I should have failed in writing, so much as that I should have failed in *dying*, or going out of my mind.

the guest of Sir George Sinclair), and "sail South." This Letter, addressed to Cheyne Row, did not reach Mrs. Carlyle till the 25th of August, by which time she was at Alderley Park in Cheshire on a visit to Lady Stanley. She seems to have jumped to the conclusion that "sailing South" meant sailing to London, instead of to Leith, as Carlyle intended. Had he dreamed of the possibility of her being from home, he would doubtless have been more specific. She hurried back to London; and on hearing that he was coming only as far as Dumfriesshire, for the present, she wrote him a series of angry Letters (printed with many important and unmarked omissions in *Letters and Memorials*, iii., 47–55), which are little to her credit. Carlyle took his scolding kindly and patiently; but he does venture to hint that she had been "precipitate," and had perhaps herself "lost heart for further travel." With some vehemence Jane resented and protested against the suggestion; but a careful study of all the Letters she wrote, about this time, and a consideration of the circumstances in which she was placed, show pretty clearly that Carlyle was quite right in his surmise: (1), She had left her house in charge of a servant whose honesty she suspected, and who did very soon become a convicted thief. She was uneasy at having left this person in such a responsible position; and she explains to Mrs. Russell (in Letter 213, *post*) that this "was one of the things" she "had to hurry home for." (2), She feared the Gill would be unattractive and dull; for in a passage omitted from Letter 221 (*Letters and Memorials*, iii., 35) she had written, "But decidedly, mooning about all by myself, at the Gill, and lapping milk, which doesn't agree with me, and being stared at by the Gill children as their 'Aunt!' is not the happy change for which I would go far, much as I like Mary Austin, and like to speak with her *for a few hours* [the italics are Mrs. Carlyle's]. Now if I had it in my power to go on to you for a week or so from the Gill, . . . the pleasure of a week with you and the Doctor would counterbalance the tedium of a week at the Gill; and I could break the long journey by staying a few days at Alderley Park." (3), But *after* accepting Lady Stanley's invitation and *after* having made preparation for leaving London, she learnt that Mrs. Russell's "spare room" was occupied by another guest,—a lady,—who might stay for an indefinite time. Mrs. Carlyle expresses her dislike to being a second guest at Mrs. Russell's; and evidently feared that if she took the long journey to Scotland she might have to spend all her time at the Gill!—She was the unfortunate victim of circumstances. No one was to blame more than herself. The chief regret is that her impatient and angry Letters were ever published!

But to the purpose: I am thus far safe; and tho' the journey tired me excessively, I have been improving every hour since. Lady Stanley and her Daughters are charming people, and as kind to me, and considerate, as it is possible to be. Last night I got the first *human* sleep that I have had these six weeks! And I expect to be quite in heart for proceeding to the Gill next week. Will you kindly address a line to me there, "Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Cummertrees, Annan," for next Wednesday, telling me *when* your friend's visit terminates. For one of us at a time, I should say, would be quite enough for you. And of course, I should rather be alone with you, than with you in the presence of a third person.—

I have to write to Mr. Carlyle; and my Doctor's last words to me were to "beware of overworking that excited brain of yours." So I will leave all the rest till we meet.

I feel very happy at the thought of seeing the Doctor and you again.—God bless you for your warm assurance of welcome.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 209

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

Alderley Park, 25 Aug., 1860.

Oh, my dear Mary! I am so very sorry! Instead of telling you the specific time of my arrival at the Gill, I have to tell you the unexpected, and to me very disappointing, news, that I cannot get there at all!

A Letter from Mr. C. this morning has knocked all my Scotch project on the head, remorselessly. He is

evidently coming back to Chelsea by the next Steamer! and the house is by no means left in a state fit to receive him! And there is no servant there at present who can make the necessary preparations. . . .

I feel myself a very unfortunate and rather injured woman, for the moment.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 210

The following Letter from Sir George Sinclair (Carlyle's host at Thurso Castle) to Mrs. Carlyle, who had written to him also, in the mocking, satirical vein, is interesting enough for reproduction here.

Sir George Sinclair to Mrs. Carlyle.

Thurso Castle, 7 September, 1860.

My dear Mrs. Carlyle—My heart is very much saddened whilst I announce to you the termination of a visit by which I have been equally honoured and gratified. My very dear and valued friend sailed from Scrabster harbour this morning at 9, accompanied by my daughter and granddaughter and Mr. Stephens, a young acquaintance of theirs. He was in good spirits and assured me that, altho' "wearisome nights had been appointed him" for some time previous to his departure from the South, he had enjoyed an uninterrupted measure of repose and tranquility from the day on which he first "laid his head upon the pillow" beneath this roof.

He has rendered himself a universal favourite with all the inmates of this house, young and old, male and female,

high and low. For *all* he had a kind word, and a willing ear, and could accommodate his conversation with equal capacity and cheerfulness, to the habits, occupations and predilections of auditors the most widely differing from each other in all their elements of thought, action and experience. His absence will leave a blank in my daily arrangements and pursuits, which cannot be supplied, or cease to be felt and lamented. There never passed between us the most transient feeling of discord or impatience; and much as I admired his genius, I was even more fascinated by the strong undercurrent of tenderness and sympathy, which a superficial or commonplace observer might be unable to discover, appreciate or respond to. His allusions to yourself always indicated the strength of his affection, and his unwavering conviction that you have no object so much at heart as that of promoting his happiness, and consulting his wishes.

If I should live another year, I cherish an anxious hope that you may *both* devote the summer and autumnal months to a residence in this house,—unless you can find another where you will receive a heartier welcome, or where a more lively desire will be felt to render your sojourn agreeable and not unprofitable.

Allow me to express my best thanks for your gratifying Letter, which reached me yesterday, and which conveyed to me so graphic and interesting an account of your adventures and anxieties.

Believe me to remain, with sincere regard,

My dear Mrs. Carlyle, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

LETTER 211

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Wednesday, 12 Sep., 1860.

There! I *am* good you see! I don't wait till I have heard from Scotsbrig, but write on the voluntary principle to reassure your mind on that "blue paint,"* in case it have taken effect on it! I myself had some apprehension that so magical a cure of the sore throat would cost me something in shock to the stomach or system. But no such thing! I have been better than usual in every way.

To-day I am going for a drive in my neat Fly, and have undertaken to make out the failed appointment with Fuz [John Forster] on Friday. Mrs. Forster came over to arrange it the same day she got my Note of apology.

Mrs. Gilchrist is coming home, which I am rather glad of.

The new servant is a success, I think. I shall bring home the girl next week. I am sure that my sleep has been much improved by the substitution of Charlotte *Secunda* for "old Jane." The worry and Disgust that old humbug occasioned me just on the back of so much other worry, was dreadfully bad for my worn out nerves!

Geraldine has been very obliging and attentive, but Oh Heaven! what a fuss she does make with everything she does! and how wonderfully little sense she has! As a sample of her practical conduct: the unlucky day

*A bottle of medicine resembling blue paint, prescribed by Mr. Barnes.

we went to Norwood, she left behind her at the Hotel, a silk neckerchief and an aluminum brooch (a love token from Mr. Barlow!): on Monday she returned by herself to the Norwood Hotel to try and recover her lost goods, —which had been taken care of and were honestly restored. On the way home she left her new silk parasol in the Railway waitingroom!!! She bragged to me that she had gone Second Class. I asked her what the saving was. When she came to calculate, it was found the "cha-arge" First Class (with a return ticket) was eighteen pence,—the charge by Second Class was ninepence—but ninepence *each way*, there being no return-ticket for the Second Class. So she had paid precisely the same!!

Oh what dreadful pens I have to write with in your absence! Love to Jamie and Jenny.

Yours ever,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 212

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, '20 Sep., 1860.'

I do hate, Dear, to tell about myself every day! as if I were "the crops," or something of that sort. When "I'se no better, I'se ashamed to say it"; and when I *am* better I'se equally ashamed to be cackling about my wellness; and so I shall be glad when you can see with your own eyes how I am, instead of my telling you in words.

Meanwhile I have to-day to inform you that I am in what poor Hunt called a "very Irish state of health," "only middling!" I didn't sleep so well as the previous night; and got up with a headache, which is not gone yet. But I have had a good dinner of "sweetbread," and expect a sleep by and by.

Don't be afraid that I will go to Mrs. Godby; I am not in a condition to be of any use to them, and have no notion of going out of my way for the fuss of the thing, like Geraldine. At present I don't even know when I shall be *let go out*. Mr. Larkin went yesterday and brought me a Note from Mrs. Binnie. The Doctors think the poor soul still in great danger; but have hope (they had none at first) of her recovery.

Mr. Barlow has brought me a pretty gold brooch from Paris; and gave it to me as a "keepsake in the prospect of his death any day." He gets more and more palsied, and his mind too is much enfeebled; but the perfect gentleman still looks pathetically out thro' all his infirmities; and he will allow none of us to bother. He admits, if you question him, that "paralysis is gradually carrying him off," but you are not expected to look more grave for that; and for the rest, he seems as *prepared* as the most "professing Christians."

The Duke of ——— sent back your Books unpaid (carriage 1s. 9d.). I thought it was *game*, when that money was demanded, and was so provoked to see our own Books!—God be with you!

Ever yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 213

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, Monday, '22 Oct., 1860.'

Now, Dearest Mary, suppose you were to write me a Letter? It is *your* turn. But perhaps, and very likely, you think my Letters this good while back haven't deserved to be counted,—have been so hurried and unsatisfactory that you are only nominally in my debt. I am somewhat of that opinion myself! But what could I do, you see? A nice, long, comfortable Letter couldn't proceed out of a hurried and unsatisfactory state of mind. And what with illnesses—one on the back of another—and worries all in a heap, I should have been more than mortal to have preserved my equanimity thro' the last three or four months!

. . . And during this wretched time, a change of servants had to be transacted! Had I foreseen it at the time, I would have kept on with poor little Charlotte; for tho' she was needing to be put under some *stricter* superintendence than mine, still she was and is warmly attached to us;—and loving kindness at such a time was to have been kept near me, tho' accompanied with ever such *muddle!* But things were going on as usual when I gave her warning and engaged a so-called "Treasure"* in her stead. I had also a girl who was to come on Mr. C.'s return,—the *Treasure* being 71 years old, and requiring to be supplied with a pair of *young legs*. Well, my Dear, the

*Called "Old Jane." This was the servant Mrs. Carlyle engaged just before leaving for Alderley.

Treasure for whom I was remodelling my "establishment," turned out,—as Treasures are too apt to do,—an arrant old humbug! Couldn't speak a word of *truth;* couldn't even *cook*, and finished off by stealing eight bottles of ale!—a great comfort for poor Charlotte, who came and nursed me, and cooked all my food when I was too ill to take care of myself. I was weak enough to *wish* to take her (Charlotte) back, but not weak enough to *do it! She*, who couldn't rule *herself*, would have made a sad mess of ruling a girl nearly her own age. So I had to engage a middle-aged servant to be *head* to the girl. Both of whom were installed on my return from Alderley; and the old Treasure dismissed with *not* a blessing. That was one of the things I had to hurry home for.

So now I am mistress of *two* servants,—and ready to hang myself! Seriously, the change is nearly intolerable to me, tho' both these women are *good* servants, *as servants go.* But the *two-ness!* the "much ado about nothing!" I hate, and cannot use myself to it. With *one* servant,—especially with one *Charlotte*, we were *one* family in the House; *one* interest and *one* Power! Now it is as if I had taken in *Lodgers* for down-stairs; and had a *flight of crows* about me up-stairs! I ring my bell, this one answers, but it is the "other's business" to do what I want. Then the solemn consultations about "*your* dinner" and "*our* dinner," the everlasting smell of fresh turpentine, without anything looking cleaner than it used to be; the ever-recurring "we," which in little Charlotte's mouth meant Master and Mistress and self; but in the mouth of the new tall Charlotte means,—most decidedly "I and Sarah."

Although you have had *two women* yourself, you can't understand the abstract disagreeableness of two,—any two,—London servants in one's kitchen. A maid-of-all-work, even in London, will tolerate your looking after her, and directing her; but a "cook" and "housemaid" will stand no interference; you mustn't set foot in your own kitchen, unless you are prepared for their giving warning! Either of these servants by herself, provided she were up to the general work of the house (which neither of them is), I could be tolerably comfortable with. But together, O dear me! Shall I ever get used to it? In sleepless nights I almost resolve to clear the premises of them both, and take back little Charlotte, who has kept hanging on at her Mother's all these months in the wild hope that one or other of these women would break down, and she be taken in her stead. "What a fool that girl is," said tall Charlotte to me one day: "I told her she should look out for a place, that a nice-looking healthy girl like her would easily find one; and she answered, 'Oh, yes! I may get plenty of places, but never a *home* again, as I have had here,'" (meaning with us). Tall Charlotte could see only folly in such attachment. "She is very different from I am," said she; "if people hadn't been satisfied with *me*, it's little I should care about leaving them!" That I can well believe!

And now, surely I have given you enough of my household worry. I hear such charming accounts of the beauty of your new house, and the warmth of your old kindness! Do write me a nice long Letter, and mind to tell me about poor little Mrs. M'Turk, whom I often think of with deep

sympathy.—I sent Mrs. Grierson a Book of Poems the other day, which struck me as quite her style of thing.

Love to the Doctor.

Your ever affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 214

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, 'Jan. or Feb., 1861.'

Dearest Mary—I think it was I who wrote *last;* and in that belief, with the spirit proper to a native of a Commercial Country, I have been resting on my oars till I should get your answer. But to-day, while thinking of you and wondering why you didn't write, it suddenly came to my mind that in my last Letter I had engaged to write again from the Grange. Did I? I am not *sure* whether or no! I have the worst memory of all the women I know; for not only do I forget utterly particulars of quite recent date, but I *remember* particulars of no date at all! that is to say, imagine to remember *minutely* things that never happened,—never were!! Since I became aware, by repeated experience, of this freak of memory in me, I have felt a toleration which I never felt before for—"white liars!" Perhaps they are merely unfortunate people with memories like *mine!* But no matter about that just now. I was going to say that whether I did or didn't engage to write again, the mere doubt is sufficient basis to write upon, *instanter.* And it was not much of a

forget in me not writing from the Grange, as you will admit when I tell you that we staid at the Grange only four days! . . .

Oh, I got such a start followed by such a shock the other day! Sarah, throwing the door wide open, announced clear and loud, "Dr. Russell!" I sprang to my feet with an exclamation of joy, and all but rushed into the arms of a man, *not very unlike* your Husband, but a man whom I should never have been tempted to *embrace* in his own person! The disappointment was too marked for passing unobserved; and I didn't smooth it off much by saying, "Oh, I thought it was a Dr. Russell that is a very dear friend of mine!" "Which means that you don't consider *me* as such!" was the somewhat offended answer. And this was the second time the same disappointment had been caused by the same man!

Won't you soon get the photographing Barber (or Saddler?) at Thornhill to do Holm Hill for my Gallery of Sentiment?

Remember me kindly to all my friends.

Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 215

To Mrs. Cooke, Mount Street.

Chelsea, Thursday, 9 May, 1861 (?)

Goodness, no! Don't let that poor little girl [Margaret] take the long journey here *again* "under difficulties"! We have said to one another all that was to be said, except

just fixing the day for her coming; and she can tell me *that*, when she knows it, thro' *you*.

Miss Gooseberry [Geraldine Jewsbury] has been staying at Lady X——'s, while her Ladyship was away at the races, "taking care of" Miss Something! What an idea of a destitute girl that gives one—*Geraldine* called in to *take care of her!*

Tell Margaret to take it all quietly; I am not in any violent hurry. It is but doing for a day or two what I used to do all the days of the year, and for years on years, viz., dusting about a little *myself*.

Yours ever,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 216

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Wellington Crescent, Ramsgate,
Thursday, '8 Aug., 1861.'

Just returned from Margate, tired, damp, cross! weak brandy-and-water "thrown into the system," and dinner in prospect,—nothing else in prospect! For to-day it rains by fits and starts, and having no change of clothes with us we may not risk being wet through. So we got down out of the Ramsgate omnibus at Margate only to go into another omnibus going straight back.

But I liked the appearance of Margate,—as seen from the omnibus,—better than this place, and will go again to-morrow to view it in detail, if the weather take up. I am solemnly invited to take dinner-tea with the Hepworth

Dixons at Margate on Saturday; but have held stiffly to my purpose of taking tea at Cheyne Row on that evening,—to Geraldine's marked displeasure, who delights in persuading people to alter their plans for the mere pleasure and pride of overpersuading them.

Good Heavens! who think you passed our windows this instant, with a profligate little pipe in his mouth? Your hump-back hairdresser, the beetle-destroyer! *That* is the sort of gentry that congregate here! I never saw so vulgar a place! Neither did I ever hear so noisy a place. But there need be no reflexions for want of sea air. The air is heavenly.

Our tea-party was of the dullest,—when the eating part of it was over! I was forcibly reminded of poor Plattnauer's temptations of long ago, to "take up the poker and knock out the brains of that man!"

However, my mouthful of "change" has answered the end. That horrid sickness has kept quite off since I have been here. Like the Parrot sent down into the kitchen "because it moped and wanted a change," I have "come round finely." For how long?

I see you are going all wrong; proofsheets till one! and to bed "shivery!" That is the way you bring yourself to ruin!

Have you perhaps heard of the American battle?* No?

Don't expect me to dinner on Saturday; and don't *wait* tea.

Yours,

J. W. C.

* Battle of Bull Run.

LETTER 217

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Monday, '14 April, 1862.'

Dearest Mary—It has been in my head to write to you these three weeks. But I have put off and put off, waiting for a livelier mood, which has never come, and looks no nearer; so I write now in the mood that is,—a dismal one—rather!

You have probably seen in the Newspapers the death of Elizabeth Pepoli. To the best of my recollection, when I wrote to you last, I told you how sad it made me to go and find her always so evidently ill, and getting worse and worse; yet shutting herself up in her proud stoicism from even *me*, her friend of so many years, and, as I still felt sure, the most trusted friend she had in London. But her stoicism had to give way at last, poor Dear! When she was seized with violent pain and absolutely could not get out of bed. She then wrote to me a few blotted lines, the very handwriting of which showed how far gone she was, begging me to send her *my* doctor—the fine Physician from Town, whom she would only see rarely, having "done her no good." I went to her immediately, and my Doctor went;—and his first words to me when he left her room were, "The thing which ails this friend of yours is —old age! and you know whether there be any cure for *that!*"

Still he gave me hopes that she might rally a little, for *a while*. And she *did* seem slightly better for the new diet and medicines. But to see her *all alone* there in such a

critical state was very miserable for me. She was at last persuaded to let her Sister, Miss Jessie, come from Italy;—any of them would have been only too glad to come long before, had she not misled them to believe her nearly well! To Pepoli she had sent no such permission, not wishing him to "leave his affairs in Bologna to wait upon *her*." But he was telegraphed to by Mr. Fergus from another Italian City; and started half an hour after, and travelled without rest till he arrived at her bedside, which he hardly ever left for the next three days, when she died. Certainly he *looked* the most devoted of husbands. And although dreadfully displeased at his coming *she* seemed glad enough to have him, after a little while. Miss Fergus came two days after him. So she was surrounded by friends, as she ought to be, at the last.

After the Sister's coming, I went seldomer; for a fortnight before, I had been with her every day. But she did not feel my visits made superfluous by the presence of the others. The cook told my maid that "the Countess had been crying out for Mrs. Carlyle." And the *last* day I saw her, tho' her mind was wandering, she was so sweet and loving to me like her old self! That was a comfort! And tho' I am very sorrowful just now about her loss,—such an old and true friend,—still I *know* in my heart that her living on *in infirmity* was not to be wished for. For her of all people! with a Husband still in middle age, on whom she could *never* have reconciled herself to the idea of being a burden!

This business made me poorly, you may conceive; and I accepted an offer made providentially just then, to be

taken for three days to Hastings. The sea air did me the good it always does, and I took "penny-worths of it," like old Mrs. Kepburn of Thornhill,—with better success, however. The last two or three days of intense cold and East wind have undone the benefit for the present. But this sort of thing won't last, it is to be hoped.

Wasn't I enchanted to get a Note from your Husband! and yet if I had known *he* was to take the trouble of thanking me for that Book, I doubt if I should have ventured to address it to him. I have learnt from my own Husband, a perfectly sacred respect for the *time* of *men!*

The two numbers of the Story* I sent you the other day will be followed up to the end; and I am sure you will like it, and even the Doctor may read it with satisfaction. The Author is one of the best Novelists of the day.

Of course I had no photographs of Mr. C. or myself, or you should have received them by return of post. Plenty of Photographers have offered to bring their apparatus to the house, to *do* Mr. C. But he won't be done! that, like everything else with him, is postponed "till his Book is finished." As for me, *my* photograph has been waiting these two years, till I looked a little less haggard! But I put it to you, if at my age one is likely to *improve* by *keeping!* Good-night. I am feeling as if I were all made up of separate particles of glass; a nice state! so I will go to bed soon. Love to the Doctor.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

* The Story was probably "Denis Duval," by Thackeray.

LETTER 218

To John Forster.

Chelsea, 'Spring, 1862.'

Dear Friend—You *were* good-natured, upon my honour, to call at that woman's on your way to the Railway. I have got my skirt—and got my Note of apology.

Now, seeing how energetically you do commissions for one, I bethink me to countermand the half-dozen bottles of whisky. I shouldn't in any lifetime that can possibly remain for me, use up six bottles for the original purpose* I mentioned; the greater part would expect to get itself applied internally; and for whisky to *drink* I should like to be sure of its goodness, in the first instance! And upon my life, I believe *I* am a better judge of whisky than any Miss Stewart that ever was put together! So my revised idea is that you shall order the whisky "all to yourself," and then let me taste it, and if I like it, Mr. C. can send for some gallons! *One* manifest advantage in this course is that *Mr. C.* would pay for the whisky instead of *my* having to pay for it out of my housekeeping money. *He* orders and pays all the wine and spirits consumed in the house,—a N. B. for his Biography!

I mean to leave your dozen pipes to-day with this Note at your lodgings.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE B. W. CARLYLE.

* "The dozen pipes" I dimly remember; but except that it *seems* 12 to 20 years ago, and *is* perhaps 12 or more, can give no date.
The whisky, I think, was in use for the skin; sometimes, more rarely, a spoonful of it in punch as a soporific. Her Mother, who had one of the tenderest and finest of skins, was sometimes obliged in bad frosty weather, to wash with mere whisky (a sponge and towel) for days and days.—T. C.

LETTER 219

We were with the Ashburtons, she first for a week, or more, then both of us for perhaps a week longer. *Ay de mi!* 29 Oct., 1869).—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

West-Cliff Hotel, Folkestone, 29th June, 1862.

My Dear—I don't know what would have become of me, if it hadn't been for Miss Davenport Bromley, whom I met on the platform at Folkestone Station! The heavens had chosen that particular moment to pour down a deluge! I had taken no umbrella, and no outer wrappage; no "carriage" was waiting, nor servant. But Miss Bromley was also bound for Lady Ashburton's; and her maid plunged about and procured a Fly, to which we had to walk some space as thro' a waterfall; and in which we were packed all too close for my wetted velvet cloak,—the wreck of which was total! It was a bad beginning; and I am very sorry about my poor cloak, which is not fit to be put on again! and which I got from dear Lady Sandwich. But I suppose I should be thankful that I didn't catch a great cold besides!—N. B.—Not to travel again without umbrella; not to have a cloak again which is spoilable by rain; and not to put any dependence on Lady A.'s memory.

I found Lord Ashburton on crutches; Baby* better; and the Lady improving. Miss Anstruther, the Niece, is here; and Miss D. Bromley, who is amiable and an acquisition. Lady A. asked. "*Did* I think you would

* The Hon. Mary Baring, the late Marchioness of Northampton.

come?" and said she "almost expected to see you *with me!*" Still she didn't give me the idea of having expected you, or exactly *meaning* you to come just at this moment. Perhaps the party is as large as the premises admit of; but I shall watch and ascertain *if possible* her precise meaning. Perhaps she would like best that you came when I went home.

It is a wonderfully quiet house to be a hotel. My room was undisturbed till the servants came into the adjoining sittingrooms in the morning, except for Baby, who is located overhead, and who appeared to have more than one bad dream; when nurses tramped about to the rescue, and Baby's cries rose to a pitch!

The objection to the bedroom for *you* would be only the *light*; there is a white muslin blind, and white muslin window curtains over a rather large window. But you could pin up your railway rug, as you have done ere now.

The surrounding country, so far as I have seen yet, from the windows, is flat and prosaic; the sea not so near as one could wish; and the weather being dull, not clearly definable from the sky. It isn't to be compared to Hastings as a place! Still a day or two by the sea anywhere, would do you good. If Lady A. would only say frankly what she wishes as to both of us! instead of leaving one to guess! I haven't a notion whether she expects *me* to stay two days or two weeks or what!—And I shall have to find out before I can feel any pleasure in being here. What I should like to do is just to stay

half as long as she means me to stay. For the rest, she is as kind as kind can be; and the sea air always revives me,—at first. And Kate is very attentive,—brought me a cup of tea at eight o'clock, in my bed.

I do hope you will be properly *fed!* Elizabeth is very anxious to do right, and will attend to every wish you express,—if you will only give her brief and plain directions.

. . . And now I shall go and take a little walk before the rain comes, which I see in the wind.

Ever yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 220

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Tuesday, 12 Aug., 1862

There, Dear! You would get a Letter "next morning" after all! From *here* it would have been impossible. But I told Jean to rush home and write to you. And she was sure to do it! She was to tell you that I had got to Dumfries, at least, without a turned feather! really not physically tired the least in the world,—only worried morally with the confusion of the business at Carlisle and with the longest Roman-nose I had ever seen in this world, and a pair of cruel close-together eyes over it, which fronted me from Rugby to Carlisle and magnetised me antipathetically!

It was very cheering to see the face of Mary, looking in thro' the glass dimmed with human breath, at Ruthwell! (I had been forced into the middle seat, and the wretches

would keep both windows shut to within an inch at the top,—so I hadn't been able to wave my pockethandkerchief opposite the Gill, as I had meant to do; and was not sure whether there was a figure on the *knowe* or not!) It was such an old *wrinkled* face, and was so full of disappointment for the moment! She had not recognised me under the spicy little black hat and white feather! But I flew at the window, and without even a "pardon me," dashed it down, and Mary clambered up like a cat, and we kissed with enthusiasm regardless of consequences! It was only a minute's interval; but if short it was sweet, and I went on the cheerier for it, tho' aware I couldn't reach Thornhill till *nine*,—exactly an hour late, "owing to the 12th of August" being next day.

At Dumfries I found Jean, and her Husband and eldest Daughter; and the carriage being then cleared of all but myself, and the time longer, we had plenty of talk: and I took tea with them! ! It was the most practically kind thing I ever saw Jean do. She had actually brought a little jar of "warm tea—at least it had been warm when they left home an hour before,"* and a tumbler to drink it from, and some sweet biscuits which I pretended to eat, but stowed slyly into my bag. And then she would be in time to write to *you*; so "altogether" "it was a good joy." I was apparently the only soul in the train at Thornhill,—the whole apparatus *stopping* there! So Dr. Russell had no trouble in finding me and my box, which by the way, came by a horrid scratch on the top; and I wish now I had made a cover for it! It was better

* The train was an hour late.

it was so dark that I couldn't see anything, till I was put down at Holm Hill door, and received in the arms of Mrs. Russell! What a different welcome from the fashionable welcomes!

It is a lovely place and House they have made of old Holm Hill! The rooms are none of them *very* large, but there is a good and beautifully done up diningroom and drawingroom, and two handsome bedrooms, and a kitchen and larder and storeroom and the usual trimmings, "all on the ground floor." Above there are plenty of bedrooms—one fine one.—But Mrs. Russell put me into the ground-floor room, and I know why,—because the up-stairs windows must, some of them, look towards Templand. Oh how kind they are; and I feel that kindness, [which] is partly out of love for my Mother and Aunt Jeannie, so much more keenly than kindness I derive from Lion-worship, even tho' the Lion be you, my Dear!

I had a famous tea, and went to a most comfortable bed in deepest privacy; but of course, tho' feeling no tiredness, I couldn't go to sleep with my mind in such a tumult, and the idea of Templand half a mile off! But between four and five I at last fell into what you call a doze (is it *s* or *z*?), and to-day I am "better than I deserve." But it is pouring rain; so I must rest at home: the best thing I could do perhaps, in any case.

At Carlisle, when I was rushing madly after my box, which couldn't be found, but finally was perceived to have "come home with its tail behind it" into the Thornhill van, I noticed a dark gentleman turn in passing and look

after me; and then I saw him with the tail of my eye trying to look at my face, which (fancying this proceeding some delusion, on the gentleman's part, arising out of the spicy little hat) I turned resolutely away. When a voice said at my back, "surely it *is* Mrs. Carlyle that I see!" I wheeled round and found the dark gentleman's face quite familiar to me, but couldn't for my life identify him till he named himself, "Huxley!" He was going to Edinburgh; and we did a good deal of portmanteau-hunting together, amidst distracted pointer-dogs and more distracted sportsmen! I never saw such a lively representation of "confusion worse confounded." Every passenger had lost his luggage, and the porters their senses; and the dogs barked and yelled; and the gentlemen swore; and the women implored!

Since I began the last page your Letter has come. Oh thanks! But, don't you see, I shan't dare go away again, if *you* take the expense of it! Perhaps you *mean that!* Wretch and devil as I am, I have not read the Lady's Letter yet: it takes time to decipher; but I am very glad of *your* few lines; and the fact of there being a Letter from you already, has raised you to the stars in Mrs. Russell's opinion; "as attentive a Husband as mine," she says.

Now, "To t'Father, Son and t'Olly Gohast."

J. W. C.

Oh please forward the two *Punches* together, when the next comes, to Mrs. George Braid, Stenhouse, Greenend, Edinburgh. Recollect about my Letters.

LETTER 221

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Holm Hill, Thursday, 14 Aug., 1862.

My dear Jane—I have been meaning to "kill two birds with one stone" (an economy of action which never does succeed with me), meaning to repeat my thanks, still lying quite warm at the heart of me, for your and James's welcome to Dumfries,—so hearty and practically beneficent as it was! and at the same time to fix a time for seeing you "more in *detail*" as the Doctor would say. But I must have still a few days for arranging my further plans, which were best left in abeyance till I had looked about me here and rested the sprained foot I brought with me from home.

Hitherto it has rained pretty constantly, and I have only once crossed the threshold, for a short time between showers, yesterday. To-day it is fair as yet, and we are going to Keir.

In a few days I shall have subsided from the nervousness of finding myself here at the foot of Templand Hill! with so many houses within sight, once occupied by people who belonged to me or cared for me! And then I shall be up to forming plans. So far, I merely sit bewildered in presence of my own Past! How long I stay will depend chiefly on the accounts I get from Cheyne Row. I am in hopes Lady Ashburton will persuade Mr. C. to go off with them to the Grange,—where I could join him on my return. Whether I shall go back the road I came, or round by Edinburgh, will depend on answers to Letters which I have not yet written!

In a few days, as I have said, I will "consider" (like the Piper's cow), and then tell you whether you will next see me on the way home, or on the way to Edinburgh, or merely from here to return here. However, to see you and Mary, being one of the greatest pleasures I promised myself in coming to this country, you are safe to have me plump down on you some day. I will write again "when I see my way" (to quote again from the Doctor).

It is the beautifullest house this that a reasonable mortal could desire! But Mrs. Russell cannot reconcile herself to it; is always regretting the tumble-down, old rambling house in Thornhill, where "Papa's room" is "the room he died in!" She is the dearest, gentlest-hearted woman!

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 222

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Friday, '15 August, 1862.'

Yes, indeed, Dear! you may well be "afraid of my weather!" I have only twice got over the threshold since I came! and that hurriedly between showers. I begin to have more sympathy with Mrs. Russell's melancholy impressions of her beautiful new house! But I don't weary as yet: the situation has still novelty enough to keep me from wearying; and within doors it has not been so dull as you might think. The day before yesterday

"there plumped down" to us a little man on his way home from "the Exhibition" (can't get rid of the Exhibition even here, you see!), A—— B——, the Sheriff of ———, whom you may remember. He was a round-faced, cherry-cheeked, black-eyed young man, of the entirely uninteresting sort, when last seen by me. Now he has got transformed into the most ridiculous yet touching likeness of Jeffrey! The little short grey head, and round brow, the arching of his eyebrows, the settling of his chin into his neckcloth, the jerking movements, the neither Scotch nor English speech,—bring Jeffrey before me as if he were alive again. I have been making searching inquiries into the character of Mrs. B——; for I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that A—— B—— is Jeffrey's Son (unofficially). . . .

Yesterday we (Mrs. Russell, Mr. B—— and I) called at Bellevue, and drove up the Penfillan Avenue, and surveyed the remaining wing of the *old* house; and then drove away, to the open-mouthed astonishment of the servant girls; and then we called at Keir Manse (poor old Graham's Mr. Menzies). A sad Manse it has been this some time: the eldest Son met with an accident and died after long agony; the Mother went *melancholy* in consequence. . . . His sorrows "have been blest to him" (as the phrase is),—such a changed expression of face I never saw.

I have ever so many Letters to write; so I must spend no more time on *you!* One of the Letters you forwarded was from Miss Dickens, apologizing for *not* inviting us (her Aunt's illness, etc.). I must assure her that we are

not too much disappointed. A Letter from Betty says: "O der me! you did not *dreck* (direct) the paper this wick and I can do nothing," etc., etc. . . .

Yours ever,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 223

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Friday, 22 Aug., 1862.

There! *That* is something like a Letter! and I feel my good-humour restored.* Nothing in this Bessy Barnet romance surprises me so much as the cool manner in which you seem to have taken the fact of her being alive! I at this distance *screamed* to hear of her being *alive!* And *you*, having a Bessy announced to you, calmly ask was it Bessy Barnet! after she had been dead and buried (according to Tom Holcroft) for a quarter of a century! I do hope she won't be gone when I return. Mercy of Heaven, if I had met her at Folkestone, and she had spoken to me, what a fright I should have got!

We spent yesterday in an excursion to Burnfoot, dining with the Miss Wighams (formerly of Allington). I have not seen any such perfectly beautiful scenery as that between here and Sanquhar, since I used to ride there on a wee pony beside my Grandfather Walter, when he took me by new paths "to va-ary the schane Miss!" and I used to come home and mimic him to the others! little wretch!

* Carlyle's Letters had been too brief,—that was all.

To-day we are to dine with Mrs. Hunter of Milton, going early, that we, that is I, might go up to the Glen to take a look at dear old Strathmilligan. These old roads where I have been both as a child and young lady, give me a feeling half charming, half terrible! The people all gone, or so changed! and the scenery so strangely *the same!* You remember that couplet you criticised so sharply and which I admired,

> "And my youth was left behind
> For some one else to find!"

That is what I feel in these places; that there "my youth was left behind," and that some one else had found it! at least that *I* in looking ever so wistfully about, can't find a trace of it!

It is raining to-day, however, and I shall have to make my little pilgrimage in a covered carriage. But I shall find some woodruff to bring back to Chelsea from the same place where I gathered it more than forty years ago!

Did you know anything of Mr. Rogerson, an Anti-burgher Preacher here? He died a year or two ago; and, Mrs. Russell tells me, he talked so incessantly of your Works that his congregation, wishing to give him a testimonial, presented him with your *Life of Cromwell.*

You deserve a better Letter for once, but I have no more time to spare you.

Yours ever faithfully,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 224

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Sunday, 24 Aug., 1862.

. . . Please tell Maria I was greatly obliged by her immediate attention to my request, and her excellent fulfilment of it; and that I will write to her "all to herself" when I have seen "Mrs. Braid." Dear old Betty; she has "nited" me "a pair of stockins'"; and won't she be glad when I come and take them? I am afraid she goes for more in my purpose to take Edinburgh in my way—or rather out of my way—than my Aunts! At the same time, as they were going to be much hurt had I gone back without seeing them, and as Elizabeth has been "very frail indeed" of late, and as, after all, they are my Father's Sisters and my only near relatives in the world now, I should have *oughted* to go whether there had been a dear old Betty in the case or not. I shall not put off time there, however. . .

We dined at Capenoch yesterday,—a superb place the Gladstones have made it! And they are really nice people. It was quite a high-art style of dinner—even to the two separate kinds of ice. "By God, Sir, I believe it was (not) a *woman!*" (You know that speech of the Poodle's when he had dined to his *dis*satisfaction!)* The original old John Gladstone's Portrait was facing me, and a harder, cun-

* "Poodle" (Byng), in winding up a diatribe against the dinner at Lord Ashburton's the first time after the advent of the new Lady Ashburton, exclaimed to Carlyle, with a tragi-comical look, "Gad, Sir, I believe *it's a woman!*"—meaning that the French *chef* of former times had been supplanted by a female cook!

ninger old *baker* I never saw. . . . I write now (Sunday evening) because to-morrow we shall start early to spend the day with Mrs. Veitch of Eliock, home from London now. And you had better not expect to hear on Wednesday, as I shall go to Dumfries by the first train on Tuesday. My next will be written at the Gill most probably. I cannot get that Bessy Barnet *rediviva* out of my head!

Ever yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 225

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

The Gill, Annan, Wed., '27 Aug., 1862.'

Your Letter, written on Sunday night, reached me yesterday morning (Tuesday) just before I started; and was read "with the same relish,"* on my way to the Station. At Dumfries I read also a Letter from you (to Dr. C.). Then I had been still further favoured with a Note from Woolner, to tell me you "seemed to be thriving so remarkably well delivered from the cares of a Wife, that, if I were considerate, I would stay away a long time," etc., etc. So all is right on the Chelsea side.

It was a very confused and confusing day at Dumfries,—the chief ingredient being *the Doctor!* going back in the evening to poor Arbuckle's funeral. Many live camels and dromedaries were also parading the streets, preparatory to an Exhibition of Wombwell's Menagerie! I have a curious luck for falling in with wild beasts in retired places! Recollect my being kept awake the first night at Moffat by

* John Jeffrey's phrase.

the roaring of Lions and Hyænas. The only collected act of volition I accomplished was a call on poor Miss Willie Richardson, in spite of her being represented to me as "insane and a monster of fat,—the eyes invisible in her head!" Mad or not, over fat or not, I thought it was right to show her the respect of calling for her, considering the kindness of her Mother to you and me when we were less "celebrated!" So I made Jean come with me to Maxwelltown to find her out; and a very pleasant call it proved. She opened the door to us herself,—her one domestic, a small girl, being raising potatoes in the garden. She didn't recognise me at first; but received us nevertheless with all her Mother's hospitable politeness. And when I told her my name, the poor creature's delight over me ("Mrs. Carlyle, Jeannie Welsh! that my dear Mother was so fond of!") quite brought tears to my eyes. So far from being a "monster" she is a handsomer woman now than she was as a young lady. Very like her Mother both in appearance and manners, and in well-bred kindliness. She told me all about her Mother's death; and listening to her, with her clear truthful eyes looking straight into mine, I couldn't but admire at the cruelty of the Dumfries gossip about this poor lonely reduced gentlewoman, who I could "stake my head against a china orange" (as I have heard *you* say) is as free from "insanity" and from "drink" as any woman among them! I saw, too, Mr. Aird,* who you know never did interest me, and who interests me now less than

* Thomas Aird (1802–1876), editor of the Dumfries *Herald* from 1835–63; a minor Poet of at least local celebrity. He made Carlyle's acquaintance at College, and was ever afterwards well liked by him.

ever! Jean took me past the Station to see their new house,* which is ready for roofing. It looks a handsome villa sort of house, which I cannot help thinking will *smoke!*

Mary and Jamie Austin were waiting on the platform at Ruthwell, a gig outside. Mary said the evening was cold, and wrapped me in *three* plaids; but I could feel no cold thro' the welcome she gives one. I had taken tea at Dumfries, so declined tea;—"would take porridge by and by";—so we sat by the fire in the parlour, talking. I went to my bag for something, and heard a pronounced sound like a screw in a cork! I looked round; she was in the press. "For God's sake what are you doing?" I asked. "I thocht ye'd maybe tak a wee soup wine till the porridge is ready!!" I had to wrench her out of the press in my arms!

The porridge was excellent; and such milk! "of two sorts!" How I wished you had had it! My "interior" felt so comforted by that supper that I felt I should probably sleep. To tell you a melancholy fact, I have been having horrible nights ever since I left home; only *two* nights out of the fortnight that I have closed my eyes before four in the morning, in spite of the quietest of bedrooms, the wholesomest of diet, and constant exercise in the open air! At first I imputed it to the excitement of finding myself *there;* but that subsided; still the bad habit taken root did not abate; and still Dr. Russell (very unlike Dr. Rous) would not let me have any morphia! In other respects I was better; felt less languid, and required

* The Hill.

—"what shall I say?"—no pills! But I was content to try a new sleeping-place,—mere change being useful in these cases, and I was beginning to feel a little delirious! So having taken my nice supper last night, and read for an hour after, I lay down in the softest, most comfortable of beds, with a modest confidence that my luck was about to change. And so it was! The confusions of Dumfries, after whirling round in my brain a while like a *dingle-doozie*,* faster and faster, were going black out, and I was falling into a heavenly sleep, when "wouf! wouf! wouf! bow! wow! wow! wow!" commenced at my very ear. "The dogs" chasing some belated cat thro' the garden, galloping and barking over my prostrate body (it felt)! What a mercy it wasn't *you* that this had happened to, was my first thought! My next thought made me laugh, "like a cuddy eating thistles!" It was the recollection of those hyænas and lions at Moffat! Decidedly my search after a "quiet bed" was not so successful as *Cœlebs'* search after a *Wife!* Well, the demons carried on for some half hour without an instant's cessation; then they seemed to gallop away to the distance, and were no more heard!—*till* the porridge and my good will for sleep had brought me again to the first stage of unconsciousness; and then outburst again under my window the same demoniacal *chari-vari!* This was repeated *three* times; and I had given up all idea of closing my eyes again, when, Heaven knows how, I did close them about 4 in the morning (as usual), and got two hours good sleep, without the dogs, or in spite of them. Mary will "shut them in the barn to-night"; had

* See *ante*, p. 89*n*.

thought "they never would have *played wow*," or she would have done it last night. For I am to sleep *here* again to-night, Scotsbrig being given up. Jamie is just arrived to tell me poor little Jenny is ill in bed; has been ill some days; so that they couldn't have me. So I shall go back to Thornhill on Friday morning,—staying here over to-morrow. I cannot change everything now, or I might have gone to Edinburgh on Friday, since I haven't to go to Scotsbrig. Your Letter, too, is arrived. . . . Write to Thornhill.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 226

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Sunday, 31 Aug., 1862.

There will be no time for writing to-morrow, Dear; so I shall write a few lines *now*, and leave them to be put in before post-time to-morrow,—the very *slit* being closed for the better observance of Sunday.

. . . O, so long as I remember it, please send me an autograph that Mrs. Russell wants for a lady. It would come straighter addressed to herself; but if you don't like enclosing it in a blank cover, and at the same time don't like to write with it, just send it to me at Morningside.

I have been rather better at sleeping, since my return from the Gill; and the chill passed off without consequences.

Yesterday we drove to Morton Mains, and Castle. I couldn't get up a sentiment about *it*, tho' the Birthplace

of my Grandfather Walter and all his Brothers. It is so completely Ducalized now! Penfillan, which I can see at any moment I choose to lift my eyes, is more pathetic for me by far.

What a pity about that young scamp! Such wretches do so much harm to one's benevolent feelings towards "others!" You may read the page, in a shocking bad handwriting, torn from "his Wife's Letter" by that dreadful young Skirving you once saw,* and inclosed in some stuff of his own written on the Bank (Dr. Russell's Bank) Counter on his way to the train, which he all but missed in consequence, and actually *did* leave his purse on the Counter behind him! if you care to see how you are appreciated by an East Lothian Farmer's Wife! Madame Venturi you will certainly read, for the Letter is charming. Keep *it* safe for me. And now, God bless you.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 227

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Craigenvilla, Morningside, Edinburgh.
Tuesday, 2 Sep., 1862.

My Darling—Nature prompts me to write just a line, tho' I am not up to a Letter to-day,—at least to any other Letter than the daily one to Mr. C., which *must* be written, dead or alive!

Imagine! after such a tiring day, I never closed my eyes, till after five this morning! and was awake again, for

* See *Early Letters of J. W. Carlyle*, p. 316.

good,—or rather for *bad*,—before six struck! My eyes are almost out of my head this morning, and—tell the Doctor, or rather, don't tell him,—I *will* have a dose of morphia to-night!* am just going in an omnibus to Duncan & Flockhart's for it! It will calm down my mind for me,—generally my mind needs no calming, being sunk in apathy. And this won't do to go on!

Mr. C. writes this morning that he had received a Letter in the *handwriting of Dr. Russell* (!!!),—my own handwriting slightly disguised,—and torn it open in a great fright, thinking that the Doctor was writing to tell I was ill, and found a photograph of *me*, "really very like indeed"; but not a word from the Dr., inside! He took it as a sign that I was off! (Why, in all the world, take it as that?) "but it would have been an additional favour had the Dr. written just a line!"

Grace was waiting at the Station for me, much to my

* It has been remarked by Physicians that Mrs. Carlyle was in the habit of "occasionally taking Morphia," a drug which is known to produce depression and suspicion in those addicted to its use. Readers of the present volumes will find abundant evidence to prove that she indulged not "occasionally," but very frequently, and sometimes excessively, in this dangerous practice; and that she continued to indulge in it in spite of warnings. On hearing of the result of the Morphia taken on the above occasion, Carlyle wrote to her (on the 5th of Sep.): "Glad I am that the subtle *Morphine* has done its function; be thankful to it, tho' *beware* also!" The caution was far from needless; but it was, like warnings from other sources, unheeded. She continued to the last to indulge in Morphia, and other drugs equally dangerous. For, at a later date, she confesses to having taken a dose of "thirty drops of Morphia"; and she adds, "I used to get good of an exceptional dose of this sort." (See *post*, p. 332). Elsewhere she boasts of having taken, by guess in the dark, medicine containing prussic acid; of having *swallowed* a gargle intended for external application; of having administered to herself henbane, chloroform, opium, etc. Her constant pottering with dangerous medicines and her amateur doctoring of herself, year after year, had probably much more to do with the breakdown of her health than the "hard work" she is said to have done!

astonishment, and discovered me at once, under the hat and feather, actually, she said, by "a motion of my hand!" The drains are all torn up at Morningside, and she was afraid I would not get across the rubbish in my cab without a pilot. They are all looking well, I think,—even Elizabeth. Many friendly inquiries about *you*, and love to be sent.

Oh, my Dear, my Dear, my head is full of wool! Shall I ever forget those green hills and that lovely church-yard, and your dear, gentle face! Oh! how I wish I had a sleep!

Your own friend,

JANE CARLYLE.

The roots are all in the Garden.

LETTER 228

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, Monday, 15 September, 1862.

Here I am, Dearest Friend! Here I have been since Thursday night. I had fixed to arrive on Thursday morning; but I took a horror at the notion of the night journey, and staid in my bed at Morningside instead. . . .

Mr. C. was very glad, of course, to see me back. As for Maria, she went into a sort of hysterics over me; seizing me in her arms, and kissing me all over, and laughing in a distracted manner;—a charming reception from one's housemaid, certainly, if it weren't that such emotional natures have always *two* sides: this loving and loveable

one, and another as quick to anger and jealousy and all unreasonableness! All this impetuous affection for me wouldn't prevail with her to make any *sacrifices* for my sake, or to exert herself in any manner which was not agreeable to her inclinations. It is just the emotionalness of the Wesleyan Methodist,—having its home in the senses rather than in the soul.

All Friday I was so busy unpacking, and putting things in their places, and (what the American housewives call) "reconciling things" that I put off writing to anybody, even to you, till Saturday; and then a horrid remembrance flashed on me that Thornhill kept the Sabbath in an all-too exemplary manner, and that I might spare my haste. . . .

I send along with this Letter, but separately, a packet containing the neck-brooch which you were to "like better" than your "old thistle." Perhaps you wouldn't like it better or as well, *singly;* but the set, to my taste, is prettier; and *I* care more for the old thistle,—its oldness being its very charm to me! The brooches can be worn as clasps, down the front of the dress, also; and look very well on a dress of any colour. . . . .

Mr. C. thinks, as everybody does, that I am much improved in health; and I myself, who should know best, think so, too! "What could he do to show his gratitude to Mrs. Russell for taking such care of me? Well, he had read a really nice Book that would suit her; he would send her that!" I shall send the Book by Railway parcel, so soon as I hear that the other packet has reached its true destination.

You can't think with what new interest my little Picture of Nipp looked out on me on my return! My kindest love to the Doctor.

Your ever-affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 229

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Wednesday, 'Sept., 1862.'

My darling Woman—I *didn't* forget your autograph.* I sent it in the first Letter I wrote you after my departure; *that* is a *fact!* I received it from Mr. C. in his first Letter to me at Morningside, the Tuesday morning,—the first morning with my Aunts; and I enclosed it in my Letter to you. I think I can tell how you missed noticing it: it was *one line,*—some short maxim (I forget what) with his signature; it was folded like a Note; and you had taken it for a bit of blank paper put round the Letter to keep the writing from showing through the envelope. However it was, I could stake my head against a china orange, that I sent it. But that you didn't notice it, is of no earthly consequence; except in the appearance of negligence the oversight gave *me,*—autographs can be supplied so readily! I send another this time. Also I send you photographs for your Book: one of Mr. C., two of myself, which ought to be better than the Hairdresser's, being done by the best photographer in London; one of Alfred Tennyson (with the wide-awake); and one of Mazzini, which you are to

* See *ante*, p. 263.

substitute for the *head* I gave the Doctor, as giving a better notion of him, and besides having his autograph on it.

. . . My Husband having decided that last week was to be a holiday, he actually went with me to the best photographer in London, who had been for years soliciting him to come and be *done*,—for nothing! He (the Photographer) took a great many different ones, large and small; of which *one* of the large ones satisfied him, and is to be published, and I think it the finest photograph I ever saw. But we have got no copies of it yet except *one* for myself. Four or five different little ones will be published, and of these I like the one here sent the best. As Mr. Jeffray (the Photographer) will make a *good thing* of supplying the shops with Mr. C.'s, of course he was very obliging in insisting on *doing me*, who had not laid my account with being *done*, and so, was at the same loss for a headdress as you were at the Hairdresser's! But fortunately Mr. Jeffray's Aunt, who assists him, offered me a white lace thing, so like one of my *own* loose caps, that I put it on without reluctance; and the same helpful woman, seeing the black lace I wear round my neck lying on the table, snatched it up and suggested I should be done also in *that* headdress. To complete my luck, I had on, the day being cold, my last Winter's gown (from Madame Elise), so that I came out a better *figure* than at the Hairdresser's!! Still, I have a certain regard for the queer little Thornhill likeness of myself,—not as a likeness, but as a memorial of the three happiest weeks I have lived for a long time; so I will ask you to get me another from the Hairdresser, as the one I had sent to Mr. C. has been given

away to Sarah, the Housemaid, who went away ill some fourteen months ago, and who came last night to see me, before starting for Australia. I gave her Mrs. Pringle's (*alias* Pott's) scarlet Plaid, and my Photograph, and my blessing!

I was quite relieved to find the brooches had arrived safe. People always say it is so rash to send anything of consequence unregistered. And I, again, am so persuaded that registering a thing only puts it in the head of dishonest Postmen that the thing is *worth* stealing. So that if that packet had misgone, I should have had "both the skaith and the scorn."

My blessed Dear, what nonsense you talk about my "depriving myself" of this and that! Depend upon it, when I give away a thing, it is never with the slightest sense of depriving myself. Either the thing is a superfluity to myself, or I have more pleasure in giving it than in keeping it! I never give away anything which has what Lawyers call a *pretium affectionis* attached to it! At least I never did but *once*,—in the case of that same pebble brooch, which I took from you again!! Nor had I ever regretted giving *you* that (tho' my Mother was with me when I was allowed to choose it! and my Father paid for it!),—never till I saw it fastening your neck-velvet, that day at Mrs. Hunter's! Then I thought *first, that* does not answer the purpose; it should be more like a *clasp* to fasten the velvet; and only *then*. I thought next, I shouldn't have parted with that old Edinburgh brooch! And then followed the bright idea of the *exchange!* Pray don't thank me for my brooches as if they had been a *pres-*

ent, or you place me in the odious position of having "given a thing and taken a thing," (as we used to say at School).

I sent by the railway Parcel Company yesterday (carriage paid) the Book Mr. Carlyle wished you to have and read and keep for *his* sake. He bade me tie up with it a Translation of *Dante*, which some one had sent him. If you don't happen to have a *Dante* in English, it might amuse you in Winter nights, he said.

I have never told you yet about Auchtertool, or Craigenvilla; and here are two sheets filled,—enough for one time!

Oh, do write often, Dear. Never mind a regular Letter,—just a few off-hand lines,—a how-d'ye-do? That keeps one from feeling the long distance between us; and long silences lead to silences still longer. My best love to the kind Doctor. The little pot I brought from Crawford was emptied without shaking into our Garden; and the plants seem to be taking root; also the Templand daisy, and the ivy; and the Strathmilligan woodruff.

Your loving friend,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 230

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, 21 October, '1862.'

Dearest Mary—I am not doing "what England expects of me," my duty! I *ought* to begin writing at least half a dozen Letters that are troubling my conscience; and here am I writing to *you*, from no sense of duty at all, but because I like it.

Well, my wanderings for this year are over; and it must be owned they have been far and wide! The Grange visit was very successful. Every time I come away from there with increased affection for the Lady, and in a sort of amazement at her excessive kindness to me. That she is naturally a very kind woman, and also a very demonstrative woman, is not enough to account for the sort of passion she puts into her expressions of fondness and unwearied attention to me! I always wonder will it last? But it has lasted a good while now; and I begin to feel ashamed of myself for not accepting it all with absolute faith.

Mrs. Anstruther came for two days, and pressed me to spend my Christmas with *her;* as Lady A. would be away at Nice all the Winter. But the answer to that was simply, "impossible!" I told her about meeting Mr. S—— at your house, and she said in her soft, silky, rather drawly voice, "Oh, dear Mrs. Carlyle, did you ever in your life see so ugly a man?"—The Bishop of Oxford was there too, and Mr. C. set him right in *two* Scripture quotations!!! But the most interesting visitor was Mr. Storey, the American Sculptor, who sang like an angel! There was a Photographer down for three days, taking views of the place at the easy rate of five guineas a-day! and Lady A. made him photograph me sitting, with herself standing beside me; and he did another of Lord A. and Mr. C. sitting on the same bench, under the portico; and another of a whole party of us sitting about on the steps of one of the porticos. That one was half good, and the other half spoiled, Lord A., one of his Sisters, and Mrs. Anstruther

"had moved"; Mr. C. and Lady A., and myself, came out perfect; and so we "perfect ones" were all *together*, and were to be "cut out" from the failed ones. I have not seen the Photographs on *paper* yet; but hope to have them in a few days; and if they are worth anything, I will send you them—to look at, at least.

But the rose coloured petticoat, Oh my Dear! I must tell you about the first appearance of *that!* I put it on the second day, and the black silk tunic trimmed with half-a-yard-wide lace (imitation), with long falling sleeves lined with rose-colour; and a great bunch of rose-coloured ribbon on my breast, and smaller boughs at the wrists of my white under-sleeves. It was really, as Miss Baring said, "quite a costume!" And in spite of its prettiness, I couldn't help feeling nervous about appearing, for the first time, in a guise which would make me remarked by all the *women*, at least! So I dressed in good time, that I mightn't have to walk into the drawingroom when many people were down. There had been some uncertainty about the dinner hour that day, as people were coming from London by a late train. At all events, I should hear the gong sound for dressing, I thought, half an hour before dinner; and in the mean time I sat down, all ready, to read a novel. How long I had sat without hearing either bell or gong I can't say; but I was startled from my reading by a sharp knock at my bedroom door, and the voice of one of the man-servants informing me "everybody was gone in to dinner!" Upon my honour, I can believe some hardened wretches have gone out to be hanged with less emotion than I had in hurrying along

the corridor and down the great staircase, to have the two leaves of the diningroom door flung wide open before me by two footmen! and then to walk up the great room to my seat at the dinner-table, everybody's head turned to see *who* was so late! To put the finishing stroke to my agony, the rose-coloured petticoat was a trifle too long in front for the stooping way in which I walked, and was like to trip me at every step!—But bad moments and good moments and all moments pass over! I got into my seat, Lord knows how, and any one who had heard me complaining aloud to Lady A. up the table, that the gong had never been sounded, would have fancied me endowed with all the self-possession I could have wished.

Another ordeal was in store for me and my "costume" later. Being Sunday night, the Bishop was to read a Chapter and say Prayers in that same diningroom before all the servants, and such of the visitors as would attend. Eight-and-thirty servants were seated along two sides of the room; the men all in a line, and the women all in a line; and with these thirty-eight pairs of eyes on me (six pairs of them belonging to Ladies' maids! !) I had to sail up, in all that rose-colour, to the top of the room, on the opposite side, *first!* the other Ladies being members of the family pushed me into that horrid dignity. And the same in going out; I had to walk the length of the room, like to trip myself at every step, with the petticoat and the embarrassment! before one of that frightful line of servants budged. It took all the compliments paid me on the costume to give me courage to put it on a second

time! As an old Aunt of Mr. C.'s said, when she had become somehow possessed of a one-pound note and didn't know where on earth to hide it for safety," "They're troubled that hae the worl', and troubled that want it."

And now my Letter is long enough, and it is bed-time.

I was so glad of your dear Letter yesterday! If you were my Sister, I couldn't have you nearer my heart, or more in my thoughts.

Love to the Doctor, and a kiss to Nipp, whose likeness I have opposite my bed.

Your loving friend,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

P. S.—I did drive one day a great long road to the address of Mrs. Clark's "Bell," but she was "in the Country."

LETTER 231

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, Monday, 15 December, 1862.

You would see, dearest Mary, by my last Letter, that yours had not come before mine was sent to the post. It came some half hour after. *Your* Letters never do come till the afternoon, which is curious. The Letters from Jane at Dumfries arrive always by the morning post.

The news from Paris* continues a little more hopeful. But with the prospect of hard Winter weather setting in, before he (Lord Ashburton) can be got to Nice, one

* Of Lord Ashburton, ill there in a furnished house.

dare not feel too elated about the present slight amendment.

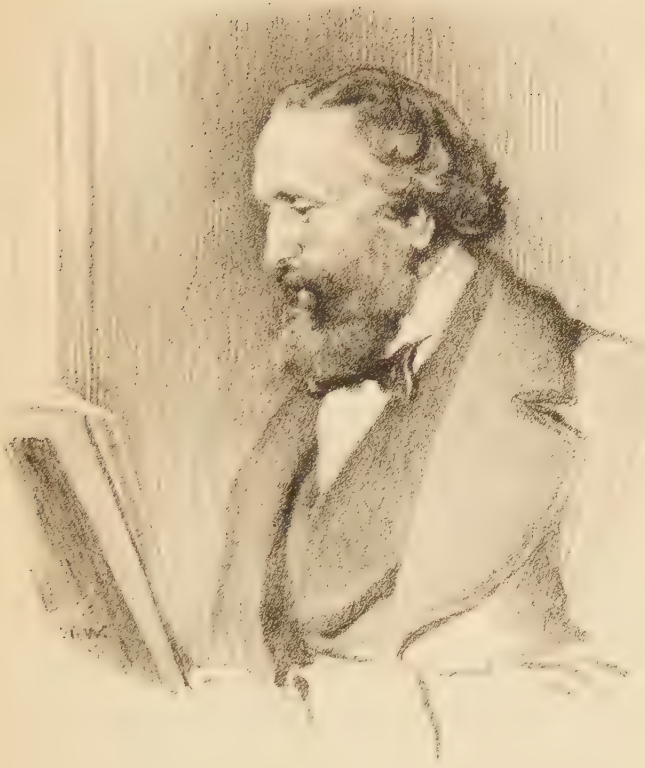
At all rates I may be thankful that I was not taken at my word* given in a moment when my sympathy overcame my discretion; for I think now, I should most likely have been laid up at a Hotel at Calais, which would have helped nothing, and been precious bad for myself!

. . . I am very anxious to know how my prospective Cook will turn out. With such a character as I got of her from a mistress who seemed a sensible trustworthy woman, I† should not be at all afraid that after a few weeks she would do well enough, if it were not for Mr. C.'s frightful impatience with *any* new servant untrained to his ways, which would drive a new woman out of the house with her hair on end, if allowed to act *directly* upon her. So that I have to stand between them, and imitate in a small humble way the Roman soldier who gathered his arms full of the enemies' spears and received them all into his own breast![‡] It is this which makes a change

* Offering to go and help to nurse Lord Ashburton.

†A dozen lines beginning at this point appear as "Letter 262" in *Letters and Memorials*, iii., 142.

‡ This is of course exaggerative language. It may be as well to say that, as a matter of fact, the servants at Cheyne Row were all very fond of Carlyle, and would have "gone thro' fire and water" to gain his approbation. He was uniformly kind and sympathetic, and never scolded them (unless at the instance of his Wife!) nor needed to scold; for, by a subtle influence, which may be called magnetic, he never failed to bring out a servant's best qualities, and they were all willing and proud to do their very best for him. Not one of them had ever any complaint to make against him, nor he of them, when Mrs. Carlyle was absent; and she was away from home, alone, sometimes for weeks or even months at a time. Some of the old servants have fortunately put on record their opinions of their Master: amongst these are Mrs. Warren, and Jessie Hiddlestone (now Mrs. Broadfoot of Thornhill). The latter says, "I could have lived with him all my days; and it always makes me angry when I read, as I sometimes do, that he was 'bad tempered,' and 'gey ill to get on with.' He was the very reverse, in my opinion. I never



THE SECOND LORD ASHBURTON
(Hon. W. B. Baring),
From the Portrait by
Sir E. Landseer.

of servants, even when for the better, a terror to me in prospect, and an agony in realization—for a time! You say get a thorough good Cook at any wages! Yes, if the *wages* were all the difference! But when you have agreed to give sixteen guineas a year and two pounds more for extras (the price of a "good plain cook"), you find that she requires "a servants' Hall" and "a bedroom upstairs" and accommodations, which your house, not having been built on purpose for so dignified an individual, does not possess. And still worse, you find that she objects to making bread, and that with the power of cooking some hundreds of dishes which you don't want, she has to be taught to prepare Mr. C.'s little plain things just as an ignorant servant would; and that she thinks her gifts quite wasted on a household unworthy of them,—as indeed they would be. . . . No; what would suit me

would have left him when I did, had I not been going to be married." (See Mr. Reginald Blunt's interesting Article, "Mrs. Carlyle and her Housemaid," in the *Cornhill* for October, 1901). Mrs. Warren's testimony is similar. Carlyle's Niece, who lived with him for over thirteen years, often remarked on the kindly relation between Carlyle and the servants during her time. And my own experience and observation, which lasted three years, was to the same effect.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Carlyle was, on the whole, unkind to her servants, or lacking in interest in their welfare; but unfortunately, she too often failed, by reason of her inconstant temper, to win and hold their respect and confidence: at one time she overpraised and petted them; at another, probably the very next minute, she went to the opposite extreme of censure and rebuke. This want of *steady* treatment is generally ruinous to the very best of servants, and was probably the chief cause of Mrs. Carlyle's troubles in housekeeping. It is hardly possible to imagine an easier task than hers was: a small house to keep in order; no children to be cared for; a Husband whose requirements were few and whose way of living was plain and simple. Surely housekeeping under these conditions ought to have been easily reducible to a minimum of trouble! It is fair to state, however, that Mrs. Carlyle's "trouble with servants," has been, by herself and others, greatly exaggerated. She had one servant for twelve years, and another for six, during the thirty-two years she kept house in Chelsea.

best, if good, is what is called "a General servant who is a plain cook"; the wages of these is from £12 to £14 and everything found. That is the sort of girl I have engaged.

. . .

God bless you, Dear.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 232

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, '1 January, 1863.'

Dear little Woman—A Letter was to have preceded that box—a Letter of apology for its rubbishy contents, —only to be excused indeed by my knowledge from of old how *you* could make somethings out of nothings! a capital talent which, I daresay, is inherited by these remarkably "world-like" girls of yours. But I had been kept in such a constant bother with teaching the new cook how to make bread, and to make everything that was wanted of her, that I never could find time for writing; and now your kind acknowledgement of the said rubbish shows that my apology was not needed. . . . But why not have taken a cook ready trained out of a gentleman's family? Simply, my dear, because cooks ready trained out of gentlemen's families have wages entirely disproportionate to any work they would have here,—£20 at the least;—and that is not the worst; all their accommodations are expected to be in keeping with their wages; and they would look down on people living so economically and quietly as we do! Now, I think it is

more pleasant, or rather less unpleasant, to look down on one's promoted "maid-of-all-work," than to be looked down upon by one's "professed cook."

The news from Paris continue more favourable; but it strikes me the Doctor never quite believes himself the hope he gives to others. There is always a hollow sound in his words about recovery. Mr. C. is angry at my hopelessness; he has so much more *hope* in him about everything than I have! Who would believe that to hear how he talks!—I am hoping to receive small contributions of new-laid eggs. I hope I may not need to trouble you for more; but will if the hens strike work again.

The best of New Year's wishes to you all.

Your affectionate,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 233

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, 'January, 1863.'

Dearest Mary—You thought I must be *ill* that I did not write; and now that three days have brought no answer to your inquiry, I shouldn't wonder if you are thinking I must be dead!

. . . The illness I have had, and am still having, has been caused palpably enough by a mental shock which struck me deadly sick at stomach, and struck the pain into my back, in the first moment of it. And tho' my mind has recovered its balance, these consequences still remain. One expects to hear of something senti-

mental, romantic, at least exciting, when anybody speaks of having had a great mental shock. My Dear, lower your expectations; bring them down to the level of the meanest prose! For what I have to tell you is again about my servants. But take up the servant as a human being,—a fellow-creature,—and read my paltry tale as a psychological illustration; and it *is* enough to throw one into a fit of misanthropy, besides making one sick at stomach and breaking one's spine in two!

When I wrote last, I was looking forward to better times below stairs. The new cook seemed a decent young woman; not bright or quick, but one who would, with a little teaching and a good deal of patience, be made to *do*. "Flo" was clever and assidious, and thoughtful and helpful; the only thing to be guarded against with her, was the tendency to praise and pet her overmuch, and so, spoil her, as I had spoilt Charlotte! But I was helped in *that* by the want of personal *attraction* for me in the child. There was something dry and hard, something very *unyouthful* in her manner and voice, which, coupled with her extraordinary cleverness and assiduity, sometimes reminded me of the "Changeling" in Fairy Legends.

Well, as the days went on, a change seemed to come over the spirit of the new cook's dream. She grew more and more gloomy and sullen and indifferent, till she grew exactly into her Scotch predecessor translated into English,—minus the utter blockheadism! I was careful to make no remarks on her before Flo; but Flo was constantly blurting out aggravating instances of negligence and disagreeableness on the part of the newcomer. At last

one day my dissatisfaction reached a climax; and I told this Mary that I perceived that she would not suit, and that I tho't it better to tell her so in the first month. And again my weary spirit was wandering thro' space in search of a cook, beset by far greater difficulties than "*Cœlebs in search of a Wife!*" The only person that looked delighted was Flo,—as delighted as she looked when I gave Elizabeth warning. Next day I was just putting on my bonnet to go out on this miserable search, when the cook said to me, she thought it very strange to be *going* in this way; that she had "never gone out of any place before in less than a year at least." "Whose fault is it?" I said. "Do you consider it possible for me to keep a woman who shows no sort of interest in doing or learning the work she has undertaken to do here?" "Well," said the woman with a half sob, "I am aware I have made myself very disagreeable; but it wasn't easy to be good tempered and to try to please, with Flo every time she came down stairs, telling me the dreadfullest things that you had said of me and of everything I did!!" that "I was nothing but a stupid dirty maid-of-all-work, fit for nothing but a Tradesman's house, where I could get tumbling about among a lot of rough workmen! and Oh! far worse things than these!" Astonishment took away my speech for a moment: I had not said *one word* of the woman to the child, knowing that she carried everything to her Mother. I rang the bell for Flo. "What is this," I asked, "that you have been telling Mary, as said of her by *me?*" "Well, Ma'am," said Flo, very red, "*I couldn't help it!* Mary was always

asking me what you said about her—You know you were, Mary! (*like a viper*); and I was *obliged* to tell her *something!*" "You were *obliged* to invent horrible lies, were you?" "If I didn't tell her something, Ma'am, she wouldn't leave me alone!" "Oh, you wicked girl," burst in Mary! "what was *I* asking you when you tried to set me against the place and the Mistress from the first night I entered the house?" "*I?*" said Flo, "I only repeated what Elizabeth said!" "And the Mistress would be a little surprised," said Mary, "if I were to tell her what you told me!" "Oh, I will tell her myself," said Flo; "if you please, Ma'am, Elizabeth said a woman that was her fellow-servant in Scotland told her before she came here that you were a she-devil! and Elizabeth said *that* tall chair (pointing to a *prie Dieu*) was for strapping you to when you were mad!!!" It was at this point when the sickness came into my stomach, and the pain into my back! "Good God" I said when I could speak, "is it possible that you who have lived beside me these two months, who have never got a cross word from me, who have *seen* my behaviour to that very Elizabeth, could say the like of this?" "If you please Ma'am, it wasn't I that said it, it was Elizabeth!" "O, you lying bad girl," broke in Mary, "I see it all now; that you were set on driving me out of the place; and I shouldn't wonder if you did the same by Elizabeth."—The same tho't had just flashed on myself. It was from the day that Maria left and this child came, that Elizabeth began to grow, from a mere obedient blockhead, into a sullen, disobliging blockhead, seeming rather to take pleasure in poisoning Mr. C. than

not! In her case, there wasn't even *invention* needed. The imp had only to do what I was constantly warning her against, viz: to repeat the strong things Mr. C. said of her (Elizabeth's) cookery and self to drive the woman to fury, and make her the unbearable creature she became. Flo seeing herself unmasked, began to cry very hard, repeating again and again, "You will never be able to bear me again, I know! I have been so *treacherous!* You were so kind to me; and I was fond of you! and I have been so very treacherous, ooh—ooh—oo-oh." I didn't know what on earth to do. I didn't feel justified in turning Flo off on the spot; and to keep her was like keeping a poisonous viper at large in the house. The only thing I was clear about was to withdraw my warning to Mary, whose behaviour had been sufficiently excused by the influences acting on her. Flo's Mother hearing of the row, came over to try and shift the blame on Mary. I rung the bell and said to Mary, "Mrs. Morrison has accusations to make against you, Mary; you had better hear them yourself, and answer her—as I know nothing about it." And then ensued an altercation between the two women, while I sat with my feet on the fender and my back to them, in which Mrs. Morrison came by the worse; having only drawn out a *fuller* statement of Flo's horrid conduct. She went away imploring me to try her Flo a little longer; it would be a lesson she would never forget, etc., etc. And I said, "She can stay for the present, till I see what comes of her." But three days after, the child herself said, "I can never be happy here after having been so treacherous, and I had better go away." "I am

glad you think so," I said; "so the sooner you go the better,—to-day, if you like"; and in one hour she was gone! My paragon little housemaid! Three days after, she came over, tears all dried, looking hard and cold, to ask me to "see a Lady" for her. "What sort of a character do you think I can give you?" I asked. "Well," said the little child, "I have *told a few lies* and I have been *treacherous*; but that is *all* you can say against me!"—The dreadful child!

I saw a girl that I thought would suit me, the same day Flo left; but she couldn't come for a month, and her Aunt who wished me to wait for her, offered to come and help Mary, till the girl was free. So I have a great, jolly, clever, elderly woman in the kitchen,—except for the two last days of the week, when she is engaged elsewhere. This woman is a capital cook; and I almost wish the present arrangement, tho' an expensive one, could last;—now that I have got used to the big woman, who "thoroughly understands her business." But she has a Husband and couldn't stay with me in permanence.

Now do you wonder I feel ill? . . .

God bless you both,

Your ever-affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 234

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, '3 March, 1863.'

Dearest Mary—I should be glad to hear you were quite done with that cold. . . .

I went to Ealing the other day, to visit Mrs. Oliphant,

and I staid all night. Even that short distance from Chelsea did me ever so much good! And on the strength of it, I went afterwards to a dinner-party at the Rectory; and to-morrow I am going to dine out again, at the Forsters', to meet Dickens and nobody else. They send their carriage for me, and send me home at night; so in this cold weather, I trust no harm will come of it.

I was in Swan & Edgar's shop the other day, and a nice-looking lad was serving me with tapes and things, whose speech, tho' doing its best to be Anglified, sounded homelike. "You are Scotch," I said, without consideration for the mortified vanity of a youth trying to speak *fine*. "Yes, I am," answered he tartly. "I should say you come from Dumfriesshire?" I went on with the same inquiring inhumanity. "Yes, I do," he answered, with an almost startled look. "Dumfriesshire is partly *my* country, too; you are from the Nithsdale,—from near Thornhill, are you not?" The young man stared, quite subdued, and answered meekly that "he did come from near Thornhill!"—from a place close to Dabton, if I knew where that was. "Oh, don't I?" Then I asked him if he knew Holm Hill; and so subdued was he that he answered, in the most unadulterated Scotch, "Oh, fine! Dr. Russell's—I know it fine!" I told him I had been there for three weeks last August; and then left him, thinking me, I have no doubt, a very odd woman! Do you know who it could be? He said they came there about the time of Mr. Crichton's death. . . .

Good-bye, Darling. Love to the Doctor.

Your faithful friend,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 235

To Miss Jane Austin, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Friday, '20 March, 1863.'

My dear Jane—Thanks for your Letter. I shall be glad to have more and favourable news of the poor wee bairn. . . .

We are very thankful in this house to have got done with "the Royal Marriage." Tho' neither Mr. C. nor I "went out for to see" any part of the business, we couldn't get out of the noise and fuss about it. . . . .

The most interesting part of the Princess Alexandra to me is not her present splendours, but her previous homely, rather *poor* life, which makes such a curious contrast! Her Parents, "Royal" tho' they be, have an income of just from seven hundred to a thousand a year! When she was visiting our Queen, after the engagement, she always came to breakfast in a *jacket*. "My Dear," said the Queen to her one day, "you seem very fond of jackets! How is it that you *always* wear a jacket?" "Well," said little Alexandra, "I like them; and then you see a jacket is *so economical!* You can wear different skirts with it, and I have very few gowns,—having to make them all myself! My Sisters and I have no Lady's maid, and have been brought up to make all our own clothes. I made my own bonnet!" Bless her!

Mr. C. goes on very contentedly without a horse. Did you hear that he sold his beautiful Fritz for £9? But the Apothecary who bought him was to *ride* him; and better *he* should have him for nothing than that he had been sold,

at ever so much, to be lashed into drawing in a waggon; I would rather he had been shot than *that*. Meanwhile Mr. C. walks, and—rides in omnibuses!! and finds the variety amusing. He "now meets human beings to speak to!" How long he will be able to enjoy his walking I cannot predict. Love to you all.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 236

To Miss Grace Welsh, Edinburgh.

Chelsea, First day of Spring, 1863.

My dear young woman!—I make you my compliments, and shall get to have some faith in you, as a correspondent, if this sort of thing goes on! But I wish you could have given me a better account of yourself. I *know* what a wearing misery that neuralgia is. I, too, have had it in my head and face till I have been nearly, indeed *once* altogether *delirious*. My long winter illnesses usually commence in that way; an intense *toothache*, as it were, all thro' my head and face, that leaves me no moment's ease, day or night. . . . What my Doctor recommends is *very nourishing* diet, in the most concentrated form. No weak broths, or what we used to call "*slaisters*"; but soup strong enough to be called "essence of beef"; juicy mutton chops, and that sort of thing; and two glasses a day of good sherry. I daresay you are, as I used to be, unwilling and ashamed to be at such expense with *yourself*. But every consideration is to be postponed to the *duty* of keeping one's soul in a healthy body, if one can. Do feed your-

self up: if milk agrees with you, there is nothing more nourishing than a tumbler of new milk with a tablespoonful of rum in it,—twice a day.

I was meaning to give Elizabeth a lecture about *her* carelessness in feeding herself: with such a bad digestion as she has! I am sure if she would take her nourishment in a more concentrated shape, she would find a difference! I don't believe Mr. C. could have lived thro' this *Book* if it hadn't been for his horse exercise and his almost daily breakfast-cupful of clear essence of beef. When I told him about Elizabeth's attacks, he said, "did you tell her to take *my* strong gravy soup? Write and tell her that *I* can match anybody in the British Dominions for a bad digestion; and that I consider myself to have been kept so long alive, by that one article of food." If you would like our recipe for making it, tell me.

And now my Letter has reached a length* very incompatible with a headache. You say no word of Anne. My dear love to you all and severally.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 237

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

6 Warrior Square, St. Leonards, 9 June, 1863.

All right, Dear! You would see from the Newspaper that I had arrived at the far end. Tho' only a journey of two hours, it seemed a dreadful long one, from which was to be inferred that I am not even up to the mark of "my

* The first, and longest part of the Letter is to another Aunt.

frail ordinar" at present. Dr. Blakiston was waiting for me with the carriage, and gave me the frankest welcome. I felt quite at my ease with him before I reached his house. Bessy wasn't allowed to come, having a headache, but she met me on the steps at the front door. So well she looks in her own house! and a very suitable Mistress of it,—altho' it is quite what the auctioneers call "a large aristocratic mansion." The situation is first-rate, close on the sea, at right angles to it, in a Square of large handsome houses. The bedrooms are beautiful, and must be very quiet as a general rule. . . .

I have been out in the carriage to-day *twice*,—before dinner and after,—and I have had a dose of pepsine administered to me by the Doctor, whom I take to be a very clever Doctor. And Bessy is always feeding me with dainties,—calves'-foot jelly, etc., as if I were a young bird! Nothing can exceed their kindness. I only fear that I cause a good deal of trouble.

I have not said anything yet about going away, but I shall to-morrow, and tell you when to expect me. Pray don't sit up till two, nor *take in* a sixth cup of tea,—nor commit any indiscretions in your management of yourself. The thought of your being "left to yoursel'" is the only drawback to my content.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 238

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, 9th July, 1863.

Dearest Mary—I had been fancying it was *your* turn to

write and so, not feeling any qualms of conscience at my own silence, but your Letter comes with such an air of having nothing to be ashamed of or to apologise for, that I begin to fear I had made a mistake, and was myself the indebted Party! At all events, it would seem you had not heard from me since I went to St. Leonards. I staid there from Monday till Saturday, and liked my visit much. It is a beautiful place, and the Blakistons' house is situated within a stonecast of the Sea, and is a fine airy, lofty house, handsomely but plainly furnished; and Bessy looked very natural, gliding about as Mistress of it! Dr. Blakiston is a clever, energetic, kind-hearted man,—very vain, rather egotistic, and as excitable and impatient as my Grandfather Walter! But Bessy understands him entirely; seems to admire his faults as much as his virtues; and has the completest silken dominion over him! They live the quietest life, except for his Practice. She will visit nowhere; "does not choose to be patronised." She is always occupied about her house and *his* comforts. His Practice is not very laborious (being a Physician) considering how lucrative it is. He told me he made about £2,000 a-year!

They were both as kind as kind could be. Bessy would not be hindered from bringing up my hot water and waiting on me as a Lady's-maid; and she was never so pleased as when we talked of the things that happened when she was my servant. Dr. Blakiston, too, talked of all that so frankly that there was no awkwardness in my changed position towards her. I seemed to improve every day. Dr. B. gave me *pepsine*—which agreed wonderfully well

with me; and Bessy was always "nourishing" me with jellies, champagne, etc., and always *making of me.* And that divine sea air! And I did not fatigue myself with walking, but had *two* drives in the carriage every day. Never woman had a better chance of getting well! And I did come home a different creature from what I went away. And the difference lasted two or three days; but only two or three days, tho' I did continue the pepsine. Gradually I ceased to eat again, and got sicker and sicker, till I had to take to bed and lie there several days unable to hold up my head for nausea!

Mr. Barnes, whom Mr. C. sent for (Mr. C. never being alarmed at any form of illness but the incapacity of taking one's regular meals), put mustard blisters to my stomach; and dieted me on soda-water "with a little brandy in it"; and said "the heat had upset me." I have not been feeling the heat at all disagreeable; but, of course, Doctors know best! After a week I was *about* again, after a sort. But very thankful should I be to get away from this noisy, dusty place for a while; and if I had my choice, independent of all other considerations, it is to Holm Hill I should like to go. But I cannot *run away this* year again, as I did last, and leave Mr. C. to his own devices, especially as he is likely to take a short holiday himself, after all, provided I keep him up to it, and go with him. The Ashburtons are at last coming home this day week. Dr. Quain is going to Paris in a few days to superintend the journey, and hopes that when he (Lord A.) gets home to the Grange, he will make more rapid progress in gaining strength, than he has done hitherto. They are sure to want us at the Grange,

and Mr. C. will not *refuse him*, in his present circumstances. Then there was a promise, when Mr. C. refused Lord Lothian's invitation last Summer, that we would go there next year,—when the Book was to be done! But Lord Lothian asks us again, and I think Mr. C. will hardly find in his heart to refuse. That poor young man is so fond of him! and has such a sad life!

Miss Baring wants *me* to go to her in Hampshire, on the 22d, and I could do that, which is a short journey, and would not require me to be long away. But Mr. C. said to-day, I had to keep in mind that I *might* have to go to the Grange, and afterwards to Blickling Hall (the Lothians' place in Norfolk). So I must postpone my own *will* to his "*mights*."

Kindest regards to the Doctor. Don't be long in writing.

Your ever-loving

JANE CARLYLE.

About the beginning of October, 1863, Mrs. Carlyle met with a serious street accident (described by Carlyle in the *Letters and Memorials*, iii., 174–181), and wrote but few Letters during the remainder of the year, and none at all, it would seem, during the first three months of 1864.

In March of this year she was taken to St. Leonards, where she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Blackiston till April the 28th. On that day she removed to a furnished house (117 Marina), and shortly afterwards Carlyle came down with his Books and writing materials to be beside her. She did not improve in health; and growing tired of St. Leonards and the sound of the sea, she left for London on the 12th of July; staid overnight at Mrs. John Forster's, Palace Gate, Kensington; thence she set

out next evening to travel all night to Scotland, and arrived at Mrs. Austin's, the Gill, near Annan, on the morning of her birthday, the 14th of July. She remained with her Sister-in-law till the 23rd of the month, when she proceeded to Holm Hill, Thornhill, on the invitation of her old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Russell. Here she improved slowly but surely; and found herself strong enough by the 1st of October to return home to Chelsea.

Not many of her Letters written during this time of severe illness, are suitable for publication. She herself called them "weak and wretched"; and certainly they are not pleasant reading, being full of details of her sufferings and the incidents of the sick-room, brightened only here and there by her touches of wit and humour; but on the whole they are much less gloomy and despairing than the Extracts which are printed in the *Letters and Memorials* would lead one to infer. For some reason or other, Mr. Froude has clearly done his best (or worst) to paint her condition, especially at Holm Hill, in the darkest colours possible, by picking from different Letters the most gloomy and despondent sentences and placing them together as an Extract from one Letter,—many of these citations being of necessity under wrong dates. At the same time he supresses nearly all that is cheerful and bright. I had prepared several typical instances of this proceedure; but I now think it needless to trouble any reader with them.

The following half-dozen Letters, one written at St. Leonards, the others at Holm Hill, will serve as fair specimens of Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence during this most trying time.

LETTER 239

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

117 Marina, St. Leonards, 29 April, 1864.

Again a day of comparative comfort! The "Lini-

ment" and rubbing (with opium) having the desired effect. . . .

I got thro' the night in my strange bed better than I had hoped; fell asleep about three! It is a most tidy little house, and so clean, and I think quiet!

Maggie is out with two of the Liverpool Leishmans, who are come over from Brighton on *her* invitation,—I knowing nothing [of it] till an hour before they came!

I fear, as John has had no practice at what they call "a Ladies' Doctor," he can suggest nothing either at random or on reflection, to save me from this worse than death torture; but if he likes to come for a day and take care of *you*, I shall give him some dinner, and be glad to see you both. Could you come on Monday? Oh! if I might be even as well as *this* when you come! But that is too much to hope.

What quantities of things I have to tell you,—if I had my poor soul freed from the pressure of physical torment!

Oh, my Dear, my Dear! shall I ever make fun for you again? Or is our life together indeed past and gone? I want so much to *live*,—to be to you more than I have ever been; but I fear, I fear!

As yet, your own affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 240

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Monday, 15 Aug., 1864.

Oh, my Dear—I have great cause for thankfulness! and I *am* thankful! I have no entire night of wakefulness

to report. For *five* nights now I have gone to sleep about two, and slept off and on till about six. It is not refreshing sleep; but *any* sleep is such a mercy, after wakefulness enough to have turned my brain,—if it had been in the *habit of turning!** . . .

Another piece of intelligence I have for you, which you will regard as first-rate,—and so should I too, if with the gain of weight, there was proportionate gain of strength: when weighed last Friday I was found to have gained a *pound and half* in ten days!!! I am now eight stones, twelve and a half! Still I cannot walk; but go tottering like a Chinese woman; and am ready to sink with fatigue if I have gone some twenty yards on the smooth sward. Dr. Russell insists on my "exercising my legs," and I do my best; but no good seems to come of it!

This morning the little housemaid, bringing my new milk, having asked in a modest whisper, "Hae ye had ony sleep?" and receiving an affirmative answer, looked at me with such a bright smile, and said, "I think ye'r gaun to get better noo!" Ach! if I hadn't had so many disappointments, I should be thinking so too! But my *Hope* is like Humpty Dumpty that "sat on a wall," and "had a great fall; and all the king's horses and all the king's men, couldn't set Humpty Dumpty up again!"

I went with your sovereign to Margaret Hiddlestone

* "In the habit," etc. A big fellow, in a pugnacious mood, coming up to Carlyle's Brother Alick, said: "*Thou canna gar me trimle the day!*" (You can't make me tremble today!) To whom Alick Carlyle replied: "I kenna what's to hinner thee frae trimling the day mair than ony ither day, if thou's i' the *habit o' trimling!*" Big fellow, who hadn't thought of it in that light, at once departs again *trimling*.—T. C. *loq.*

on Saturday. She looked very glad, and her eyes reddened when she said, "I canna show him my gratitude, but I *am* grateful!" Then she expatiated on how well you and she got on together at Templand.* "Ye see we just suited aneanither!" "Oh, yes," she concluded, "I thocht a power o' Mr. Carlyle!—thocht *far* mair o' *him*, Mem, than I did o' *you* when I saw ye!!" She is impatient to "just get back into my ain hoose and doe for mysel,"—for all so well cared for as she is! The Daughter she lives with is married to a cabinet-maker, and they are well to do.

Oh dear, I must now go and "exercise my legs,"—the most disagreeable thing I do all day.

Yours ever,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 241

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Friday, 19 Aug., 1864.

Dearest—. . . Something occurred here last evening between the hours of 8 and 9, which produced an extraordinary sensation! Mrs. Russell has not got over it yet! My Dear, *I laughed!!!* "The first time I had laughed since I came!" And it was no feeble attempt, but a good, loud, hearty laugh! Perhaps you will wonder what could have produced an effect so startling? The cause was a nothing. Mrs. Russell had been telling of a row Mrs.—— had with her servants. Hearing some disturbance in the

* When Carlyle was there in the Spring of 1842, settling the affairs of Templand after Mrs. Welsh's death.

room where her maids slept, ... "Only think what a terrible thing!"—said Mrs. Russell;—and a great *big* man!" "My Dear," said Dr. Russell, in his quiet, dry way, "would it have been any better if it had been a *little* man?" I don't know why this tickled me so much; but I *laughed;* and if I had *cried* I couldn't have surprised them more, or so much!

Along with Forster's Letter to *you,* there is come this morning a kind little Letter from Forster to *me.* Nobody else has written to me for long, which makes me feel sometimes as if I were officially dead. Curious that Geraldine, above all, who makes more protestations of undying love to me than all my other friends put together, does not see what a "bad effect" such inconstancy would have in a *Novel!*

I read in Forster's Essays the other day a charming paragraph about Frederick. After telling the story of Frederick's making Zeithen add a line to his Letter to his Wife, to the effect that "next day at two o'clock he would be dead," Forster remarks: "There are people who have called in question the truth of this incident; but it accords so well with the cruel, tyrannical disposition of the man, that if it did not actually take place, it might have done so"!!

There, you have a long Letter to-day, tho' I am rather shaky; for you will get no more till Tuesday.

Your ever affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

I hope Mary is shaking my *furs* to keep the moths off.

LETTER 242

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Monday, 5 Sep., 1864.

Here we are at the beginning of a new week. God grant that it be better than the last. . . .

I wrote a Note to Geraldine on Saturday *after* post-time,—which will go to-day. *Why* I should have written to *her* whom I have been so dissatisfied with,—at a time when more than usually ill and depressed,—needs explanation, in case she make a fuss about having heard from "Jane." She wrote to me, as she had told you, some weeks ago a disagreeable Letter,—the third Letter she had written to me thro' all my illness (every one of them *disagreeable*),—about her parties and her new clothes, etc.! I should have delayed answering, into the vague, had not there been enclosed in the Letter to *me* a Note to Mrs. Russell full of passionate anxiety to have news of me (which could have been got any day at Cheyne Row!), and imploring Mrs. Russell to write and tell her how I was,—quite Geraldinish, the whole thing! Poor Mrs. Russell, who is very shy and nervous, fell into a panic at the idea of having to "write to a learned lady whom she had never seen." So, in common humanity and common gratitude, I had to take the answering on myself and promise to write. Every day it was "Oh, Mrs. Carlyle! *have* you written to that lady? I am afraid she will think me so rude." At last on Saturday afternoon, when I was ever so ill and miserable, I "wrote to that lady,"—not however telling her much of myself.

When the rooms are done, pray charge the maids not to rub on the clean paper with their abominably large *crinolines*, and not to push back the chairs against it, as their habit is! . . .

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 243

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Thursday, 15th Sep., 1864.

Dearest—Our Letter-carrier has taken it into his head to come an hour earlier; so I now get your Letter as a finish to my breakfast.

Last night I had a little more sleep,—not "balmy" by any means, but *any* sort of *sleep* is to be considered as a mercy now! To-day the rain has come only in brief showers, with bright sunshine between. I hear of no harm done by the flood yesterday, except the complete destruction of an embankment the Duke was making a little below Holm Hill. "It will be a great loss to the Duke!" Well, he can stand it!—But I wish all prosperity to the Duke! He seems to be a good owner, whatever other sort of man he may be. I have heard many nice things of him, not merely in the way of *giving*, but, for example, an old woman had an old cottage in a conspicuous part of the Park; all the other cottages were new and highly ornamental, but this one was not only an eyesore, but interfered with a new approach the Duke had planned; nevertheless as old Aggie liked better her old cottage than any possible new one, the Duke promised her "his

own self" and left strict orders, that so long as Aggie Brown lived her cottage was not to be meddled with. That was kind, and human! The old woman died two or three months ago, and the road is making over the site of her cottage.—The Duchess finding Margaret Hiddlestone no longer in her laundry (fancy a Duchess *knowing* what women washed for her!), enquired of Dr. Russell about her illness and circumstances, and sent her a quantity of wine, and ordered that she should be cared for thro' the Winter. After hearing *that*, I would have staid in the room when "the Duchess" and "the Countess" called here the other day; could I have executed a decent courtesy; but in the actual state of my legs and back, I preferred making an ignominious retreat.

I am thankful to see the sun once more! If *the misery* would but fall into abeyance again! But I am never quite delivered from it now; never since the day I was at Dumfries. Not that, I suppose, going to Dumfries hurt me, but it so happened! I can bear all the rest,—my neuralgic pains, my lameness, etc., with patience; but *that* seems to be connected with the nerves of my brain! I go wild under it. To keep up the pretence of *rationality* is the most I am up to.

I saw in the Dumfries Paper the death of Mrs. Allan Cunningham,—modestly recorded, without a word of her Husband.

Ever yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

What have you done with Ward's preserved apricots? If you have no use for them, I have, when I come.

LETTER 244

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Monday, 19 Sep., 1864.

There is nothing new to tell, Dear: I continue to have wretched nights. My nights have never been to be called *good* even when at my best here; . . . Still they do not react on my days, as one would expect. Except in the special ailment, which is indeed the most important of all, I hardly seem to suffer from them! I have not lost flesh; I do not feel weaker, when once up and dressed. Only the irritation is pretty constant; tho' not as severe as it used to be, but bad enough to spoil all comfort in the present and to keep me in dread of worse, and increase my unfitness for my long journey before me. After even the two hours drive in the carriage, I come in every day uncertain whether I had not better have wanted the air and exercise, than have increased my discomfort to such a degree. Last night I took a blue-pill, but it did no good: I lay awake till between four and five after; but neither does it seem to have done any harm. Often when I am lying tossing on my bed, the words of poor bewildered Mr. Barnes seem spoken in my ear: "You will never get rid of it! never! never!"—But I had better speak of somebody else. . . .

Now I will tell you what Mrs. Russell has just said of her housemaid's Father, and then conclude. "He is a real excellent man, old Gabriel. He is just the man among them all (meaning the people of his *clachan*)! He has help for all needs. He kills their pigs for them; he

prays with them in illness; and he *shaves* their *heads*, when that's the thing in hand!"—Thanks for the *Mutual Friends*. Mrs. Russell will be glad of them.—The Taunton Letter was from Mrs. Graham (Agnes Veitch of Haddington) who lives now in an old Rectory near Taunton.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 245

Saturday, 1st October, 1864, a mild clear (not sunny) day, John brought her home to me again to this door,—by far the gladdest sight I shall ever see here, if gladness were the name of any sight now in store for me. A faint, kind timid smile was on her face, as if afraid to believe fully; but the despair had vanished from her looks altogether, and she was brought back to me, my own again as before. . . .

My poor martyred Darling continued to prosper here beyond my hopes,—far beyond her own; and in spite of utter weakness (which I never rightly saw), and of many bits of troubles, her life to the very end continued beautiful and hopeful to both of us,—to me more beautiful that I had ever seen it in her best days. Strange and precious to look back upon, those last eighteen months, as of a second youth (almost a second childhood with the wisdom and graces of old age), which by Heaven's great mercy were conceded her and me. . . .—T. C.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Sunday, '9 October, 1864.'

Dearest Mary—I should have liked to give you another kiss, and my thanks and blessings by word of mouth, before going away again beyond all reach of personal communication. But the additional fatigue of going

No. 24, CHEYNE ROW,
Chelsea (Front View).

round by the Gill, and the additional agitation of taking a solemn leave in circumstances so precarious, were not to be encountered voluntarily. I was terrified enough, as it was, for the journey back, tho' the same journey down had done me no harm. But nothing is ever so bad when it comes to reality, as one's cowardly imagination paints it beforehand.

I arrived quite safe, and the dreaded moment of re-entering a house, which I had left in a sort of a hearse, with a firm conviction of returning no more, was tumbled head over heels by Mr. C. rushing out into the street to meet me, in his dressinggown, and in violent agitation, —John had given him reason to expect us an hour and half earlier. He had been momentarily expecting a telegram to say I had died on the road.

I got a heavenly sleep the first night after my return: nothing like it since the first night I slept at the Gill. To expect the like of that to continue—out of heaven—would have been too presumptuous. Still I have slept every night since, rather better than I was doing at Holm Hill. An immense mercy! if it were only for reconciling my imagination to *Home*, which I had got to shudder at! For the rest I have been wonderfully well. Everybody is astonished at me, and so glad and kind,—especially the men. They take me in their arms, most I have seen, and kiss me, and—burst into tears!! or are struck speechless. I remarked to Mr. C. that *women* were always considered to have the tenderest hearts; but George Cooke and Lord Houghton had embraced and kissed me with far more enthusiasm! He answered that "there was

nothing very wonderful in that; men have been understood to have more notion than women of kissing *women* ever since the world began!"

I will write soon again and tell you more particularly about us. To-day, and all days at present, I am struggling against accumulations of disorder.

Yes, I should like butter very much.—Love to James; I hope his back never troubles him.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 246

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, '20 Oct., 1864.'

Dearest Darling—Why don't you write me a little word? I don't ask for a long Letter, but just a line or two to break the strange silence fallen between us so suddenly thro' the necessities of the case. It still feels strange, and sad, for me when Mary (not your Mary) brings me my warm milk, instead of *you*, and when, all thro' the day, I miss your gentle ministrations. I should be thankful that I get new milk at all, whomsoever brought by! Mr. C. says "it is little short of a daily recurring miracle!" At first they did not make haste enough, and the milk was pretty cold, and the froth fallen; but now it comes frothed up an inch above the tumbler. Only it has not the sweet taste of milk made of grass. For cream, I do pretty well. A hamper from Addiscombe (Lady Ashburton's Farm) brings, three times a week, new-laid eggs,

sweet butter, and the thickest cream; besides vegetables and apples. . . .

It is a wonder I have not been knocked up by the heaps of people who come and make such rejoicing over me, as if I were a Queen bee! The social imprudences I have gone into, or rather been forced into, were wound up the other night to a climax. I had been several times "kissed and cried over" during the day, and I was not bound to sit up longer than was good for me, with the two Confederate Officers who came by appointment to tea. (Mr. C. pours out the tea!!) About 9 I wanted to go away; but hadn't moral courage to hobble with my stick thro' the room, and raise them all to their feet with "fears of intruding," etc. So I sat on from minute to minute, hoping they might go away. At ten a carriage dashed up, and enter Lady Ashburton and Miss Baring, who staid till eleven!! And then they all went, Mr. C. walking out with the Confederates. . . .

Lady Airlie is in Town for a fortnight. Has been here for two hours this afternoon,—making me miss the post. —Dr. Carlyle is on a visit to some stupid rich people. It is to be feared he will soon return here.—Kindest love to the Doctor, twenty kisses to yourself.

Your ever-loving

J. W. C.

I sent Mr. Hunter the autograph.

LETTER 247

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

'Chelsea, 24 Oct., 1864.'

Dearest—I have a superstition about beginning a week

in doing (when capable of *doing*) something pleasant and not "*unwholesome*, nor *expensive* nor *wrong*," as Lady Dufferin declared all pleasant things to be! So I begin this week in writing to *you*, tho' I have the prospect of being interrupted, very soon, by a Tailor about Mr. C.'s coat and trousers, a servant "after the place," and a groom with a horse for my inspection!! a sufficiency and variety of business "for a wee fellow like me!" . . .

The weather has been warm and moist—often to the length of rain,—to which I impute the loss of my appetite (entirely) for some days last week, and a backgoing in several ways. In desperation at a ring, which fitted me when I left Holm Hill, dropping off my finger, I betook myself to the bottle of fluid quinine I had luckily brought away with me, and have taken it regularly twice a day, with good effect on my stomach, I think, and with no bad effect on my sleep. Perhaps the air being so much more sluggish here, my brain is more difficult to excite. I mean to go on with it; so please ask the Doctor to send me the prescription *immediately*, my bottle will not hold out above a couple of days, and I forget the proportion of quinine and water. Dr. Blackiston wrote, as if in the spirit of prophecy, "should your appetite fail, don't forget to take the pepsine." But I never got any good of pepsine and have always got good of quinine, except for the effect, real or imaginary, on my sleep.

I am perfectly astonished at the impunity with which I do and suffer things that used to ruin me for days at St. Leonards. Especially the talking in the evenings. I do not encourage anybody to come in the evening, but

cannot always keep people out without seeming too ungrateful. Lady Ashburton is still in Town, and she has come *three* evenings last week, and last night Woolner the Sculptor came, just returned from his marriage tour with the graceful lady, who, your Mary said, "looked awful modest" (in the photograph). Woolner was especially trying, for he dropped on his knees beside my sofa, and kissed me over and over again, with a most stupendous beard! and a face wet with tears! I had seen him last on New Year's evening, in my bed, *dying* as I thought; I had made Mr. C. bring him that I might bid him farewell; and he had then kissed my hand, and gone away with a great sob! Forster too, had been kissing me in the forenoon yesterday! I have never in all my life sustained such an amount of kissing in a given time!

Don't forget the quinine. I have bought you a *Common Prayer Book*, which will be sent when I am a little at leisure. Ask Mary to send me her photograph, and I will send her the shilling in stamps, when I have as many.—Dear and grateful love to the Doctor.—Never *return* any Letters or pamphlets I send to amuse you unless I ask for them back.

Your loving

J. W. C.

LETTER 248

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, Friday, 'Nov.', 1864.'

Oh, my Darling, I should not be writing to *you* this morning, with so many Letters on my conscience, which it

is more my *duty*, tho' not so much my *pleasure* to write! But "life is short," and I feel that truth more poignantly than ever, since this horrible illness; and I don't feel to have time for always sacrificing my pleasure to my duty! So the others must wait while I talk to you a bit.

The weather has been, as November weather always is here, horrible: so wet and foggy and dispiriting. Nevertheless, I have not since my return to London, missed my drive a single day. It is the great support and comfort of my life, that movement thro' the open air once a day. Then it enables me to do my shopping (at the carriage window) and to make visits (on the new principle of calling out the person visited to sit in the carriage with me!). My back continues as weak as ever, making it too much fatigue for me to go up people's stairs, and that sort of thing! When I have nothing particular to do in the streets, I know where to drive for a sight of *sheep* (very dirty ones!) and green fields. I am out from one till about four, generally; then I dine, and receive company till six. Occasionally, not often, some one drops in to tea, but I seldom fail to be in bed by eleven,—and still better, I seldom fail to get *some* sleep. I have not been awake a *whole* night since my return! tho' I am still far from sleeping like a buman being! I take pills at a great rate,—can't help myself. And no matter, so long as the *special misery* keeps in abeyance.

I have been feeling myself very ungrateful in not going to report myself to Dr. Quain all this time. He was very kind and attentive to me last Winter, and couldn't be persuaded ever to take a fee! But now that the torment

. . . is abated, I "think shame" to see him, after all the dreadful questions and answers that passed between us!

My new "cook and *housekeeper*"* promises well. If I had not had another such perfect and polite servant in the "Old Ann," who was with me six years, I should live in constant expectation of discovering some serious flaw in her! For this woman's characteristic is *plausibility*, and I have a dread of plausible people! But probably, as in "Old Ann," there will be nothing to discover worse than a large amount of selfishness and an exaggerated idea of perquisites. The new "housemaid and lady's-maid" is to come on Tuesday. As Mrs. Warren (the cook) said, "however she turns out, we can't well be worse off than we are at present." . . .

Mrs. Anstruther and Daughter were here yesterday,—sweet as melted barley-sugar! Lady A. has been in Town again, keeping me out of bed till near twelve! bless her! People begin to come back, and I have more company than I need.

The little box? Yes! it has a history. It *was* a white deal box containing some presents sent me by Goethe, when we were at Craigenputtock. By way of illustrating it, I painted it black, and ornamented it with clippings of chintz!! I sent it to *you* because I thought you would give it a place in your bedroom; and here, if I died, it would have no value for man, woman or child! . . .

God bless you both, my Dear.

JANE W. CARLYLE.

* Mrs. Warren.

LETTER 249

To Miss Anne Welsh, Edinburgh.

Chelsea, Wednesday, 30 Nov., 1864.

Oh, thank you, Dear! I am really grateful for *this!** . . .

I have been very much occupied of late weeks, with changes in the house, etc., etc. My days are so short to begin with! As I am still too weak for getting up before breakfast, it is near eleven always before I get into the drawing-room; at half after twelve I go out for my drive, whatever weather it is, and am generally out for three hours; at four I dine; and receive visits till six. Then in the evenings, I am too much wearied to do anything but a little desultory reading. When I try writing Letters in the evening, it never fails to give me a restless night; and now, Mr. C. won't suffer me to take pen in hand.

Still it is not an unhappy life. The comparative freedom from physical suffering seems, after the long tortures I endured, positive enjoyment. And the pleasure I have in my friends is so enhanced by grateful remembrance of the kindness shown me thro' the long period of my illness! . . .

I have got a respectable widow of fifty for cook and housekeeper, who has already done more for improving my appetite than all the quinine and pepsine that have been tried on me. There is never a speck of dust about this woman; and her manners are the perfection of courtliness! And so far as I have seen, things go on at less expense

*A photograph of herself (Miss Anne Welsh).

than formerly. If she only goes on as she has begun, I shall say I have lighted on "a treasure,"—at last!

The young person (eight-and-twenty) who came yesterday for housemaid and lady's-maid also promises excellently. She comes of an excellent family, and I have great faith in breed. She "thoroughly understands her business"—one can see *that* the first day; and she is very modest and intelligent and, I should say from her face, is not only honest but honourable. So I feel myself set up in quite a magnificent style; housekeeper and lady's-maid, and coachman coming every morning "for orders!" I feel the comfort of all this better *now* than if it had come to me when I was young and strong. As dear Betty says, "We hae mony mercies; may we be thankful!"

I find I have written on a sheet destined for Madame Elise, my beloved Dressmaker! Never mind!

My best love to Elizabeth and Grace. Couldn't you persuade Elizabeth to send me *her* photograph? The sitting one, on metal, is so ghastly! God bless you.

Your loving Niece,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 250

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, Tuesday, Nov'r (?), 1864.

I had it in mind, Dearest, to write you a nice long Letter to-day, but the fates willed that I should get up this morning late and stupid, having had a worse night than usual. No wonder! considering the way I was used. I went yesterday to have a dress fitted on at Elise's; my black silk

tunic which you liked so much, and which I have worn *every* day and *all* day since I left you! having fairly gone to *tatters*,—and no shame to it. I was before the time of day for the fashionable ladies, so Elise was disengaged and came to the fitting-room herself, to superintend the process, which I don't believe she would have done for any Duchess in the Land. And she would not let me have the thing done *anyhow*, as I wanted, saying to her French Dress-maker: "Because *Madame will not* wear a crinoline and will not be tied up, *that* is no reason why she should have no waist and no style!" And so she fingered away at me herself, while I *stood* for half an hour! Then she brought me a glass of wine, "to put away your fatigues!" but it didn't!—I went after to see Lady William Russell, who happened to be better up to talking than usual, poor soul! and I didn't get away from her till within half an hour of my dinner time (four o'clock). Mrs. Warren (the new cook) never keeps me waiting; but my dinner was not well over till Mr. Twisleton came, who staid till near seven; and between seven and eight, a Mr. Ballantyne came on the voluntary principle, and shortly after, Colonel Cunningham and Miss Cunningham (Allan's Family) by appointment to tea. And just, I think, *because* I was so feverishly tired, I thought fit to make tea myself,—the first time these fifteen months! It was half after ten when they went away, and Mr. C.'s walk was not ended till near twelve. Of course, I couldn't sleep; and when I *did*, couldn't keep hold of sleep for many minutes together; and awoke finally for good, at five. And such long, dark mornings these are!

So I will put off the "nice long Letter" till another more auspicious day, and just tell you how it is with me.

On the whole, I don't think I have lost ground. My cold is gone,—a little tendency to cough and roughness of the throat, but nothing to speak of. My appetite has improved since I had the new cook, who makes everything *look* nice, however it may taste; and who regulates my dinners according to "her own sweet will." Nothing so soon destroys all inclination for food in me, as having to order it beforehand. So, reflecting that I was eating better, I thought I might probably be gaining flesh again, and yesterday summoned up resolution to go and be weighed,—at the green grocer's—swung up in the air like a basket of potatoes! It wasn't half such pleasant weighing as Andrew's; nor was the result so pleasant. I had lost *two pounds and a half* since I was weighed last;—not much, and the weight remaining, 8 stones, 9 lbs., is fair enough for a woman of my inches. Still I should have liked to keep the "8 stones, eleven and a half." When I came home after, I solemnly announced to Mrs. Warren that she would have to fatten me to the extent of two pounds and a half. Whereupon she went and baked some sweet unwholesome biscuits which gave me the heartburn. . . .

I am not at all nervous, and I certainly sleep better than I did while I was with you,—when I commit no indiscretions like last night's. . . . The *actual* suffering, if cleared of the aggravations of the Imagination, would be nothing to make a fuss about. Many people,—the greater number, I believe,—have to suffer as much in some form or other! I daresay the exceptionalness of the form

in my case, has had a great deal to do with the unbearableness.

. . . My ever grateful love to *the* Doctor. Dear, dear! I wish he and you were not so far away!

Your loving friend,

J. Carlyle.

Kind remembrance to Mary and Lady Macbeth.*

LETTER 251

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, '21 December, 1864.'

Dearest Mary— . . . The butter comes exactly at the right moment, just when Lady Ashburton's Farmer at Addiscombe had written that "the hamper" would henceforth be sent only once a week instead of three times, "as he had to send hampers also to her Ladyship in Devonshire." The impossibility is curious when you consider that in each hamper there is just *two* eggs, about a gill of cream, and, twice a week, a pound of butter! It is a compensation for those who have no toy-farmers and gardeners, to see how a great Lady is imposed upon at all hands! My grey horse that Lady A.'s coachman gave an "enormous price" for (sixty or seventy guineas!), and which Lady A. absolutely *forced* on my acceptance, turns out too soft for even *my* gentle uses; the first day of the frost I had it sharpened and sent out in the carriage as usual (I have not been one day without a drive since my return), and one of the creature's hind legs got sprained

* Mrs. Russell's servants.

somehow, and it has been laid up in its stable, with a farrier attending it ever since.—I have to hire a horse in the meantime! The groom says that every time my horse does a little more than usual she "goes off her food." I shall never have any comfort in driving her again, even if she gets over this accident. And the best thing to do will be to sell her, and *job* a horse.

Mr. C. does not look to me as if he were going to keep his word and "get done about Newyear's day." If he get done in February, I shall be thankful. I am not now so impatient for getting to Devonshire to Lady A.'s as I was before I knew that her house there only began to be built last June! She affirms it is quite *dry*, nevertheless; but she had only been there for two days when she said so. As she is troubled with rheumatism herself at present, she will not be able to live in it, any more than I should be, unless it *is* free from damp. We shall see.

In the meantime I have reason to thank God for the comparative ease I still enjoy,—in spite of the severe changes of weather. My appetite is improved again since I had the new cook, who sends up everything so tidy and pretty! She seems a very nice servant indeed, and not at all extravagant. I pay her a little more wages than I was in the habit of giving; but *that* is not the difference at the year's end. The weekly bills are diminished rather than increased since she came, tho' we live much better:—have all sorts of cakes and "dainties" which no former cook (unless Grace MacDonald)* was up to. And she is a most pleasant servant, always so polite and obliging, with

* Servant at Comley Bank and Craigenputtock for a time.

an equableness of temper rare at fifty, and very soothing for the rest of us,—who are anything but equable!

The new housemaid* is also a good servant; intensely "respectable," and "understands her business"; but she is nothing like so pleasant. . . .

I was weighed the other day, and found that I had lost two pounds and a half since I was last weighed at Dr. Russell's. Considering my loss of appetite from cold and from worry, it was less than might have been expected. I am certainly sleeping better; not to be called well yet; but better than I had done since before my illness. . . Oh, mercy, what a different state of things from last year at Christmas! Can I ever be thankful enough!

God bless you, Dear, and all your belongings! Many thanks for all these things and all your true affection.

Yours ever faithfully,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

I can't walk any better yet, but I feel rather less fatigued by the effort of walking.

LETTER 252

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, Thursday, 'December, 1864.'

If it weren't, Dear, that the delay might make you anxious about the basket, I would not write this morning, having no time to make a decently long Letter. But you will kindly accept a brief acknowledgement in the meantime; and the nice long Letter will follow.

* Fanny.

I wish you had seen the *sensation* the Basket produced; for we couldn't conceive what it contained, or where it came from! "Glasgow?" Mr. C. said. "But who on earth," I asked, "is there in Glasgow to send *us* anything?" "Your Cousin Jeannie, perhaps?" "Bah! my Cousin Jeannie never sent me anything in her life!" "Well, let us get into the inside of it," said Mr. C., standing with his long pipe in his mouth, offering no assistance. Fanny, having placed the package in the middle of the Drawing-room floor, had disappeared. At last by my unaided efforts I had extracted the Basket from its brown paper. "Pooh!" said Mr. C., "it is more *game!*" (Mr. C. doesn't eat most sorts of game, and had been *aggravated* by the quantity sent lately). "D'ye know, I have a sort of notion it is fish," said I rather mournfully, not seeing my way thro' a basketful of *fish!* "I am afraid it is," said he—"just fish; and I wish you joy of it!" Then Fanny came back and helped me to open the Basket. "Eggs!" said Fanny, solemnly, as if she had been solving the Problem of the Universe. "Oh, hang it!" said Mr. C., "all broken again, of course." (Mr. C.'s temper had been much tried latterly by boxfuls of eggs from both the Gill and Dumfries, arriving all in a state of *mush!* and he had written to forbid more eggs.) "These seem to be all whole, however," said I; "who can have sent them?" "A person, whoever it be," said Mr. C. blandly, "who knows something about the art of *packing!*" "Look here," said Fanny groping among the eggs, "if that ain't a Turkey!" Still, with the fixed idea of Glasgow put into my head, I never thought of Holm Hill! not till we arrived at the whisky. Then a

light flashed on my soul! "Oh, it is Mrs. Russell!" I cried, "where is the address? don't you know the handwriting?" Mr. C. picked up the address and said, "To be sure, that is Dr. Russell's writing!" You can't think what a good the little excitement did us! But I couldn't help a little shudder, on contemplating the dead body of one of those Turkeys that I had seen grow up from babyhood! slain for *me*, poor bird! The whisky came exactly at the right moment; for only *the night before*, I had swallowed the last drop in the bottle I brought home with me! and was thinking I should have to put up with the Irish L.L. whisky, the only sort procurable here.

There wasn't a single egg broken,—*one* cracked, that was all. A thousand thanks! And I am so glad the package did *not* come from Glasgow, as Mr. C. said; it makes all the difference *whom* a present comes from!

I have been sleeping very badly for the last ten days, without any assignable reason; but last night was better; so I hope the spell is broken. I have a great many things to do before going out for my drive; so *must* stop.

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 253

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill

Chelsea, 28 February, 1865.

Darling— . . . I suppose I am bilious just now; I feel so bad at writing; so bad at *doing anything*. I would like to lie all day on the sofa, reading Novels! the "last

sad refuge of the noble mind!" I will take a blue-pill to-night.

I had a visit the other day that gave me the *knife in my back!* Dr. Quain! It was very good-natured in him to come so far to see me, considering that I had never announced my return and my recovery to him. Not that I did not feel grateful for his kindness last Winter; but I remembered how wildly I used to talk to him, imploring him to give me poison, etc., etc., and all the horrid questions he had to ask! And I could not look him in the face, now that I found myself in my normal state of mind! He was very good and put me at my ease at once, and scolded me for not sending for him in my last inflammatory attack. How *could* I, when he would never accept a fee from me? I have such a pretty story to tell you about a Baby left at Dr. Quain's door, and a great many stories laid by in my mind to amuse you with when you come here.

For the present I must get ready for my drive. Love to the Doctor. . . .

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 254

To Mrs. Braid, Green End, Edinburgh.

Seaforth Lodge, Seaton, Devonshire,
12 March, 1865.

My own darling Betty—Thanks from the bottom of my heart for your Letter, which was all the more pleasure to me that I was not expecting such an effort from you. I know how difficult it is to concentrate one's thoughts

and put them into written sentences when one is full of sorrow or pain! To do it at all one must hold very dear the person one writes to! And you and I hold one another very dear by that and by other tokens. When my bodily torments were nearly greater than I could bear, and I had dropt all correspondence in the outer world, I recollect writing a few lines to *you;* and now, *you* write to *me* when bowed down with sorrow as I was with pain.

Dear Thomas Erskine wrote me a kind Letter about you after he had seen you. He told me the manner of George's* end. In my life I never heard anything so sad! And yet how merciful!

. . . I was not thinking of a journey to Scotland this Summer, until I had the news of your loss. *Now,* I should like to go, that you might see the *child* remaining to you, which would be a comfort to you, would it not? If I were not still in such weak health that I can stand no knocking about, I should decide to go. For Mr. Carlyle, who has lately finished the great Book, in six big volumes, which has kept him busy for ten years, is going to Scotland in a little while, and to pay several visits up and down; so that I should not be needed at home. And it would be too much fatigue going from place to place along with him; besides that, among his own people there is not accommodation for us both at one time, as we are both bad sleepers and need a room a-piece! So, if I had but strength for it, there would be nothing to hinder me from going back to Thornhill, and on for a few days to Edinburgh. To Thornhill is not a difficult journey; and there

* Mrs. Braid's son.

is such beautiful rest at the end of it! And I should find just the same welcome this year as if I had not staid near *three months* there last year! But the journey from Thornhill to Edinburgh is more complicated and bothering; and I don't feel at home with my Aunts as I do with the Russells. I need a great many tender attentions now, which I could perfectly dispense with when I was stronger, and it is not *in* my Aunts to be *tender* towards anybody! However we shall see! Perhaps as the weather gets warmer I may be less of an invalid. Meanwhile I have written to Mrs. Russell to beg her to come to me, —and the Doctor too if possible,—in London, when Mr. C. goes north and leaves house-room for them. After showing them London, I would perhaps return with them, I said, as an inducement to their coming!

At present we are on a visit to Lady Ashburton in Devonshire; so your Letter did not reach me till yesterday, as we left London on Wednesday, forgetting to leave the address with the postman. I had been much plagued with a constant nausea for some time, and was glad to get a change of air and scene, which the Doctors say is the only remedy for nervous illness; and certainly that is my own experience.

I am just as much at home with Lady Ashburton as with Mrs. Russell: they are the two kindest hostesses on earth. So I doubt not but I shall improve here, so soon as my sleep gets settled, which is always driven away by a new bed.

The house is within a hundred yards of a high cliff overhanging the sea; so we have fresh air enough! The

Country all round is extremely beautiful, and new to me. Chiefly I am delighted to see *clear, running* waters, like what we have in Scotland; also the wee lambs, quite white, are a treat to see after the sooty sheep near London!

We shall stay here some two or three weeks.

Mr. Carlyle was for me not continuing to send *Punch*, as the sight of it might make you sorry. But I thought your Husband might care to look at it; and at all rates that you took the address in my handwriting as an assurance of my welfare.

God bless and comfort you, Dear!

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 255

To Mrs. Oliphant.[1]

Seaforth Lodge, '29 March, 1865.'

I give you now, Dear, the only piece of news I have had to give since I went away, viz., that we are coming home on Saturday. It is very perverse of Mr. C. to be in such haste, seeing that we are only now beginning to feel the benefit of the change, and that we are not wished to go. Indeed a more cordial, more generous Hostess than Lady A. does not I believe exist on this Planet! Every time I see her I like her better than last time; and she seems more kind to me, tho' that had seemed impossible.

But I will tell you all about everything by word of mouth—which is much easier than with pen and ink.

Writing continues a horrid bore to me; and if Letters from me have "been flying about," I can only say they have flown very wide apart, and with very drooping wings!

Oh, what a place this is for lovers of the Picturesque! Such a sea! Such cliffs! the one so blue, the other so white! My head was quite turned at first, with all this "beautiful nature"; and I had a "moment of enthusiasm" in which I was near persuading Mr. C. to buy a Devonshire Craigenputtock, to be sold extraordinarily cheap! Pine trees and wild heaths, and black bog! a hundred acres of it; and in the midst, a charming house built in the style of a convent! The speculation was wrecked by my answering to Mr. C.'s fear I should "die of the solitude, in six months," "Oh, no! for I will keep constant company." George II.'s "*Non! J'aurai des maîtresses!*"* couldn't have given a greater shock!—My chief, indeed only discontents, have been from my Lady's Maid, who has put me in a rage at least once every day.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 256

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, '26 May, 1865.'

Dearest—I am so sorry! Especially if my Letter, posted on Wednesday night, did not reach you last night, —not till this morning. But after all, my delay in writing was not so incomprehensible as it represents itself in

* See Carlyle's *Friedrich*, Bk. X, chap. iv.

your mind. Time moves at a strangely different rate for the person gone away, and the one staying at home! It was on Monday you left: and on Wednesday (the next day but one) you are already astonished at my silence! . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 257

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

The Elms, Streatham Lane, Upper Tooting,
8 June, 1865.

Dearest—I wonder that we are not brought up to use our two hands equally, the same as our two eyes and two ears: there is no natural impossibility, and "it would be a great advantage"; anyhow I must learn to write with my left hand legibly at least, the right having entirely struck work. For it is not now a question of pain merely, but of utter powerlessness as well. I foresaw that it would come to that, so I am not shocked as you may fancy. I daresay a quarter of an hour's practice two or three times a day for a week or so will deliver me from the absurd necessity of having to call in the assistance of the neighbourhood to communicate my bits of news to you; not to say that dictation is only a degree less awkward than left-handed penmanship, having never tried it before in my life.

You perceive that I am still here, and you will infer from that that I find it good to be here; but, as it is Mrs. Macmillan who is writing for me, it would be too barefaced

to give any glowing description of either the pleasantness of the place or the kindness of the people, I shall only say, what you will be glad to hear, that I am getting into the way of sleeping for snatches, after three o'clock, which I attribute, under Providence, to a wineglassful of essence of beef, which is placed by my bedside every night, and which I take when I awake at three with the feeling of doing it for good. It is simply the juice of beef without any water at all. As for the pain, I am sorry I cannot compliment myself on its being in the least better; it has been and continues more severe than I ever had it before. It wears me to fiddle-strings, and takes all "good joy" out of my life; but it does not take the life itself out of me as the old nervous misery did. I always said, better any amount of acute pain than *that;* and I say so still, now when the acute pain is here.

I am going home in an hour or two to look after my workmen. They go on better when expecting me to drop down upon them at any hour. My further plans it may be interesting *not* to state, except this much, that I leave here on Monday; but you need be under no apprehension about the paint, as Mrs. Blunt has given me a bed-room at the Rectory. Indeed everybody is so kind to me that so far as human kindness can avail, you may always feel assured that I am all right,—falling on my feet like any cat. . . . "I add no more but remain

Your obedient, humble servant!!"

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 258

To Mrs. Warren, Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Thornhill, 29 June, 1865.

My dear Mrs. Warren—It is a fortnight to-day since I left home, and time that I should send another word of news. At least I hope that you are thinking so; for, if such a kind, motherly woman as you did not feel any concern about how I was getting on, with this wretched arm, I should say it must have been somehow my own fault and did not tell to my advantage.

You will *see* before reading a word that my right arm continues to be of no use to me! If only *that* were *all*, I could manage to get on pretty well with the *left*,—as I am here giving you a proof.* But the pain continues almost unbearable, and keeps me awake, tumbling about like a wild thing, night after night, thro' one weary week after another; so that it is a perpetual miracle to myself that I am able to get up in the morning and keep on foot, like other people, thro' the day. I have been much worse since I came here, than I was at Mr. Macmillan's. And I long to be home again, where, when ill, one has always the consolation of perfect liberty to be as ugly and stupid and disagreeable as ever one likes!

If it were not for shame of seeming not to know my own mind, and for the terror of the long journey, I would start off home at once! But I must at least for decency's sake make out the *month* I spoke of at starting.

I hope you are quite rid of the painters and of the

* Mrs. Carlyle is writing with the *left* hand.

smell too. Be sure to keep all the windows open, that the house may be sweet when Mr. Carlyle returns. . . .

If you have no more pressing work it would* be a useful thing to be looking thro' all the sheets and mending them; and there might not be soon so good an opportunity. Please inquire for Mr. Royston, and tell me how he is when you write. The settlement of the hamper was very judicious; but in case of any such emergence again, just take counsel with *yourself:* I have considerable faith in *your* practical judgement but little or none in Miss Jewsbury's. Her talent is of quite another sort than practical. If the Bookcases are not quite finished, pray make Mr. Freure get on, that there may be no traces of new paint.

I will write again in a week; but mind that you send me a few lines in the meantime.

Yours kindly,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 259

To Mrs. Braid, Green End, Edinburgh.

Nith Bank, Thornhill, 15 July, 1865.

My dearest Betty—It has been often in my mind that you would think me growing neglectful, so long it is since I wrote to you any Letter! But there was needed the prompting of your own dear Letter, forwarded back from London this morning, to stir me up to undertake the fatigue which writing is for me at present, and has been for more than two months back. You must know that

* From this point on to the signature, the Letter has been dictated.

everything I *do*, even to putting the food into my mouth, has to be done with my *left* hand, which I was not ever before in the habit of using at all; and which protests against the unwonted demands on it, by taking the cramp every now and then; so that *writing* is really only to be attempted in cases of necessity! For my right hand and arm are entirely disabled by neuralgia! And besides having no earthly use of them, the pain,—just like a bad toothache in my arm and hand,—hinders me from sleeping and eating. So my London Doctor, being unable to give me relief, ordered me off to Scotland again, as that had done me so much good last year.

So I came to Mrs. Russell's at Holm Hill, where I am always welcomed like an own child, just a month ago. A fortnight of the time I have been with Mrs. Ewart of Nith Bank. But I go back to Holm Hill to-morrow for another week; and then back to London!—without seeing you, my Darling!—I did not send you word when I first came, for I was hoping my wretched arm might really derive some benefit from the change of air, and if it permitted me any pleasure in life, I had it in my heart to proceed to Edinburgh just to see *you*. As for my Aunts, their invitations, if they give any, are so little cordial that I needn't put myself to any expense or trouble for the sake of seeing *them!* My idea was to ask *you* to find a lodging for me and my maid, for a day or two, and then take the train for London. But this beautiful little scheme has been knocked on the head by the fact that my arm continues as bad as ever, making me shrink from all journeyings and changings that can be avoided,

and only anxious to get back to my own quiet bed at Chelsea.

It is such a dreadful pity that the journey from Edinburgh to Thornhill is so indirect and interrupted. I should be only too happy to pay your expenses here to see me, if it weren't that I know the journey would be both too fatiguing and too confusing for you! We are none of us so young as we have been, Dear!

On the 24th then, I start for London; and will write or make somebody write, on my arrival.

Your loving

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 260

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Holm Hill, Saturday, 22 July, 1865.

I am afraid, Dear, I "have made a mull of it!" I should have let you come here to-day! For there can be no peaceable meeting at Dumfries. I decided against Alderley; and must take two tickets for London, here, not to lose time or create bother with the luggage. So you will just have to jump in at Dumfries and go a few miles with me.

I told you I must leave the decision about Alderley till next day. Night would bring counsel. Yes! but one knows what dark premises Deliberation starts from, and what pusillanimous conclusion it arrives at, when Night brings no sleep! And that night I lay wholly and absolutely awake. . . . All these objections assumed gigantic proportions over night; and the appointment of

"two nights" as the utmost possible limit of the hospitality offered me, chilled my ardour for availing myself of it! Not that I had ever any intention of, or wish for, staying longer; but I disliked not having the credit allowed me of *mense* enough to *see* when I was inconvenient without needing to be told. And so I wrote yesterday, with many thanks, that I could not think of plumping into the midst of the approaching event.* I took care to word my Letter kindly and gratefully. . . .

On Monday, then, by the eleven o'clock train—on the platform!

Yours ever,

JANE.

LETTER 261

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, Tuesday, 25 July, 1865.

Dearest—All right, that is, all as I expected! When I chose to travel *by day*, I knew I should have no sleep after! I sat up reading till three; it was no use I felt to lie down; then I went to bed and lay awake, without kicking about much, till morning. At seven I rang for my breakfast, and ate some; and got up at nine, and have been putting my things in the drawers with the efficient help of Jessie.† I don't suppose the night without sleep in my own bed can do me so much harm as that on the railway on the road down [would have done]. But in the meantime I am very unfit for writing. I do hope Dr. Russell may prove mis-

* An expected "addition to the family."

† Jessie Hiddlestone, whom Mrs. Carlyle had engaged for her housemaid.

No. 24, CHEYNE ROW,
Chelsea (Back View).

taken about my right hand having gone to the dogs *for good*. The loss of it hinders me at every turn! And I haven't even the consolation of having lost it in the service of my Country!

At Carlisle we waited three-quarters of an hour; and Jessie was told her third-class ticket was "no go,"—there being no third-class from Carlisle to London by that train. So she was transferred into a second-class carriage next me, and I had to pay 15*s*. 6*d*. difference! I perceived on the platform at Lancaster, a man in grey, pacing as if his foot was on his native pavement, and took him for the Station-master,—tho' looking upwards as tho' meditating on "the Good, the Beautiful and the True." He looked at me once or twice, then stopt and—it was Mr. S.—— (is that the name?) He was very civil with offers of raspberry tart and gooseberries "pulled that morning by *his Wife*, in his *own* garden!" He is so awfully interesting *to himself*, that man! Mr. Sylvester is to be here with Bellona at 1 o'clock. I hope to be steadier next time.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 262

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, '26 July, 1865.'

Oh, my Dear, my Dear—I wish I had the use of that hand again! For when I try to write or do anything with the left *without* great plenty of leisure, it shakes and threatens to strike work!

I absolutely *couldn't* write yesterday; and to make

Jessie write would have made you think me either more unwell or more disagreeable than I was! The first night after my long journey, I lay wholly awake as I was sure to do, except when I travel by night and allow myself twelve hours to subside! Indeed, knowing how it would be in bed, I sat up reading till three in the morning! Then I made a bold venture and took before lying down thirty drops of Morphia! I used to get good of an exceptional dose of this sort. Even that couldn't put me to sleep for a minute; but it gave me a sensation of rest instead of wildness; and I lay patiently till seven, when I rang for my breakfast. Last night I slept like the angels. In waking I had lost my identity, and was saying to myself, "It can't be I who have slept in this way!"

Oh! I am stopt! I will finish it at night. I am so sorry.

LETTER 263

To T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

Chelsea, 2 August, 1865.

Dearest—What belated your Letter that it didn't arrive till the two o'clock post—after I was gone out? Getting no news in the morning, and being up to the eyes in the Books, I felt justified in passing a day, on the pretext of not being quite sure of your whereabout.

I must now be concise and to the purpose, the day being too short for all the affairs I have on hand. First, of my sleep: I really begin to sleep like a human being! If this would last a week or two, my arm would be cured, and even my hand. Already the pain is so much dimin-

ished that I don't *dream* of it in my sleep! and I can do a lot of things with my hand; can put on my stockings! can lift a spoon to my mouth! can tie on my bonnet, etc., etc. Oh, the relief of this comparative ease, after five months of constant wearing pain and helplessness!

Mrs. Forster has been ill in the same sort of way, only *her* pain has been more general and more diluted and sooner over. Poor dear Fuz himself had a violent attack of British Cholera lately, and is at present in great misery with some new cold caught in his face. I saw him yesterday, by his own request, stretched among pillows on the sofa of his Library, bemoaning himself in his usual obstreperous way, and with palpable reason,—his face was swelled and discoloured frightfully, an abscess forming in the cheek, his Wife said. He himself said he "was dying,—not a doubt of it!" But he was far too impatient and unreasonable for being arrived at that stage. . . .

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 264

To T. Carlyle, Miss Craik's,
73 George St., Edinburgh.

Chelsea, Wednesday, 9 Aug., 1865.

Again you have had no Letter, Dear! But, in compensation, all the ink-spots are out of your writing-table!! Had it been going straight to any Literary museum, I shouldn't have meddled with the *ink*, which Hero-worshippers might have regarded with a certain adoration; but for your *own* use I thought you would like it better

clean! It has never been cleaned, that poor table, since I used to do all the Housemaid work myself! And it is a wonder of heaven that I should be up to such work again, after all; and I cannot better express my thankfulness than in *working* while I may! So I fastened on that table after breakfast this morning, and rubbed at it the whole time till the carriage came at two! Of course Jessie could have waxed and turpentined the table better than I; but no one but me, I flatter myself, could have shown the patience and ingenuity necessary for extracting all that ink!

You will infer that I am going on well as to my arm, my sleep, and all that. I have really had not *one* downright bad night since I came home,—except the first. The pain is almost entirely gone out of my arm and hand. But the stiffness continues,—and is easy to bear. I *can* use some of my fingers a little. I am now writing with the lamed hand! But I cannot *take hold;* nor could I raise my arm to my head if it were to save my life.

If it were not that almost everybody is "out of Town," I should rather regret having promised to go to Folkestone on Monday. But it is to be hoped the sea breezes will blow the dust of those Books off me! Two of the Pug Puppies and their amiable Mamma have been "placed at Hampstead for change of air," and only Spark and the youngest accompany us to Folkestone.

Another proof of wellness: I am going *alone!* I find that I can now do everything in dressing, with my left hand, except twisting up my back hair and putting the comb in; and Miss Bromley's house-maid can do *that* much for me in one minute. Jessie sees a great deal of cleaning needed,

and will get at it better when the regular work of the house is not going on. *Then*, sufficient for the day is the running up and down thereof! Besides, she will learn the ways of London servants fast enough without my hastening to initiate her therein!

In my dearth of company, I drove out to Denmark Hill yesterday to return a call old Mrs. Ruskin made here in my absence. But I am decidedly unlucky at that house: Mrs. Ruskin and Son were changing the air at the Norwood Hotel! *He* writes to offer himself for Friday evening.

Such a fright Dr. Carlyle's hand on the address gave me!—Forster is better, and off on his Inspecting.—You won't forget to go and see my Aunts! And *do* take a cab and go and see poor dear Betty! Stenhouse, close by Green End: anybody can tell you which is the house. [*No room left for farewell.*]

J. C.

LETTER 265

To T. Carlyle, Linlathen, Dundee.

4 Langhorne Gardens, Folkestone, 15 Aug., 1865.

Here I am, Dear, safe and slept! I arrived last evening about 7. Miss Bromley had gone for a walk with the girl staying with her, and they had lost their way! So I had ample time to unpack all the things into my drawers before I was called upon to dress for dinner.

It is a nice house—for Sea-lodging—but I am afraid *you* would find the same fault to it as to the West Cliff Hotel, viz.—"an eternal ripple-tippling of Venetian blinds!"

Also there is a terrible superabundance of—earwigs! They are found in your hair-brush! in the book you are reading! in fact, I defy you to say where they will *not* be found!

But the "Flight of Skylarks"* is always charming to live beside; and the air of the West Cliff is understood to be all one could wish! And "change" (Dr. Blakiston wrote to me the other day) "is for illness like mine the one available medicine." So I suppose it is all right! Certainly my sleeping facilities were nothing like so great here last night as they were at home; nevertheless, in spite of "ripple-tippling," and too much light and the sense of novelty, I patched together sleep enough to be called a goodish night.

It is blowing hard to-day, with a dull grey sky, and skits of rain; so I see no prospect of "vah-rying the schene!" as there are no carriages but open ones.

Oh, my Dear! I could tell you something that would make you die of laughing, if I hadn't to dilute it in ink! And I was solemnly charged to "*not* tell Mr. Carlyle!" Lady William told me that Mr. and Mrs. X——, having lived to the respective ages of 72 and 74, in the expression of the most outrageously George-Sandish opinions, had tried the thing in practice and found it "no go."—"Yes, my dear Lady! Mr. X——, sad to say, has committed an —infidelity! And poor Mrs. X——, so far from agreeing that a grand passion is omnipotent, and showing the generosity of Jaques, has fallen ill about it, and had to go off to the Continent (Paris) for her health!" . . .

* Miss Bromley.

An intimation reached me yesterday that poor General Veitch (Hamilton Veitch) had died in India. He had gone out again for "just one year, to settle his affairs."

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 266

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Chelsea, 16 October, 1865.

Well, Dear, are you home again? And have you found the Dear Doctor all right? Not broken in health or spirits by being left to his own shifts and the "mercy of servants" for a few days! I heard of him in your absence as not only *alive* and "looking well," but as "remarkably agreeable!"

Depend upon it we are not so indispensable to these men of ours as we are apt to flatter ourselves! Any one would have sworn beforehand that *my* Husband could not have survived six months of housekeeping on his own basis, being as my Scotch Helen said of him, "one that could do nothing i' the *worl'* for himsel', and had no turn for takin' up wi' ither women!" but he *did*, and survived it very well, too! doing his own work all the while, without a day wasted in conjugal regrets!—You might have done as I wanted you to do in Summer, and taken the holiday I had schemed out for you, and found the Doctor on your return nothing worse than *very glad to get you back!*

It was from Mrs. Ewart I heard of your being in Glasgow. Such a long, nice Letter she sent me! How any-

body can keep up such a spirit at eighty exceeds my comprehension!

. . . What is to become of *me* for a Doctor when next I need one? I was so satisfied with Herbert Barnes last Winter, when I had conquered my prejudices against having a Dr. under thirty, who wore a glass in his eye! He treated me most skilfully; and was so gentlemanly and kind; and I had been quite at ease as to what I should do next time. I was saying to Mrs. Warren one night what a comfort *that* was; and went down stairs after to receive the Rector's Wife, who looked anxious and flurried, and bit by bit told me the astounding fact that Herbert Barnes was *dead!* He had become a great favorite with his Father's patients, and is much lamented. The poor old Father took the news like a child: crying one minute, and forgetting the next! I know of no other Doctor in Chelsea that I would trust myself or any belonging to me to, without a shudder! tho' there are some scores of them! And Dr. Quain is at such a distance; besides the *delicacy* about sending for him, when he absolutely refuses his fee! Clearly I ought to take no business in hand till I have made a choice: for illness may come and the want make itself felt when I am powerless to supply it.

In the meantime, I go on famously without doctoring, even of *my own!* The wonderful improvement on my sleep has continued, and the cessation of all pains in my arm and hand has continued. There is still stiffness enough; but that, too, wears off by degrees, and has already ceased to be much of an inconvenience.

I have just made myself a bonnet! black silk and

ermine and little feathers! Indeed I can put *the hand* to anything needed; only I can't raise it to the crown of my head. In the Winter weather I suppose it will make itself felt again, that "gout," or whatever it was; but there is a good old proverb, "afraid of the day one is never to see!" I don't do *that* much. . . .

Lady Ashburton is still at Vevay; detained there by an accident which nearly cost her her life, and did cost her a dislocated shoulder. A carriage drawn by mules, in which she was crossing the Alps, got overturned on the brink of a precipice! She had to travel eight miles in agony, before it could be got *set;* and then it was ill set and had to be all done over again. She talks of wintering abroad, which will be a great loss to me.

Jessie is well, and continues to be an active and punctual servant. Mr. C. is immensely pleased with her; and has reason to be. I think she must have her Mother's preference for the *male* sex; for she never exhibits any ill-temper with Mr. C.; but is ready to *fly* at his word. Perhaps one reason why she is better for *him* than for the rest of us, is that *he* never pays the slightest regard to a servant's *humours;* remains sublimely unconscious of them, so long as he gets his bidding done! She has had the young man that neighboured her at Closeburn Manse to visit her; indeed is not at all so ill off for visitors as she led me to expect. With Mrs. Warren she seems to *fight* less than at first; but still they are by no means cordial. . . .

Kindest love to the Doctor.

Your ever-affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 267

To Mrs. Braid, Green End, Edinbnrgh.

Chelsea, '27 Oct., 1865.'

My darling Betty— . . . I was much amused by your account of the visit from Anne and Grace. It was full late, I think! Grace wrote to me after having seen you, taking credit to herself for the "great effort!" and telling me particulars of very old date now, as if I had been kept in ignorance about you till it pleased *them* to give me your news. I replied that "I was obliged to them for their details, but that these had been all communicated to me at the time by Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, who had a great respect and regard for Betty, and had gone to see her and sympathise with her on the first opportunity." And that you yourself, under whatever difficulties of sorrow or weakness, never neglected me—as they did!

They never alluded to the subject of Jackie Welsh's* money in that last Letter. A long time ago, Elizabeth wrote suggesting that *I* should write to John Ferme about it! I answered that "considering the smallness of the gain to each of us when divided, I didn't see it was worth showing oneself anxious and greedy about it!" Poor Jackie! she is a loss to me! Besides having a sincere regard for me, naturally, since I was the only one of her Father's name that recognised her existence, she used to keep me up with all the affairs of Haddington. And dull, gossipping, low-minded place as it has become (if indeed it ever was otherwise), I was always interested to hear

* See *ante*, p. 140*n*.

who had died, or been married, or been born in it! Now I am quite cut off from it; especially since the loss of poor General Veitch (Hamilton, the youngest and best Veitch), who was always, when not in India, flying between London and East Lothian like a weaver's shuttle!

I continue free of my neuralgia, tho' the wet weather we have had is very trying for that sort of illness. My arm and hand are still stiff; but I don't mind *that* when the pain is gone; and I can do mostly everything for myself that I need to do,—and even some things that needn't be done by myself! For instance, I made myself a beautiful bonnet the other day!! . . .

God bless you, dearest Betty. My kind remembrance to your Husband.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 268

To Mrs. Braid, Green End, Edinburgh.

Chelsea, 28 December, 1865.

My own dear Woman—I have been looking forward to writing you a nice, long comfortable Letter for your Newyear's Day! How many of them have we seen together on this earth, you and I! glad Newyear's Days, and sad Newyear's Days! Oh, so very sad some that we have seen! But the wonder to me is, that for all the sufferings I have gone thro', of one sort and another, I am still in the upper light, with my heart unchanged in its old affections,—especially its affection for *you*, my "Haddington Betty!"

But I was beginning to say that I would not put off my Letter to you until the post before Newyear's Day, in case the last day should find me unable to sit up. I am taking what my little Cousins used to call "a *heavy* cold!" I don't know when I caught it, nor how; it has been hanging about me, making me feel all "*no-how*" for days back. To-night my throat is sore and I am sick, and shall most likely be "worse before I am better." Don't be uneasy about me! Colds are not the formidable things for me that they used to be, when I couldn't cough a dozen times together without my dear Mother setting me down for far gone in consumption! The only inference to be drawn from my present discomfort is that nothing that *can* be done to-day should be put off till to-morrow.

One shouldn't, however, talk lightly of consumption in *our* family! Oh, is it not sad, the last surviving Welsh whom one looked to for continuing my Father's name and blood, is going the way of *all* my Uncle Robert's family! He returned from his last voyage, coughing, emaciated,—with all the symptoms of the disease that carried off his four Sisters! He was in a *lodging* at Liverpool when my Aunts wrote to me about him. His Mother, "Mrs. Robert," is very deaf, and does not see well, and said, "If *she* went to him she would be no help!" . . . Fancy yourself in *her* place! I think if you had been stone-deaf, and stone-blind, you wouldn't have kept away from George, had you known of him dangerously ill—in a lodging—at no greater distance than from Hull to Liverpool. . . . I am very sorry about the poor young man, altho' I never saw him with my eyes. But I have heard of him from

John Welsh (George's Son), who died, and whose opinion was to be relied on, as being more like my Uncle Robert than any of the others, and a most upright and industrious treature, who was very little cared for by the rest,—because he was less pretentious.

I had a visit lately from Agnes Veitch of Hawthorn Bank (Mrs. Thomas Graham). She is such a queer, little old, white-haired, fairy grown! but as fond of me as when we were playfellows at home! I felt ashamed of myself that I couldn't feel so glad over her as she seemed to be over me! I felt to have gone so far, far away from her, into spheres of thought and action so *different* from the narrow, monotonous sphere in which she had lived and turned grey! But I tried to not *show* that she rather wearied me! that at least I owed to her loving regards. By way of being very kind indeed, I took her home, to a part of the Town, after dark, in my Brougham, the day she dined here; and this act of amiability cost me no end of vexation. For, on my way home, a drunk or mad carter drove against my beautiful black mare and burst her harness and bruised her foot, so that she was in the hands of the Veterinary Surgeon for three weeks and couldn't be put to any use.

So Mr. Carlyle has settled to go to Edinburgh to deliver that "Address" expected of him, in the last week of March. If the weather happened to be remarkably mild, and if I happened to be remarkably well, I should like to go with him,—and possibly may. Tho' my Aunts have given me no invitation, I should be at no loss for good quarters and the warmest welcome! But of all the invi-

tations we have, we are likely,—and have indeed engaged,—to accept the one that came *first*—from the Marchioness of Lothian at Newbattle Abbey. They are nice people, and live very quietly,—the poor young Marquis being paralysed in his lower limbs. They are in London *now* consulting Doctors.

I had to stop in the last sheet, I was so sick. It is two days since then; and meanwhile my cold has reached its climax, and I expect to be in what poor Jackie Welsh used to call my "frail ordinar," before the New Year sets in. I beg to be your "First-foot" in the shape of a post-office order for a sovereign. Ah, my Dear, if I could but give you a kiss along with it!

Kind regards to your Husband.

Your own

JEANNIE WELSH.

FINIS

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